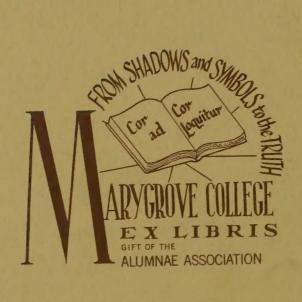
(B)

VERDI

# IL TROVATORE

Vocal Score

G. SCHIRMER







## IL TROVATORE

(THE TROUBADOUR)

An Opera in Four Acts

Music by

## GIUSEPPE VERDI

Libretto by
S. CAMMARANO

The English Version by NATALIA MACFARREN

With an Essay on the History of the Opera by E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON

Adpa

Ed. 473

G. SCHIRMER, Inc., NEW YORK

duty. Meantime (Scene Second), the lovely Leonora, attended by Inez, has stolen out of the palace to a secluded corner of its gardens, hoping to meet her lover, Manrico of Urgel. He endangers his liberty and life by visiting the palace of the Arragonese prince; but he dares so to do, disguised and at night. Leonora describes (likely for the hundredth time) to Inez the romantic circumstances of her meeting Manrico; and Inez, while suitably sympathetic, declares plainly that she fears no good will come of the affair. The two ladies retire to the palace—Leonora disappointed. Scarcely have they gone, than the Count di Luna and Manrico of Urgel, by different avenues, reach the spot almost simultaneously. Leonora's return, and her embracing in the darkness the wrong rival—the Troubadour's unlucky suspicions of the lady—the swooning of Leonora in her surprise and alarm at the situation—the two men leaving her, to cross their swords in mortal combat in the gloomy garden—these events all are hurried, and close the opera's first act stormily.

A Biscayan Gypsy settlement, several months later than the duel above mentioned, is the scene of the second act, entitled "The Gypsy." Manrico overcame the Count di Luna in the duel, and spared his rival's life. But since then there has been new warfare between Arragon and Biscay, and the valiant Troubadour has been severely wounded in a battle at Pelila. A frequent retreat for him seems to be this particular haunt of a tribe of Gypsies, chiefly because here lives the woman that he has always supposed to be his mother. The beldame is named Azucena, a wild and hideous creature, early aged (like most women of her race), and now shattered in her wits. Nevertheless, Aqueena is all tenderness, sacrifice and care where Manrico is concerned. Sitting together this evening by the fire, Azucena presently sings a fierce ballad describing a dreadful act—a woman's execution by fire, with a surging crowd looking at her torment. She is living over again her mother's fate, at the hands of the old Count di Luna. Manrico catches the savage words she adds -" Avenge me! Avenge me!"-her mother's last charge; and presently, when Azucena and he are left alone, the Gypsy utters such excitable and ominous phrases that Manrico suspects all at once that he is not this wild creature's son, but a member of the di Luna line! This, of course, is the fact. But Azucena hastily puts away this idea; the Troubadour must not know the truth yet. But Azucena also urges the young man never again to lose his chance of stabbing the Count di Luna to the heart, when any new contest brings them together. Before Manrico can command his troubled and anxious ideas, and just as Azucena sinks down again into a stupor, gibbering vague words, the faithful Ruiz enters this retreat. Ruiz informs his master that he must at once fly to save Leonora from abduction by the Count di Luna. The Count has heard that Leonora is hidden in a lonely convent, and she has decided to take the veil, believing her Troubadour dead in the battle of Pelila: and di Luna has arranged an ambush to carry off the lady from the very threshold of the church. In vain does Azucena urge on Manrico the need of caution and remind him of his weakness and wounds. The Troubadour departs with Ruiz, breaking away from his anxious protectress and her tears and protests. Is Azucena all at once so unwilling to have Manrico meet his rival because of affection for him? or is it in fear that only half her vengeance may take shape? Clearly she is torn by contending wishes; and this frenetic Gypsy's inconsistencies throughout the opera are thoroughly true

to nature. She has brought up this young man as a mere tool of vengeance. But she loves him as if he were her own son, and his doom means this wretched creature's own anguish and surcease. The scene changes to a mountain-convent, where Leonora is carried off from the protecting sisterhood by Count di Luna, before she can assume her vows; but only to be rescued by Manrico and his followers. The young couple depart, leaving di Luna in a frenzy of defeated passion and disgrace.

The third act, "The Gypsy's Son," finds Manrico and Leonora anything but safe or free from anxiety. They are in Castellor, a solitary fortress in Biscay, which the Troubadour holds for his Prince; and they are about to be married. But the Count di Luna has invested the place, under the commands of the Prince of Arragon, and intends to storm it. So will the Count have at his mercy both his successful rival and the woman who has scorned a di Luna. Suddenly an aged Gypsy-woman is brought to him, captured while crossing his camp, apparently as a spy. Ferrando recognizes her as the criminal, so long desired. "It is that wretched woman who committed the horrid deed!" he assures di Luna. Uselessly does Azucena protest her innocence and ignorance of all such wickedness. In furious joy at discovering that she claims to be the humble mother of the very man whom he hates and is now striving to capture, the Count orders faggots to be piled up in sight of the besieged enemy in Castellor. "With your death, at least, I shall strike at his heart, and avenge my brother's death!" While this new turn of the tragedy is going on, the lovers in Castellor are on the point of entering the chapel to be united; and, like Mrs. Browning's endangered pair in "The Rhyme of the Duchess May," they can almost forget peril in love. But Manrico learns of the scene in the besieging camp. He discovers, in a spasm of horror, the situation of Azucena, dragged in chains toward the pyre. He summons a troop and arranges a sortie to save Azucena; exclaiming, "I was a son before I became a lover!"

In the fourth act, "The Torture," we find, to our regret, that this filial effort was much worse than useless. The Troubadour did not rescue the miserable Azucena. Instead, he was defeated, captured by di Luna, and Castellor was taken as well. Leonora has escaped, nevertheless, and she has contrived to hide herself somewhere in the mountains with Ruiz. But Count di Luna has brought Azucena and Manrico to Arragon, and having matters quite in his own discretion under the orders of the Prince, he has sentenced Manrico to be executed privately by the axe, and Azucena to be burned—the usual punishment given Gypsies suspected of mischief in Spain, at the date. The mother and her son are chained in a lonely tower of Aliaferia, to die at morning. But Leonora has come to Aliaferia to try to save her lover, or else to bid him farewell—perhaps to do both. She hears him singing his last adieu to her—still a Troubadour—in his tower, and though she cannot be nearer him than the iron doors, she joins her sorrow to his. The Count di Luna comes. Leonora summons all her courage, and starts forward, throws herself at his feet, and begs for Manrico's life, and for an interview with him, one last meeting—offering to be mistress, wife or anything else to di Luna in exchange. Di Luna is overjoyed, and consents. "He shall live!" "Thou shalt possess me, di Luna, but cold and lifeless!" exclaims Leonora to herself, in triumph, as she turns away and swallows

a slow poison, which will spare her only long enough to part with her lover. The final scene comes. In the prison, Manrico is soothing to sleep the terrified and distraught Azucena, whose strength is so nearly past that the woman will perhaps not live to be the victim of the morning's fires. Perhaps her secret, and her life-long design, will die with her. Leonora enters. Manrico is amazed; but when Leonora tells him that he is free to escape, he mistakes her faithfulness. Leonora has not told him its price—her death. But with the beautiful lady's falling dead at the feet of the Troubadour, with the Count di Luna coming in to break his pledge, with Manrico ordered to death in the courtyard below, the Gypsy's revenge is won! She rouses from her death-stupor and drags di Luna to the window where the torches light the block and the corpse. "He was your brother!" she shrieks—"O mother, thou art avenged!" and she falls lifeless, leaving the fratricide in awful anguish staring at the headless body of the man who was indeed Garzia di Luna. Surely we have supped full with horror, in such a drama!

Now, crude and stagy as is this opera-book, it is by no means unsuited to its object. It has the merits of sharp characterizations, of unstaying movement, of climax on climax that appeal to the average emotions, and of a fourfold tragedy. It gives what Mrs. Malaprop would call "a nice derangement" of love, rivalry, the struggle between a daughter's life-long resolve for a vendetta and a life-long affection for the very being whose death is most essentially part of her plan. There is also a deal of color in the pictures. These things are not always so effectively balanced in a mere libretto, and they are better matter than heavy Scandinavian mythology and wordy psychology. Let us notice that Leonora is not the heroine of the "Trovatore," though she has lavish music, and the "center of the stage," as befits her importance, again and again. No—Azucena, the swarthy and ominous Aqueena, is the character in most relief, capable of thrilling a house quite as strongly as does Fides, Amneris or Ortrud. Azucena and Meg Merrilies are the great Gypsies of romance; and it is not generally known that young Gutierrez de la Vega had Scott's towering Meg in mind when he worked out the type into truculent savagery. In the English stage-version of "Il Trovatore" its title was made "The Gypsy's Vengeance." That is really the right title. Certain famous mezzo-sopranos and contraltos have been unforgettable in the part of Azucena, especially Mme. Viardot-Garcia. As to the historic casts of the other roles, they are a complete record of Italian singing since 1853; its finest art and its poorest.

Is the "Trovatore" a bad opera or a good one?—a very bad or a very good one?—especially if we judge it by to-day's searching standards. The matter is most interesting in its *pros* and *cons*. "Il Trovatore" is both very bad and very good. It is overrunning with melody, including many tunes of eminent beauty. No Italian opera can put it to the blush for mere melodiousness. But, on the other hand, the "Trovatore" often utters melodies that are commonplace and occasionally vulgar; and its tunes are built too much on the same rhythmic figures, too nearly dance-tunes, and in their spirit are often not in keeping with the words and situations that the characters are singing or encountering. The recitatives throughout are weak, and jotted down as if Verdi cared nothing—as at the time he did not much care—for making a due effect of this noble element in an opera's pages. There is

strong dramatic truth in certain passages, in the fine last act especially, where lyric beauty and the emotions of pathos, despair, passion and vengeance all succeed with superb contrast. But, per contra, over and over again the ordinarily dramatic and the extraordinarily alike are slighted. The actual vocal and instrumental writing in the opera is continually bad, or at least feeble, what with distorted words, a jerky, ejaculative style, and thin and noisy choruses.

In fact, what "Il Trovatore" needs and deserves is Verdi's careful, restrained rewriting of it; not by his trying to make this opera into an "Aida;" but merely with his giving it more musicianly refinement in technic and with strengthening its

infirmities. Probably, it will never be honored by this gracious attention.

Nor, after all is said, is such a thing indispensable. Every defect admitted, "Il Trovatore" remains an Italian opera of such natural, vivid beauty and spontaneous power that only a warped judgment can ever wish to be in at the death of the old score; and that calamity is remote. Its old-mine gems are still bright. Artists make out of operas what their voices and intelligences prompt. Leonora's lovely, suave air "Tacea la notte placida," the ringing Anvil Chorus, Azucena's wild ballad "Stride la vampa" (which Verdi uses as a sort of characteristic motive in the opera, as he also uses a phrase from Leonora's aria, named above), the free, rich air for di Luna, "Il balen del suo sorriso," and every note of the Tower Scene and of the final Prison Scene—these things have passed into all the world's musical mind, just as familiar sentences from literature become catch-phrases and proverbs. We all have heard of the man who objected to Shakespeare as an original author, because his "Hamlet" was "so full of quotations." The "Trovatore" has become one long chain of quotations, as every orchestrion and music-machine and drawing-room attests. Let us notice, too, that "Il Trovatore" is an essentially Verdian opera, no matter what finer art has, in his "third period," added lustre and dignity, and confirmed the gifts and individuality of its great writer. Long years after Verdi had dashed down this score of the "Trovatore," with more haste than elegance, he had occasion to move us by the tremendous outcry of the Princess Amneris despairing against the doom of the Egyptian soldier whom she loved. Verdi went back to the Tower Scene of the "Trovatore," and transplanted into "Aida" the very phrase of Leonora's anguish, as what seemed to him again the voice of such an emotional situation. It was a wise reference. It was significant, too, if we look below the surface of art, and try to appreciate without prejudice how true dramatic utterance may be hid under by no means perfect examples of style and inspiration.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

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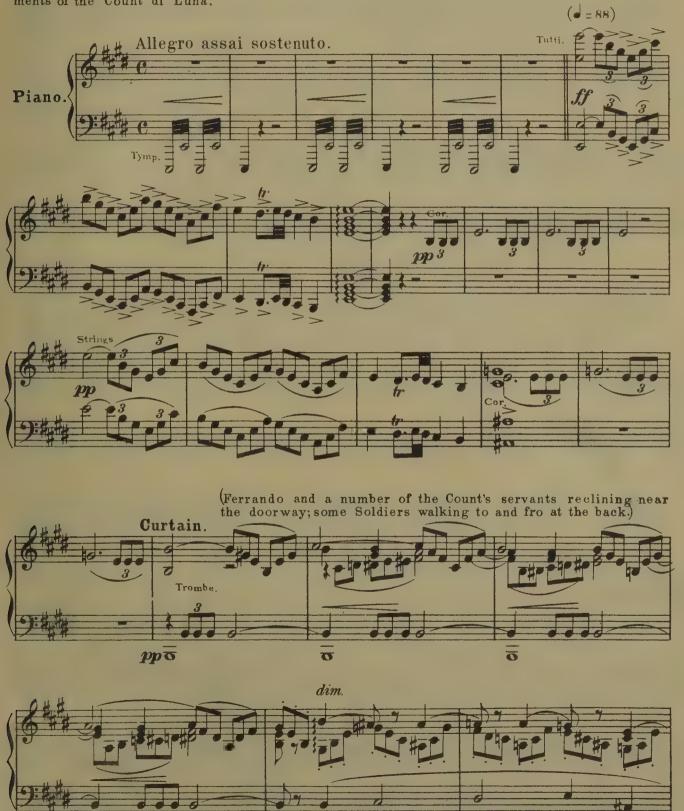
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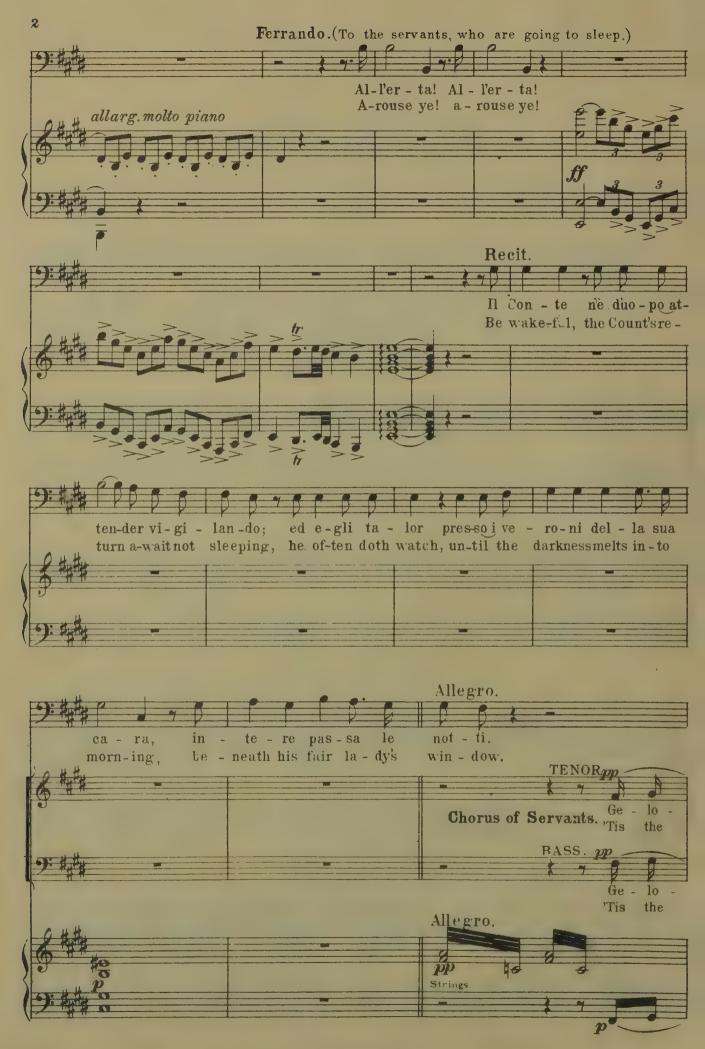
### Il Trovatore.

#### Act I. (The Duel.)

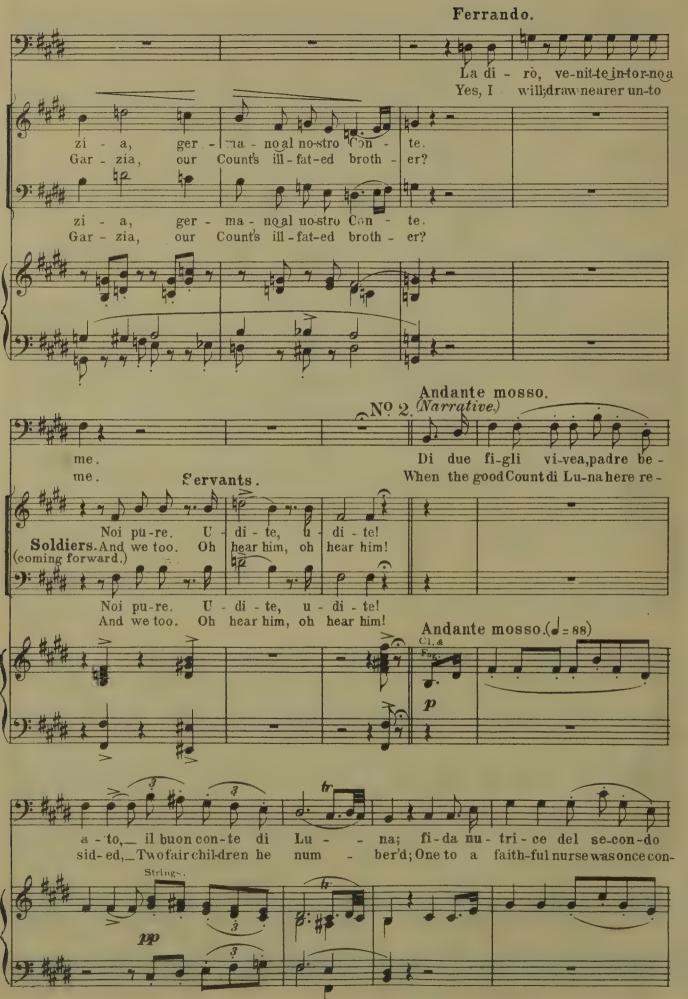
Nº 1. "Abbietta zingara,, Introductory Chorus and Song.

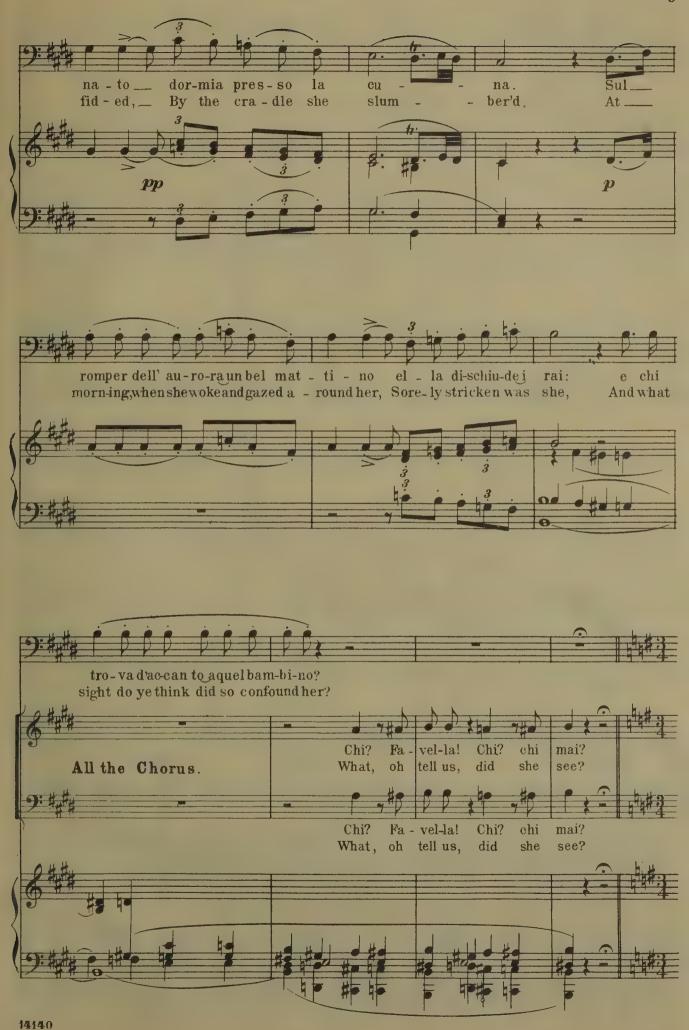
Scene. A vestibule in the Palace of Aliaferia; on one side a door, leading to the apartments of the Count di Luna.

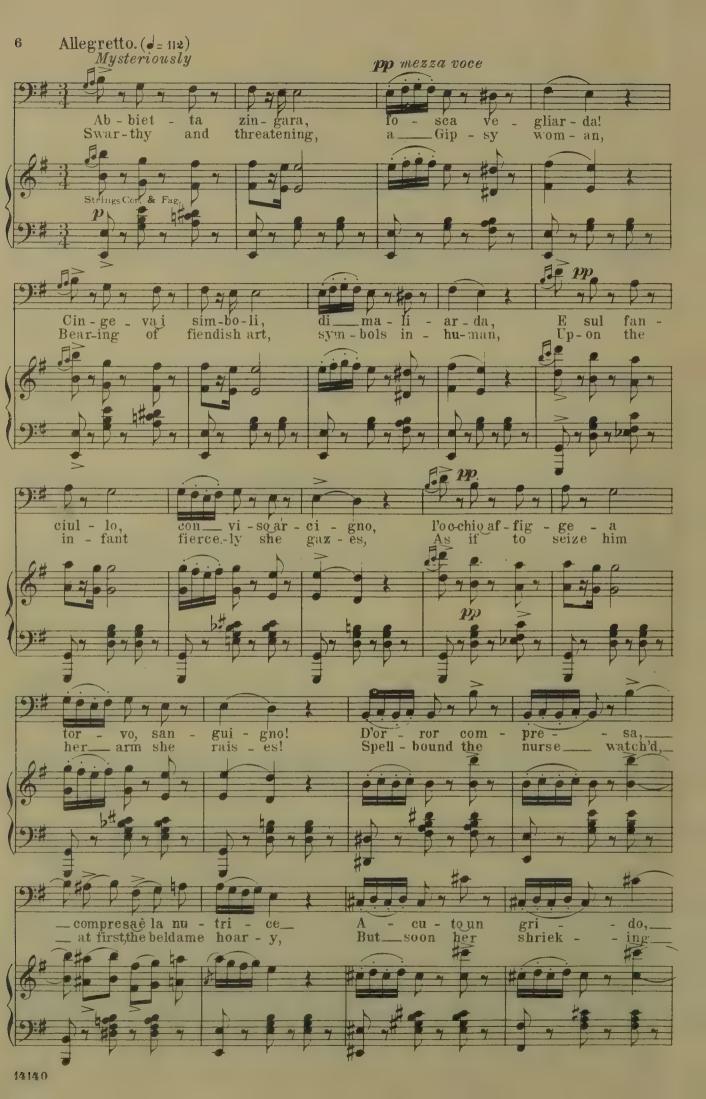




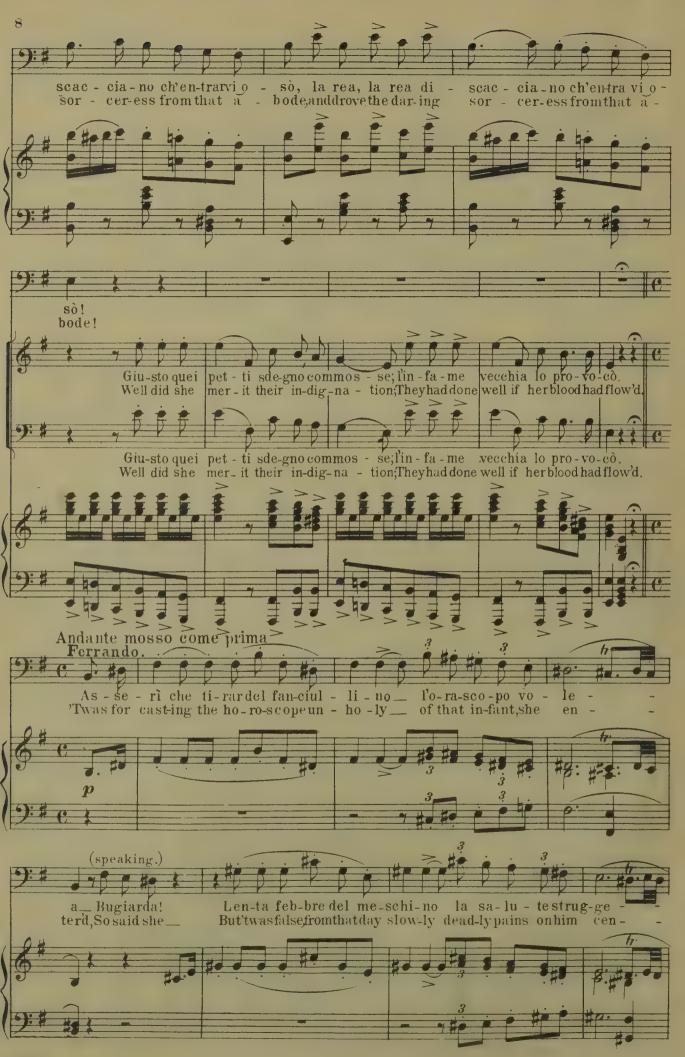


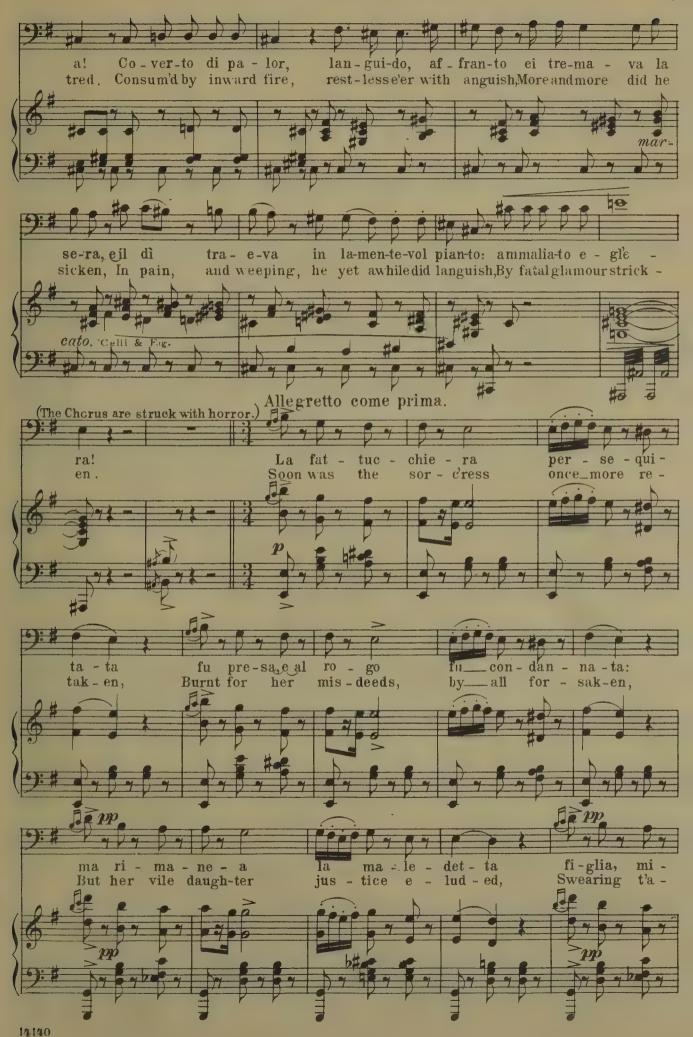


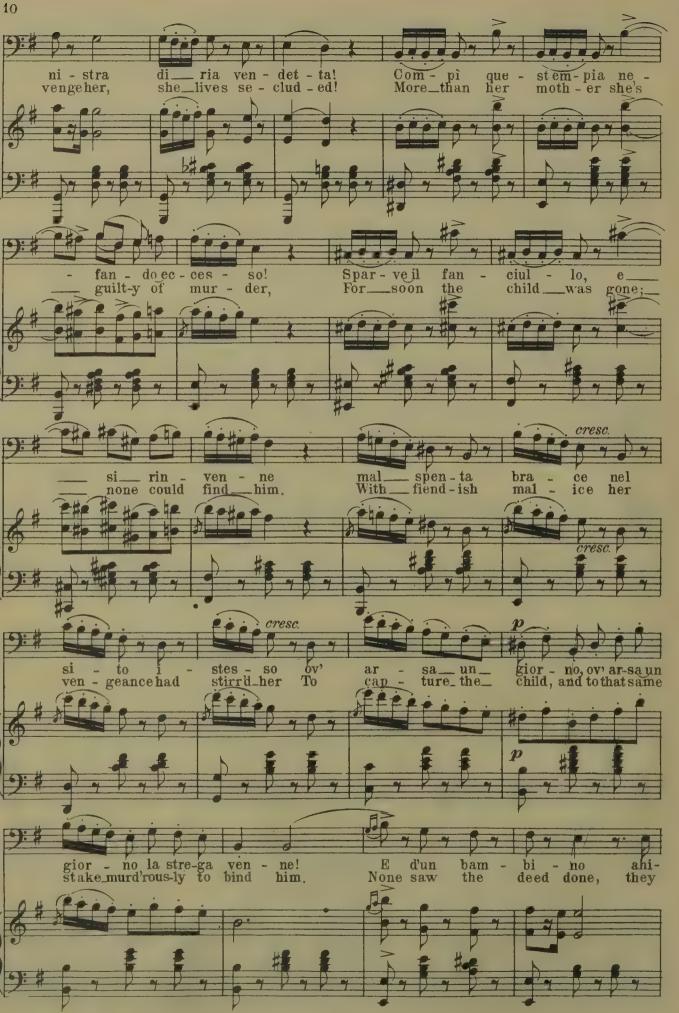


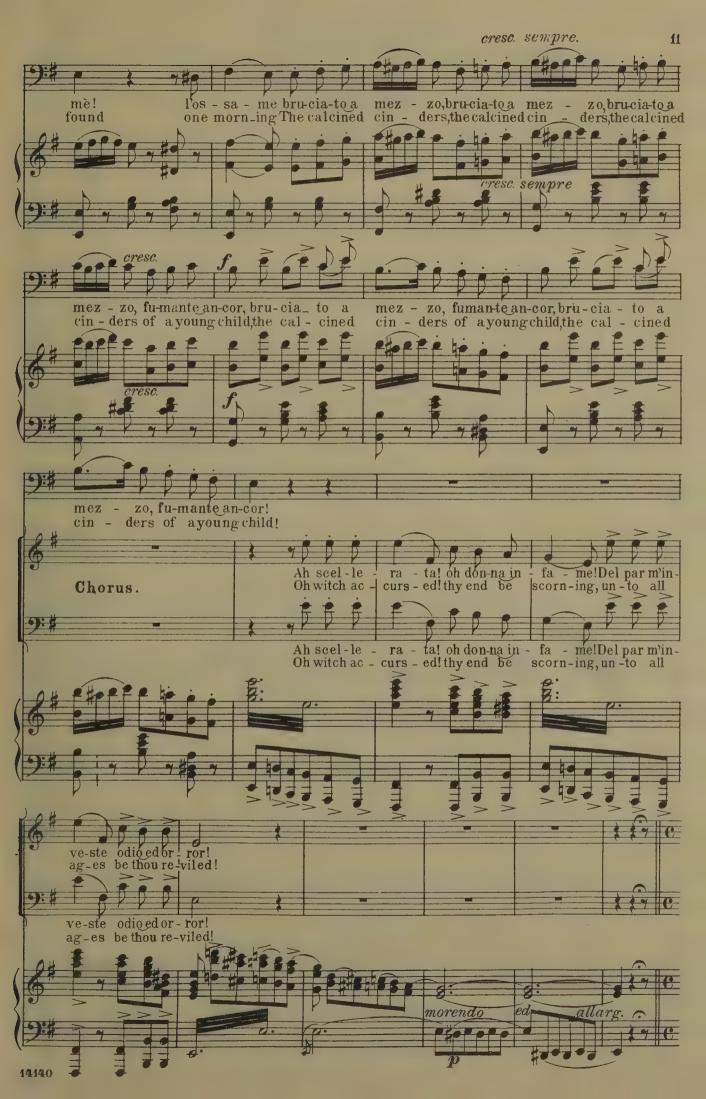


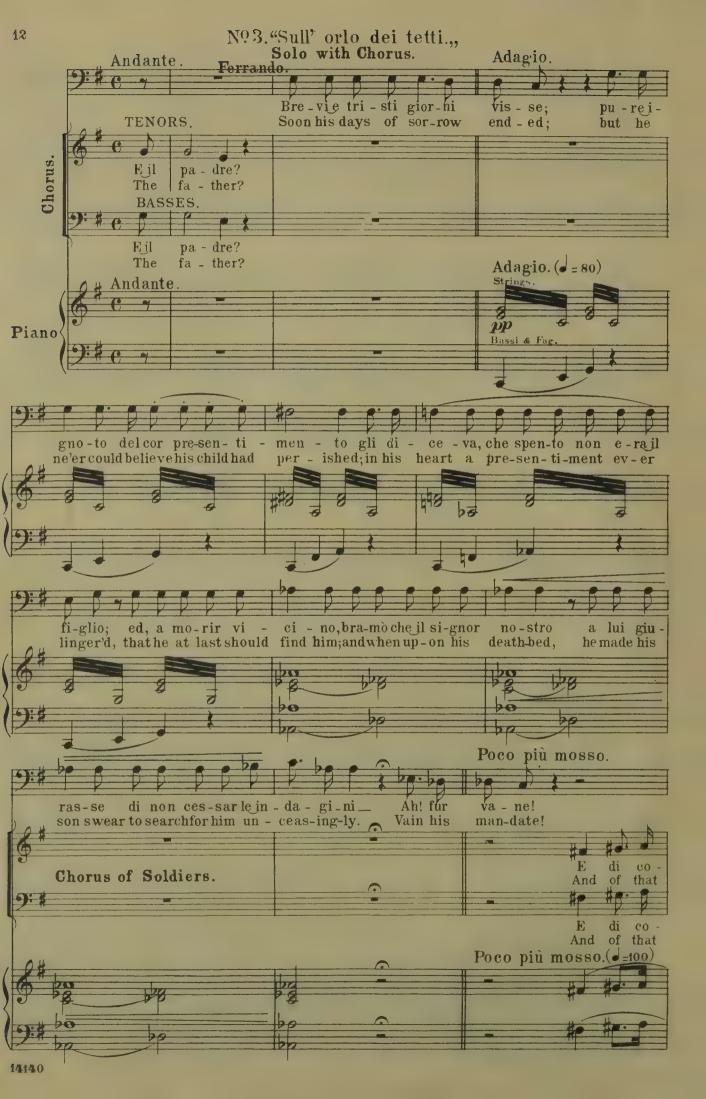


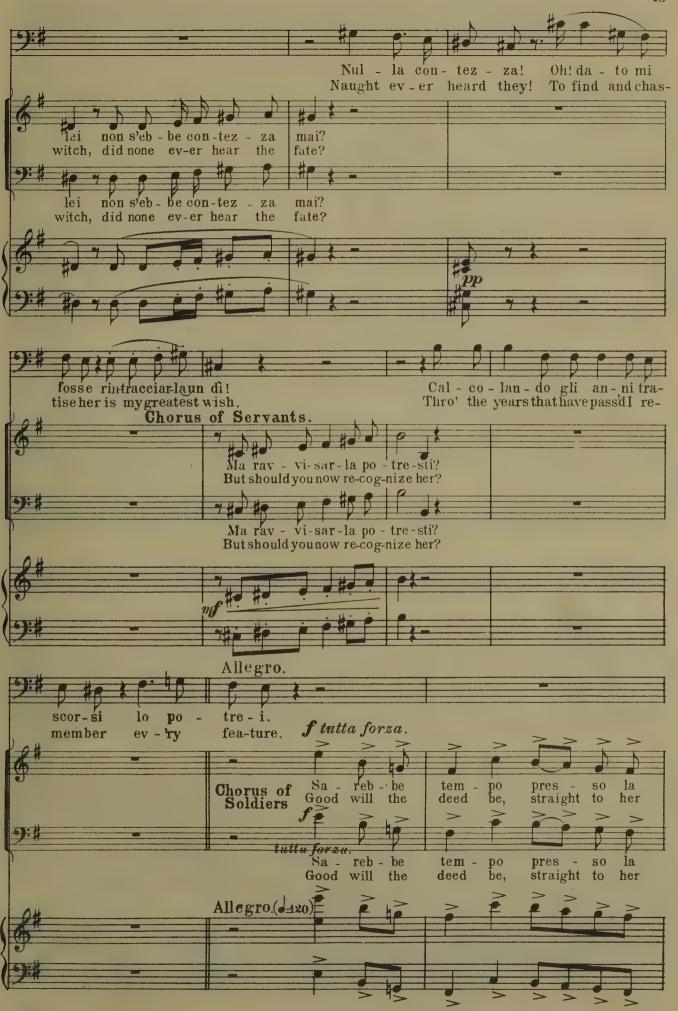


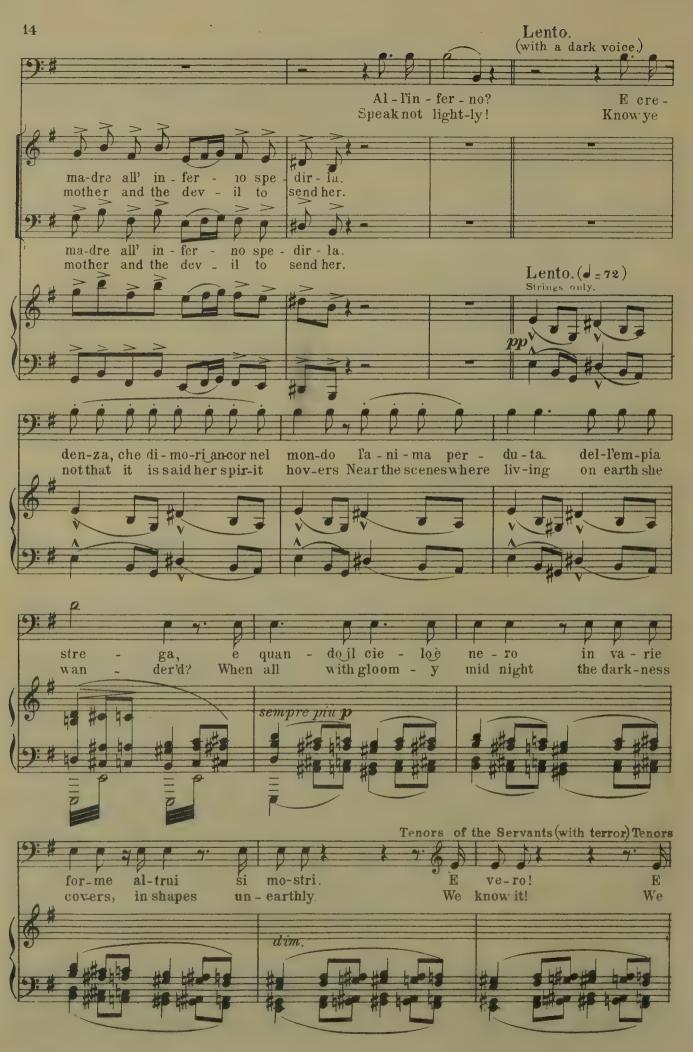


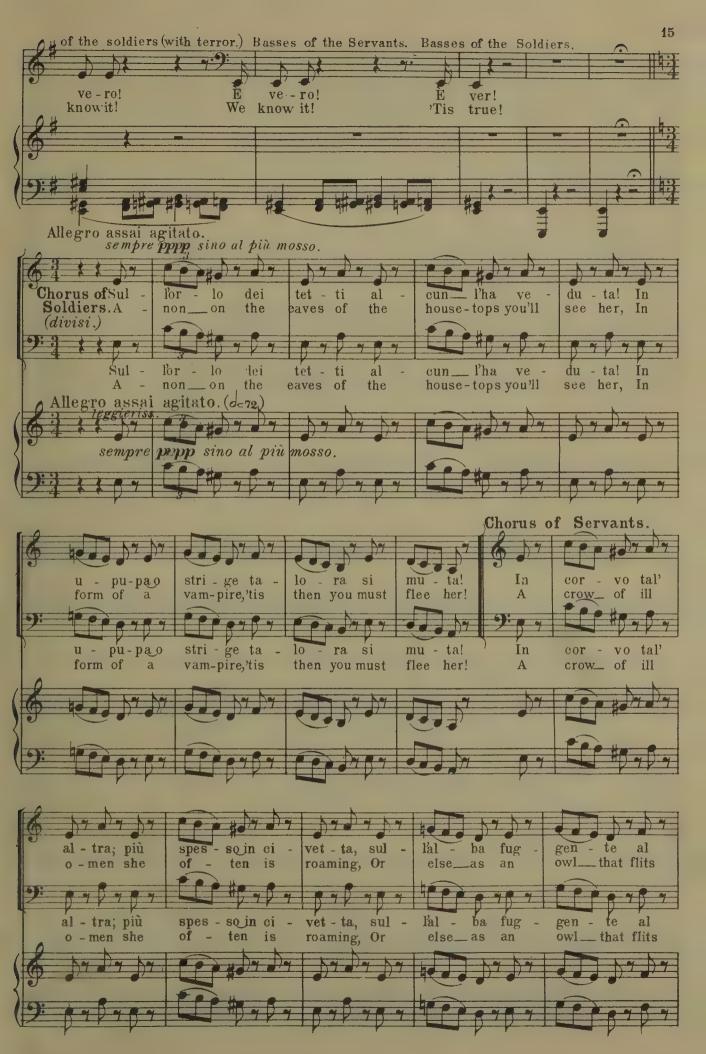


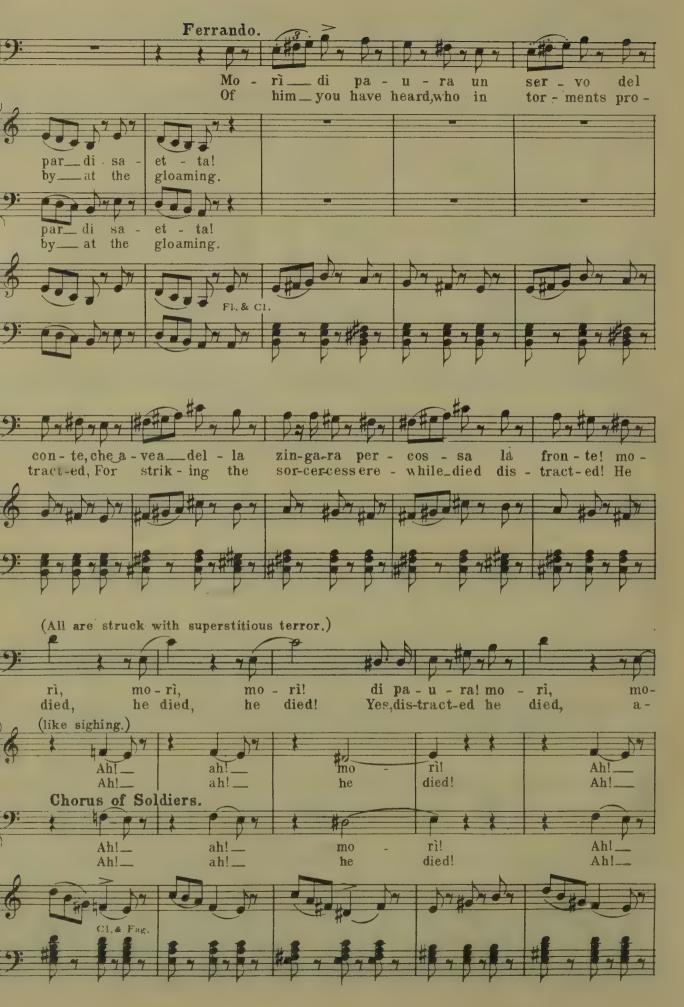






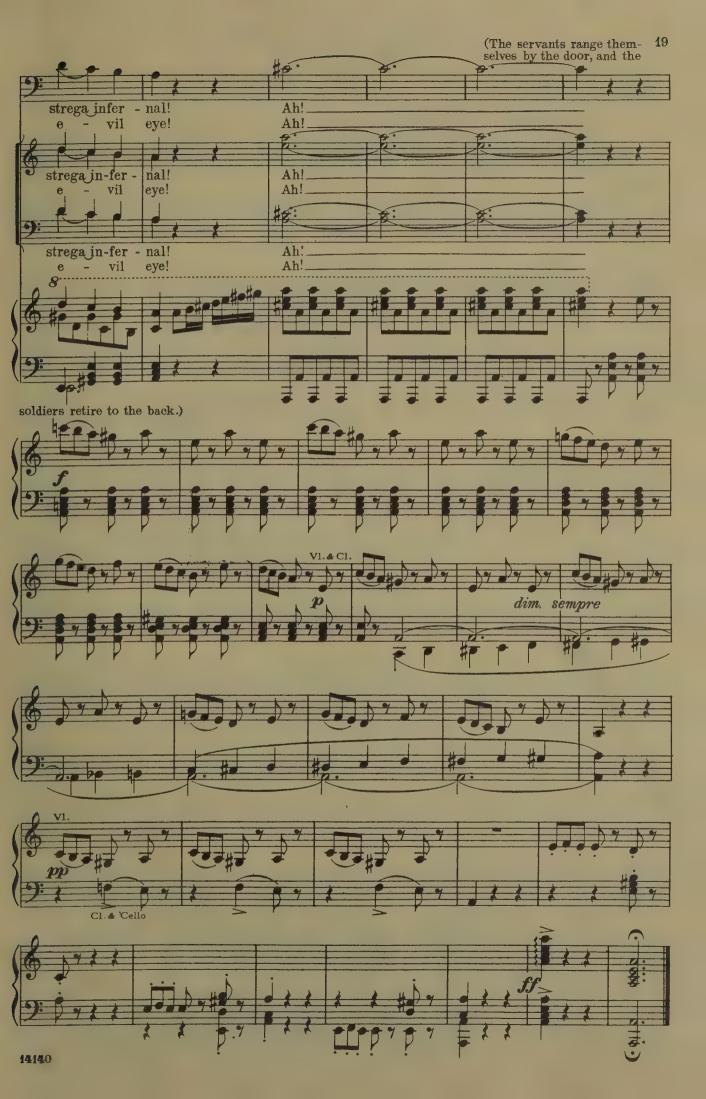












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#### Nº 4. "Tacea la notte placida.,, Recitative and Aria.

Scene. Gardens of the Palace; on the right, a marble staircase leading to the apartments. Night. Dense clouds pass over the moon.

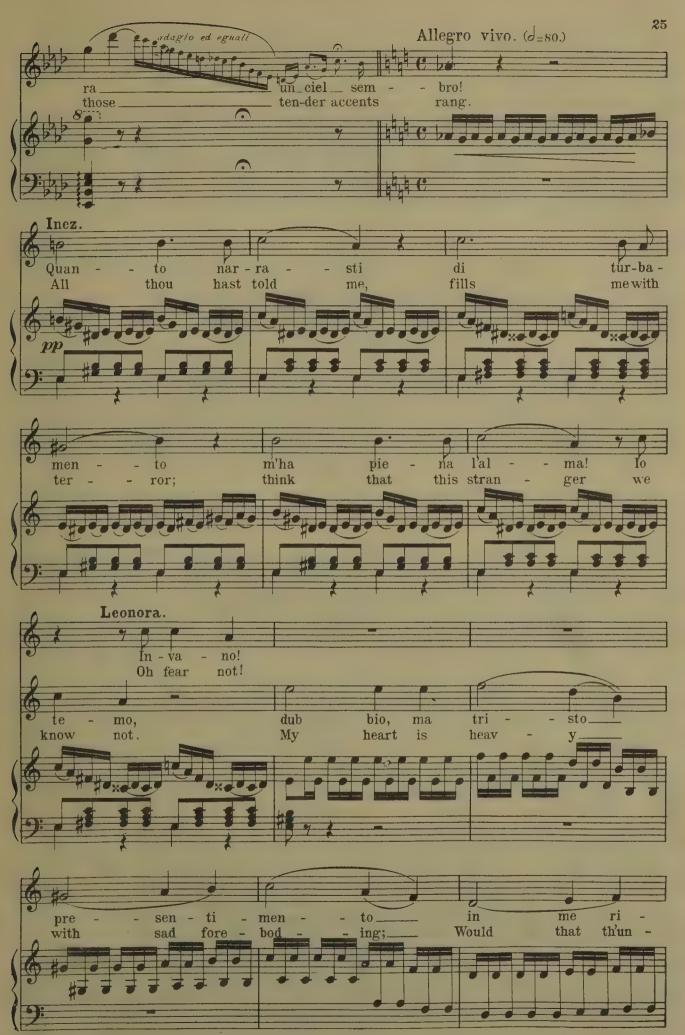






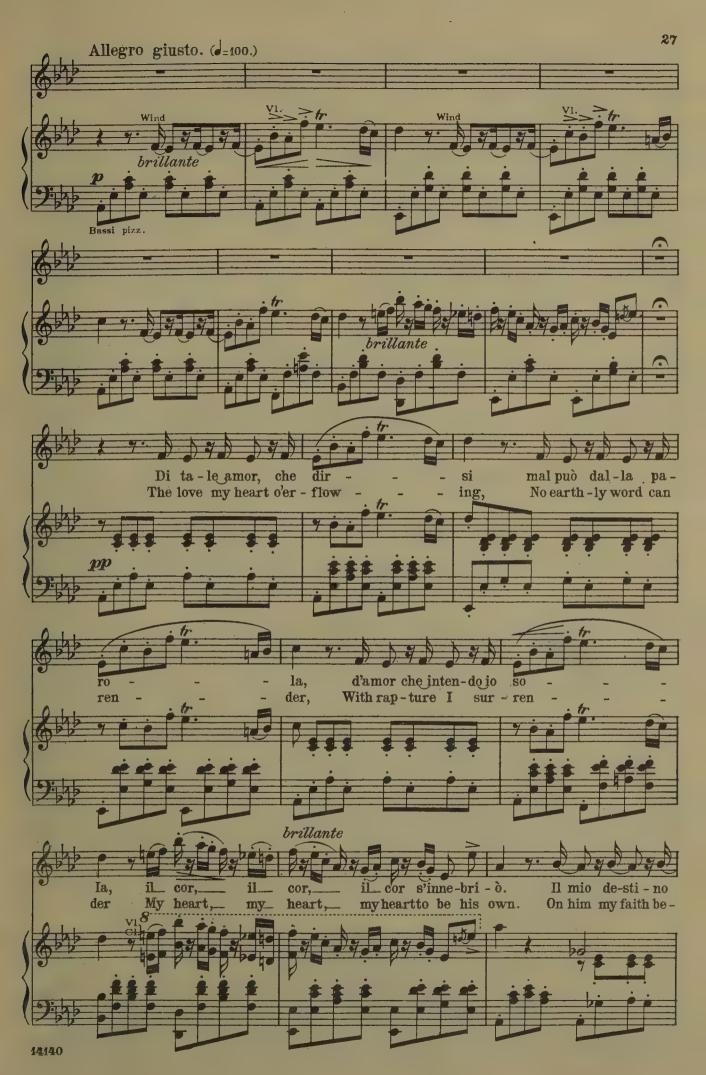


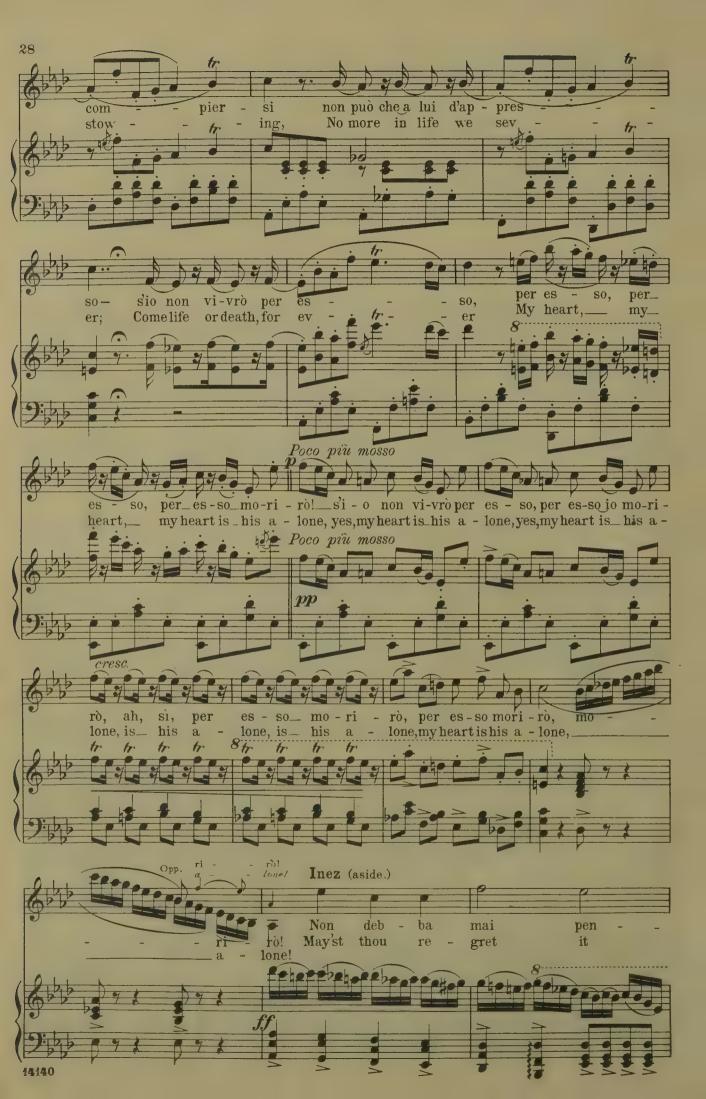


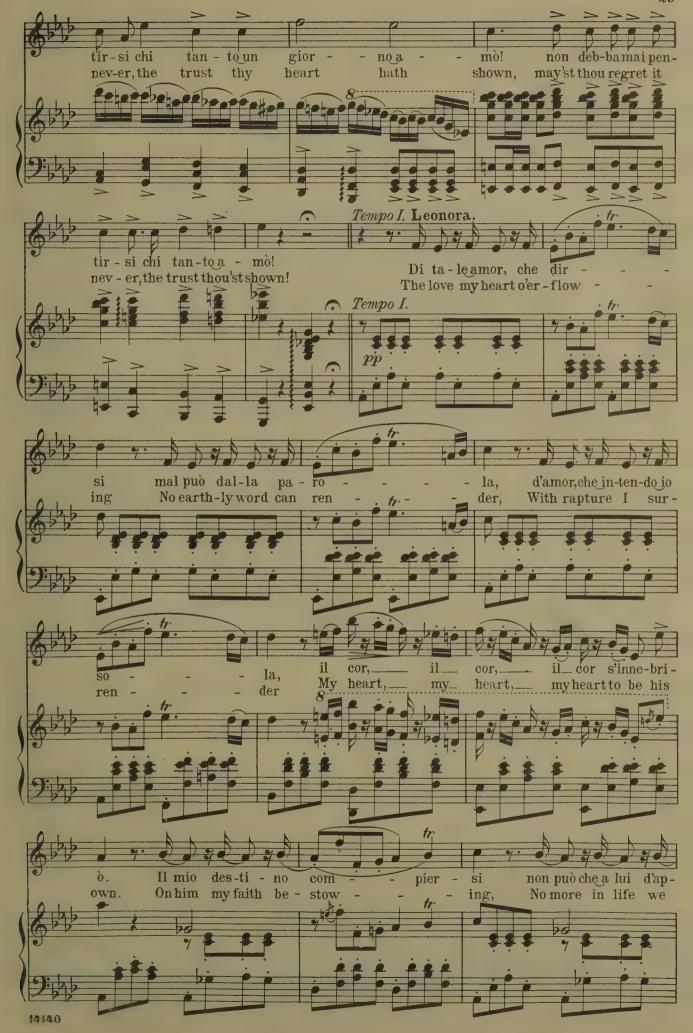


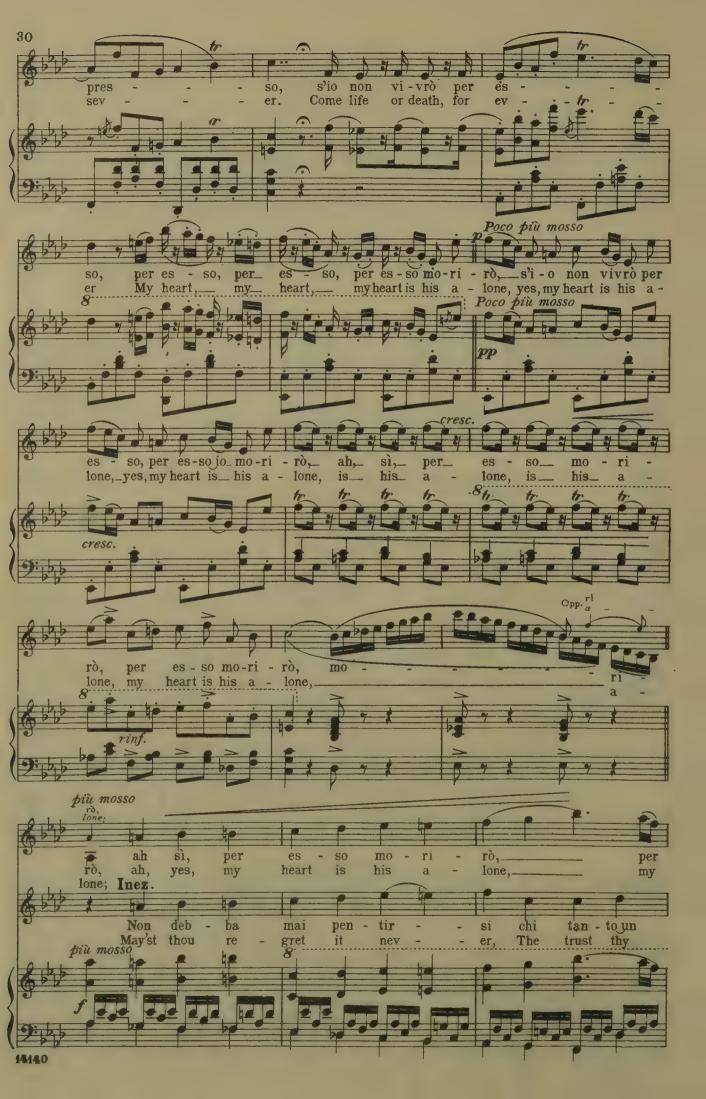










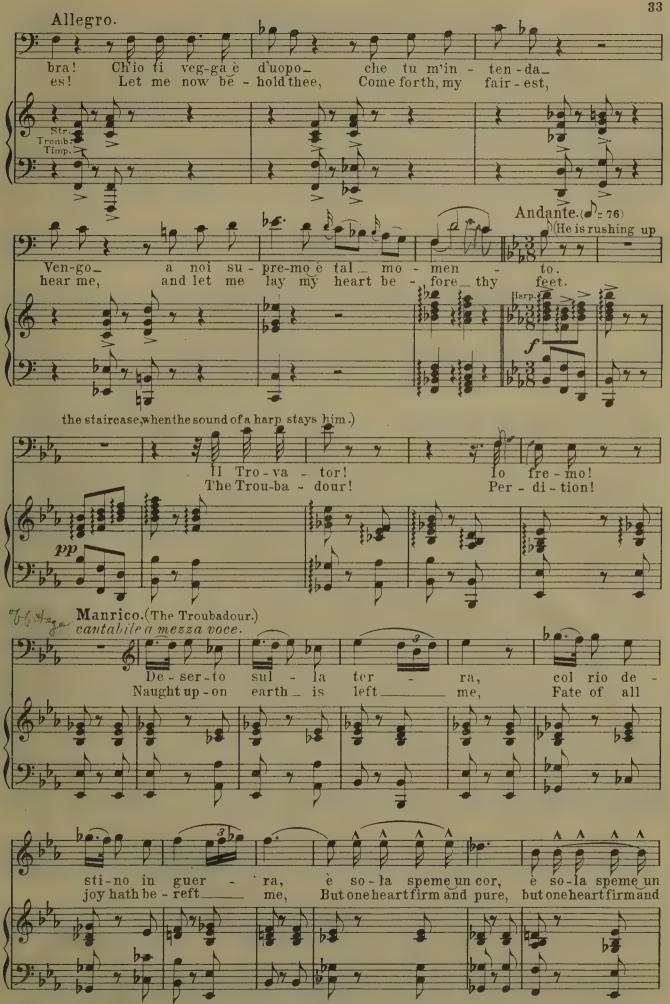


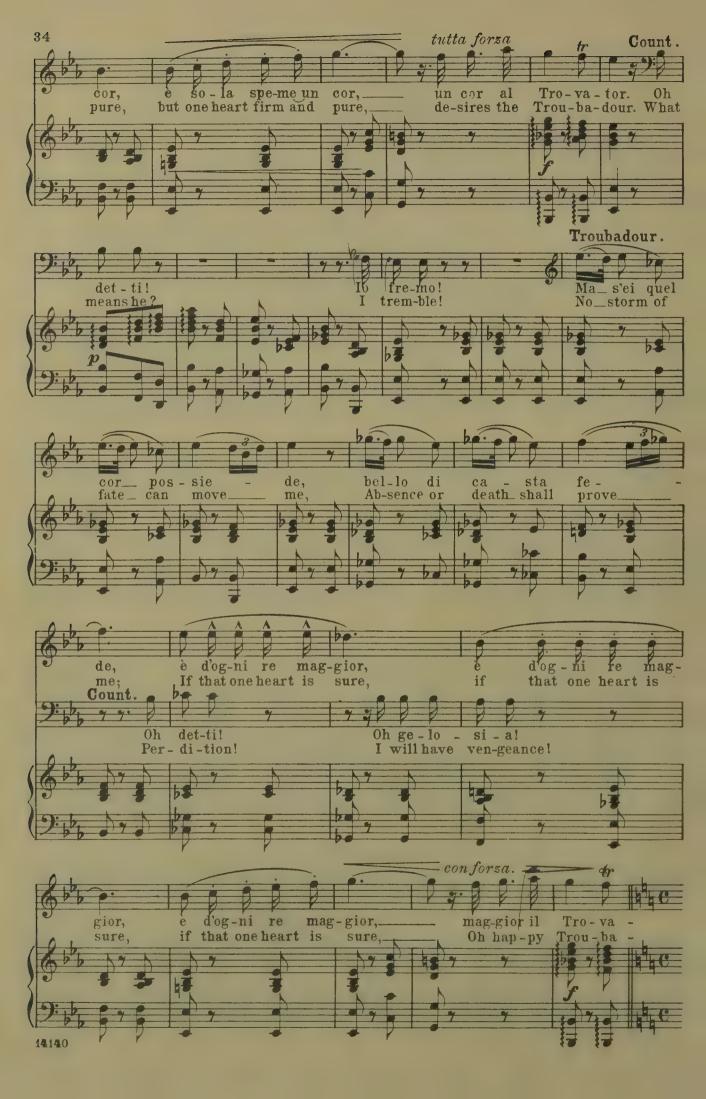


### Nº 5. "Deserto sulla terra.,, Recitative and Romance.



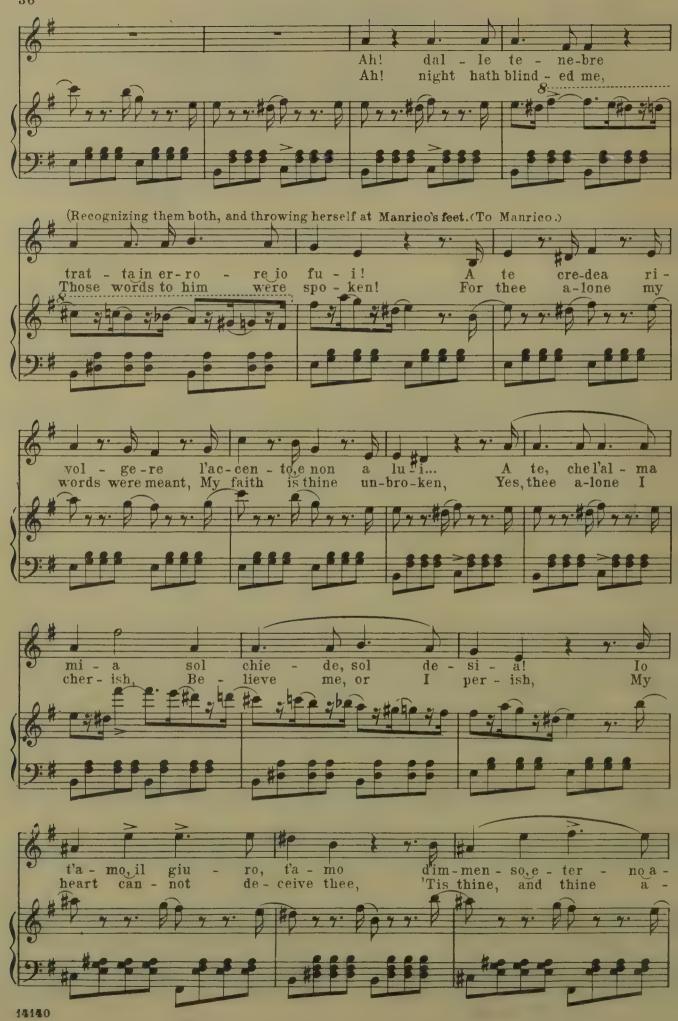


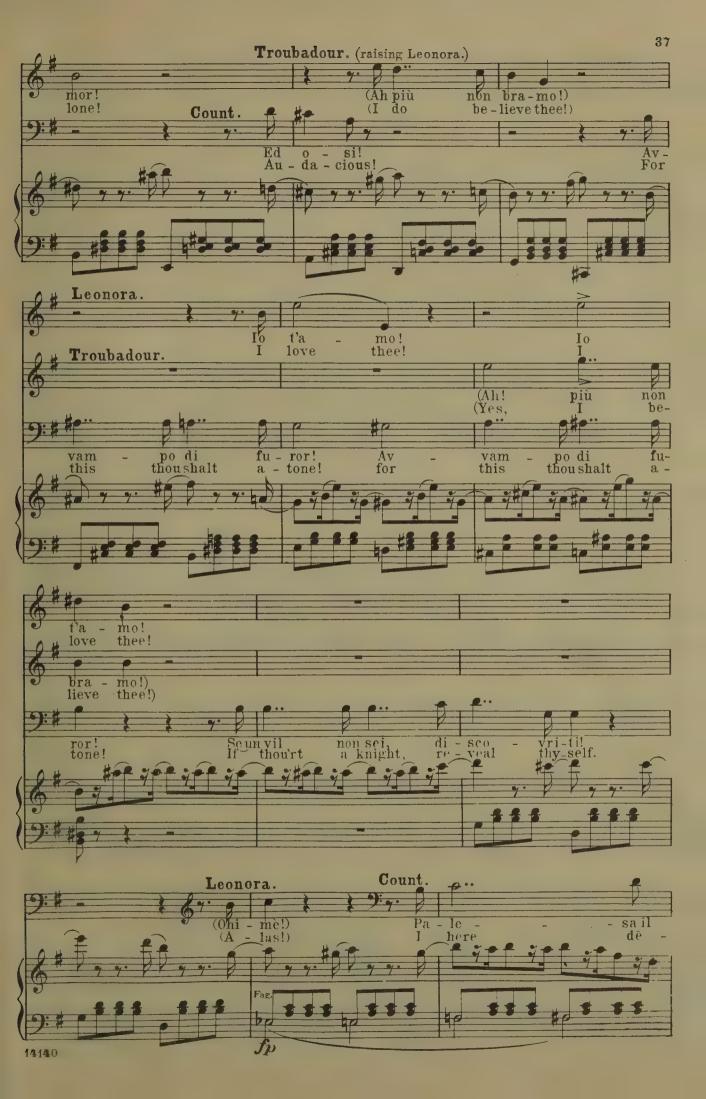


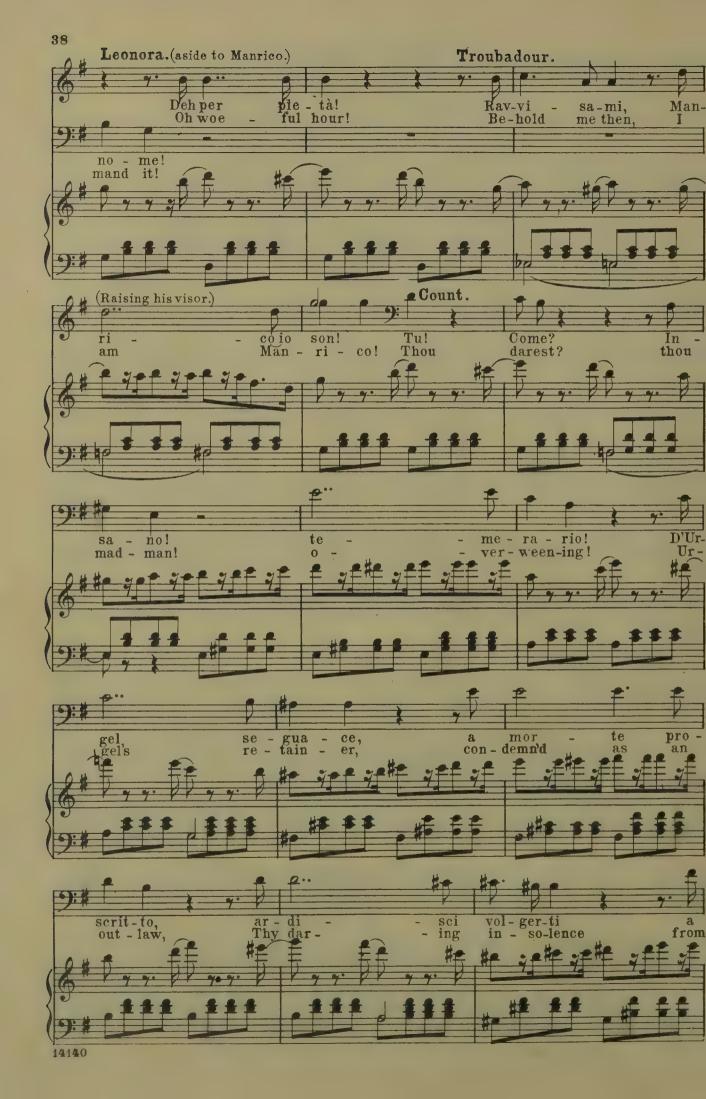


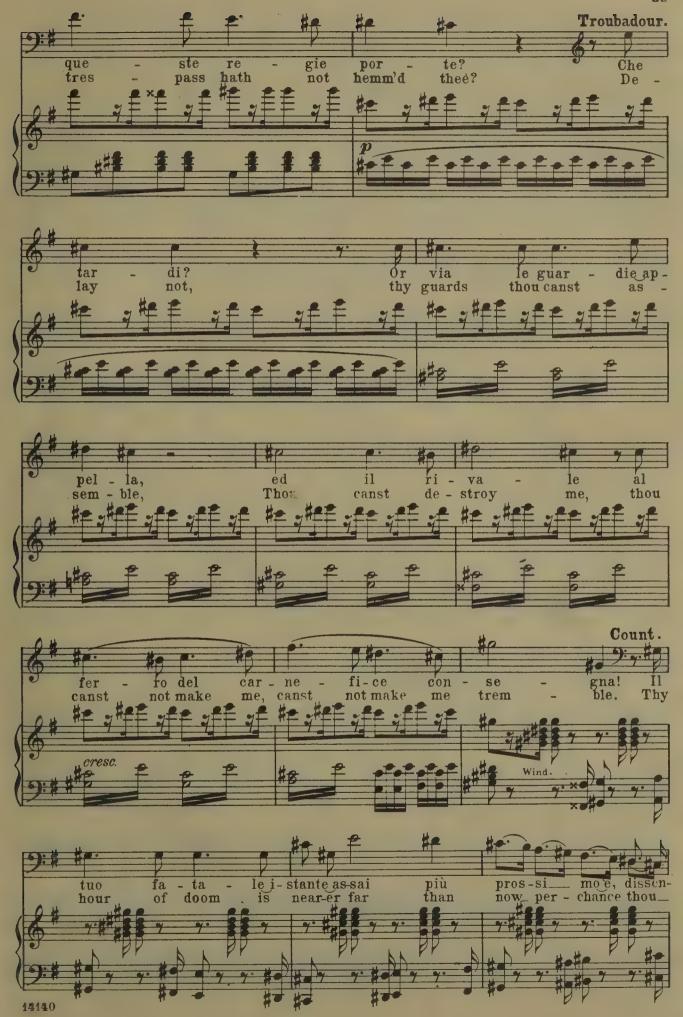
# Nº 6 "Infida!,,"Qual voce!,, Recitative and Trio.

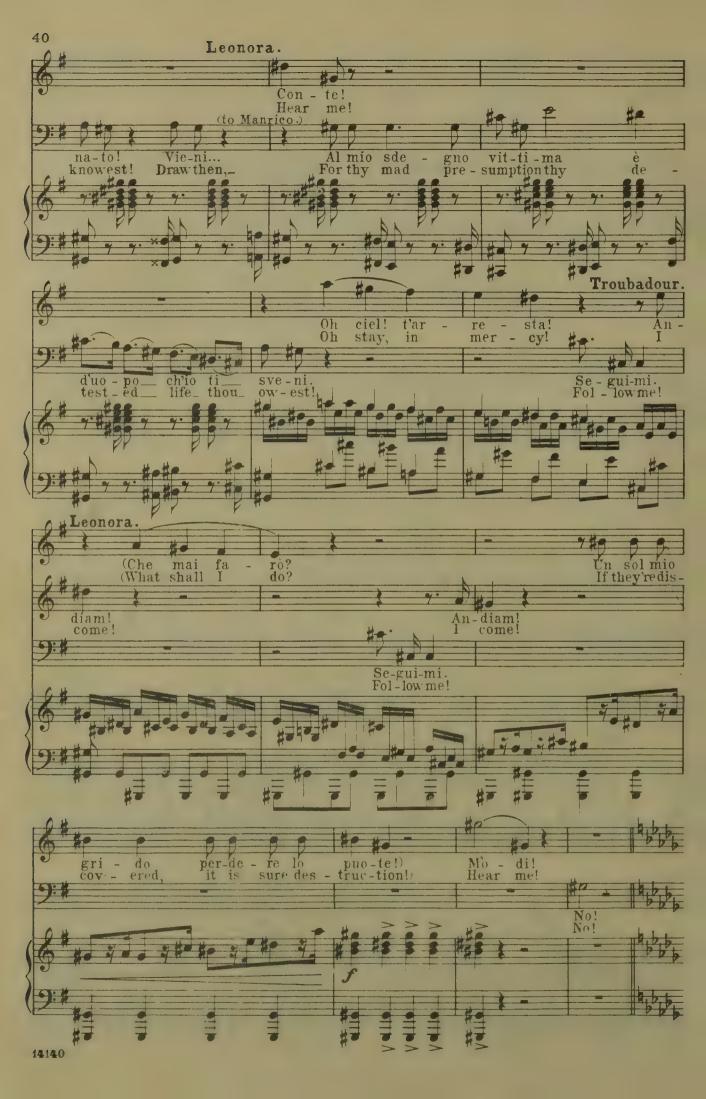


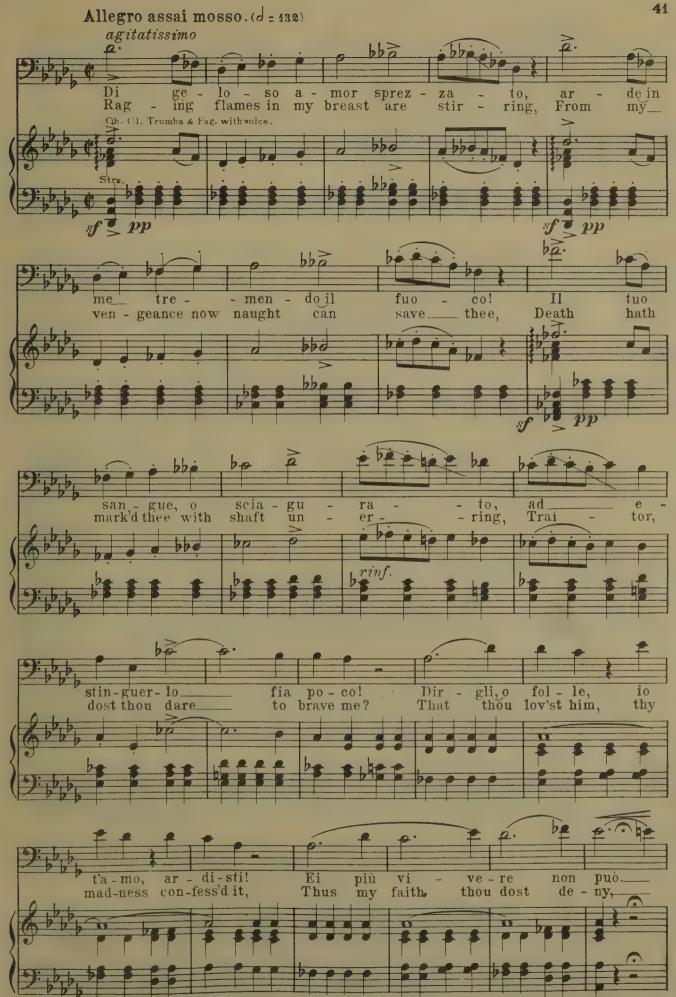


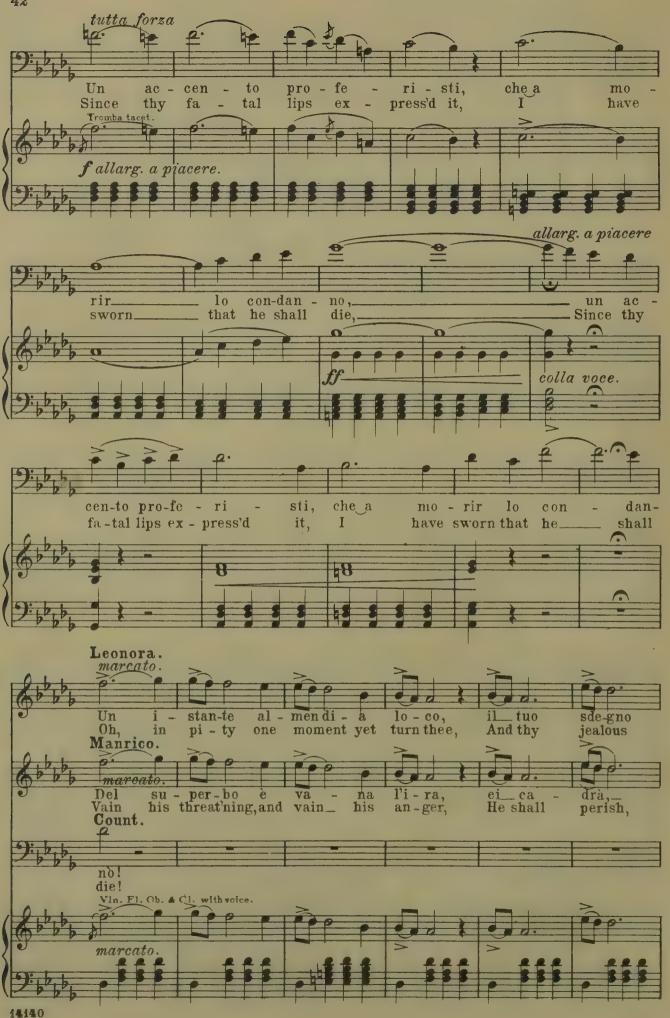




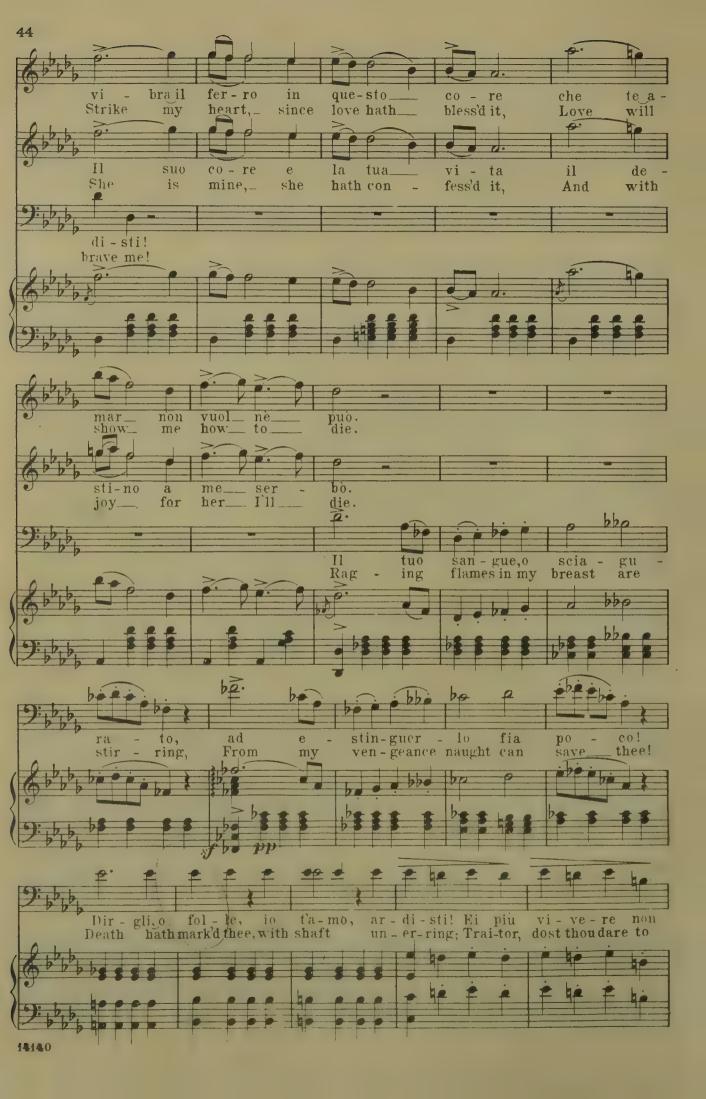




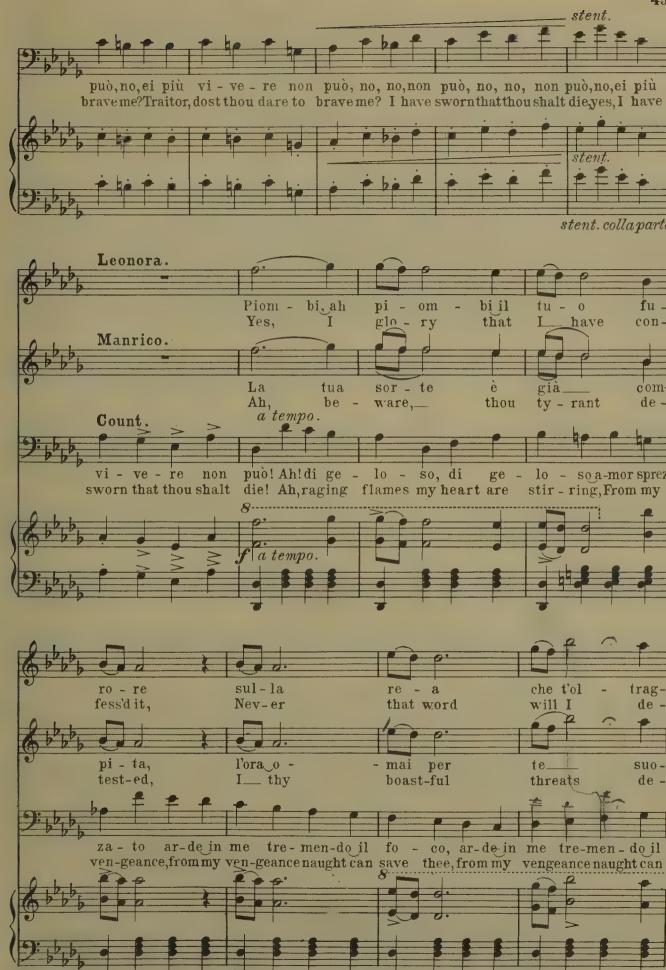


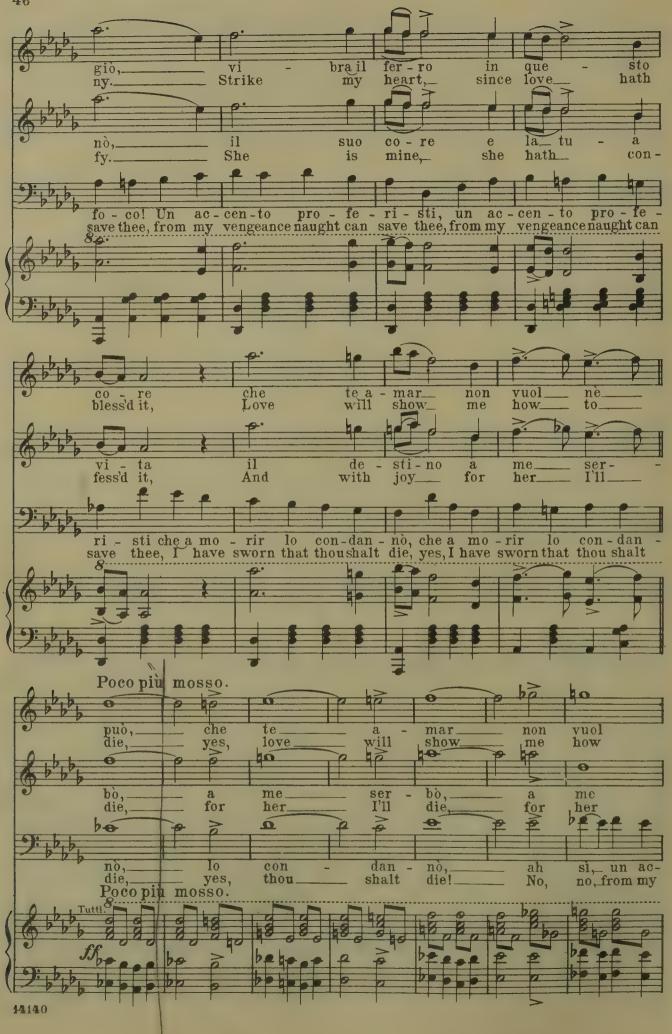


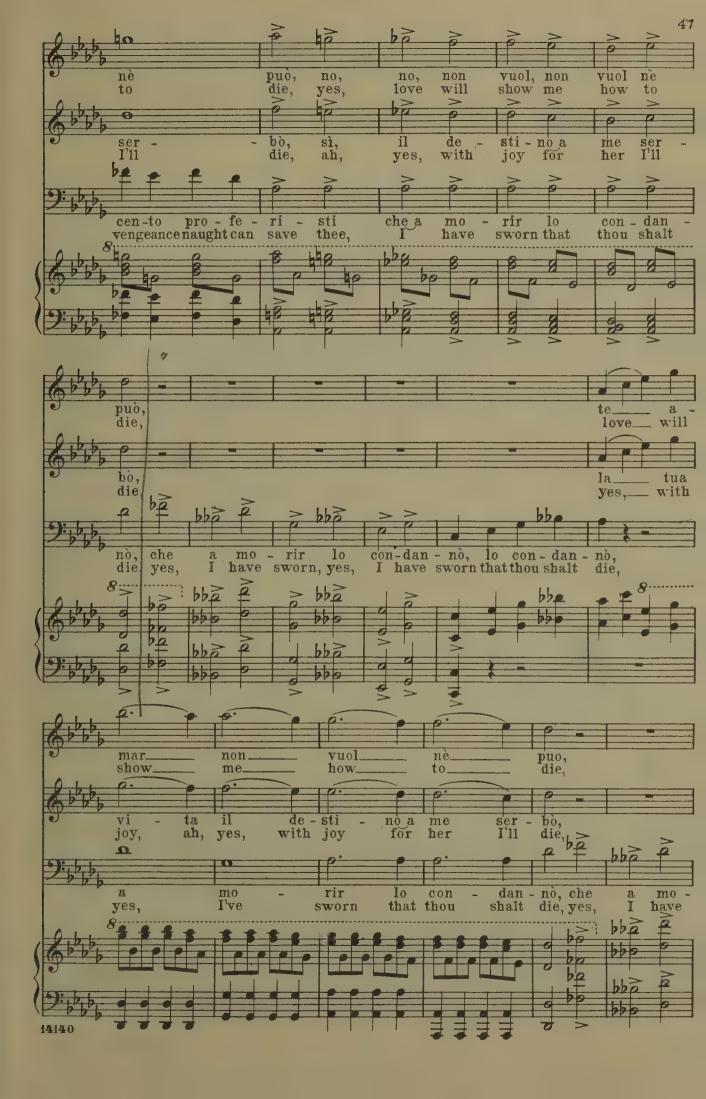


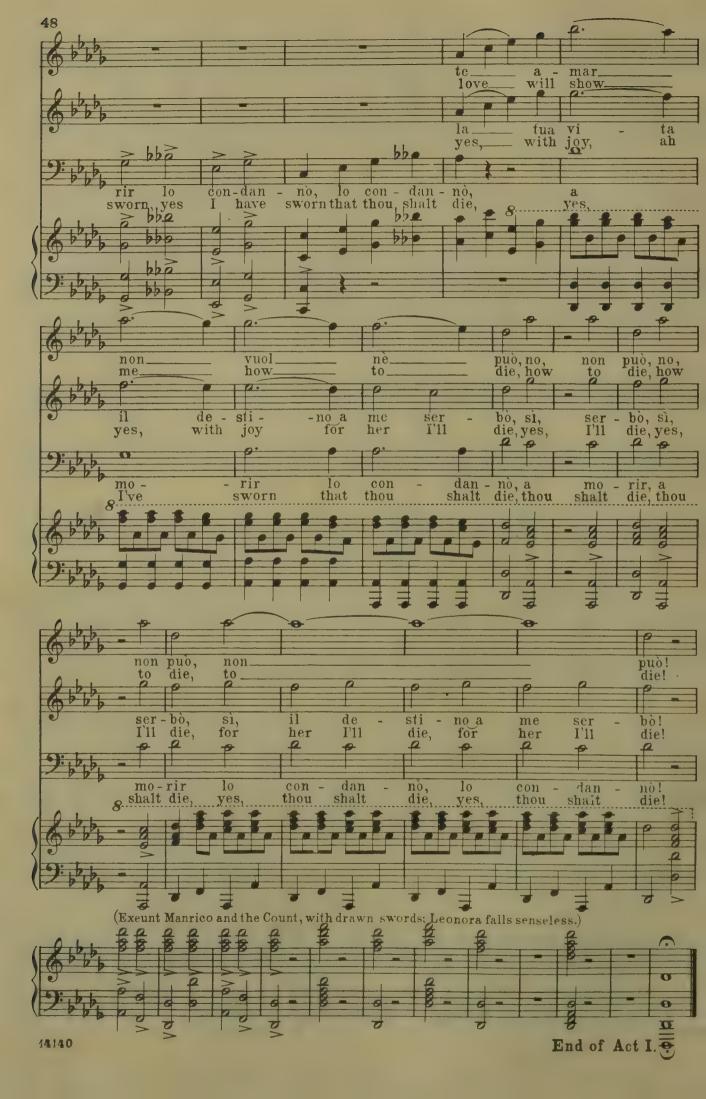






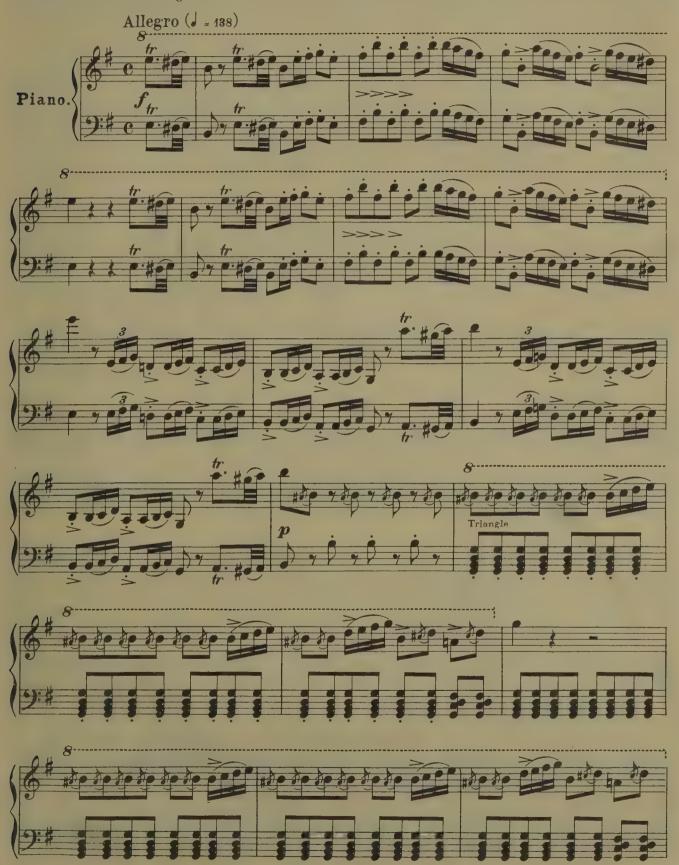


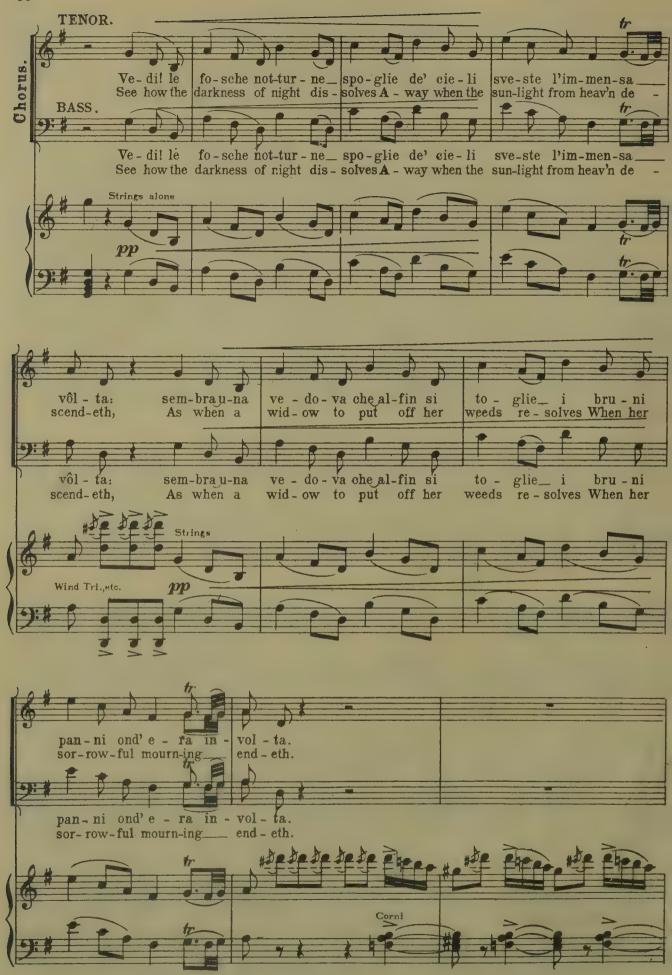


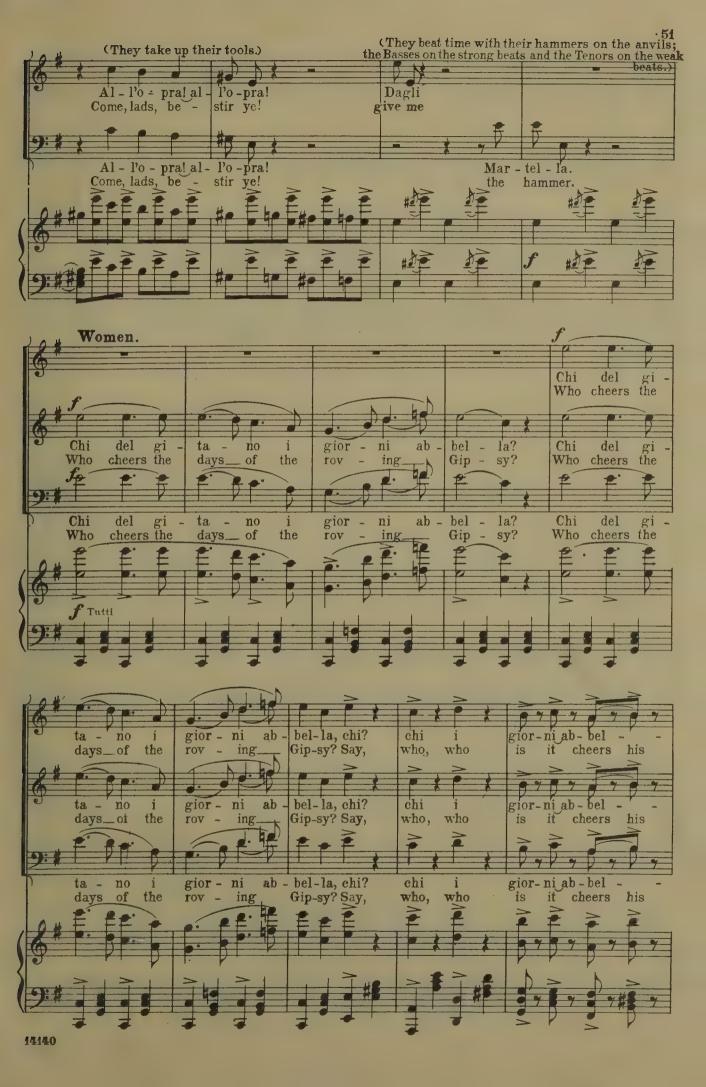


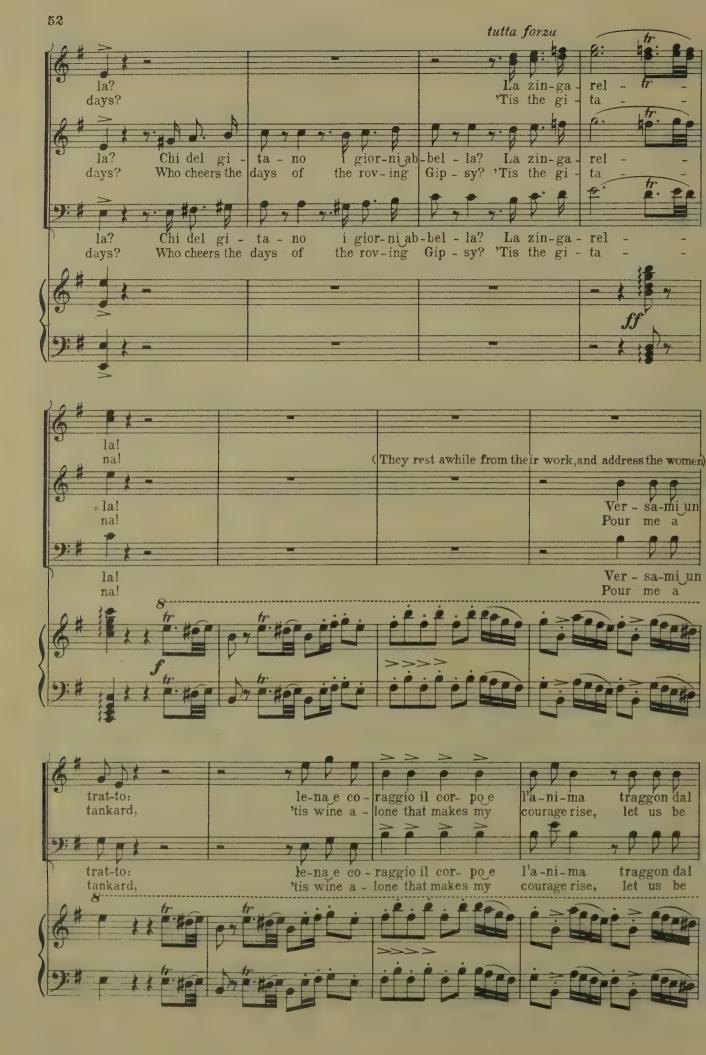
# Act II. (The Gipsy.) No. 7. "Vedi! le fosche notturne spoglie.,, Chorus of Gipsies.

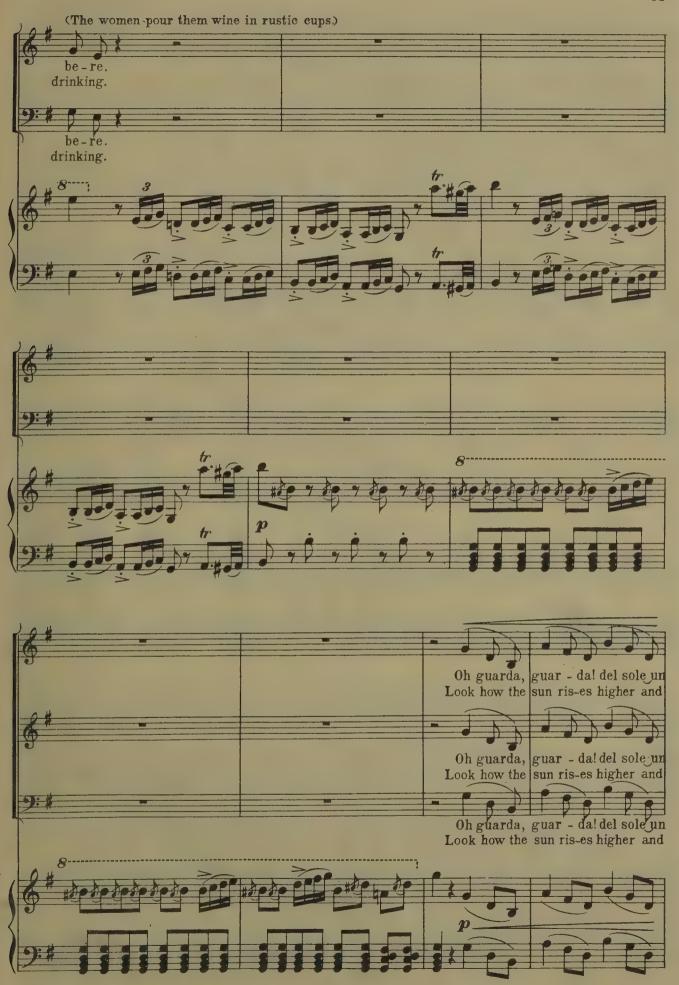
Scene. A ruined habitation at the foot of a mountain in Biscay; within, thro' a wide opening, a fire is seen; day is dawning. Azucena is seated by the fire, Manrico is lying on a low couch at her side, wrapped in his mantle, his helmet at his feet, a sword in his hand, on which he is gazing intently. The Gipsy band is scattered about the stage.

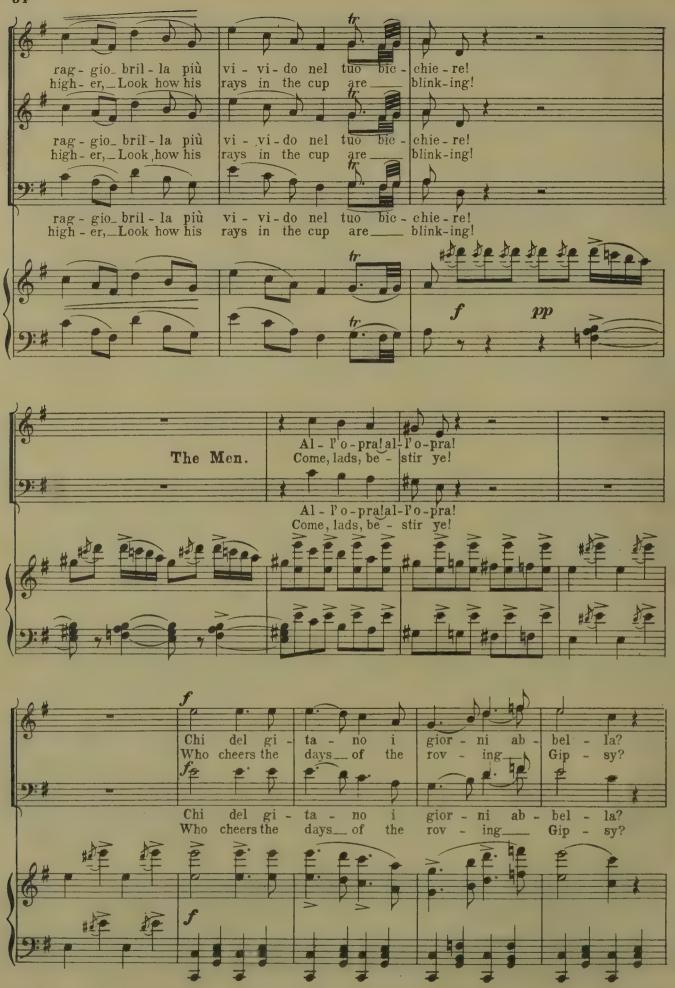




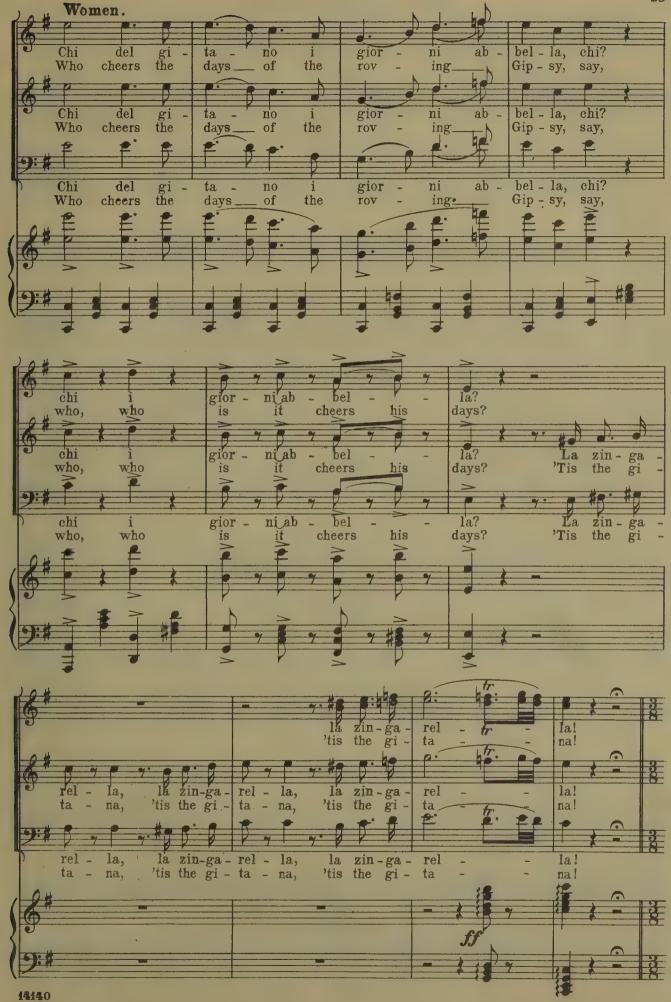






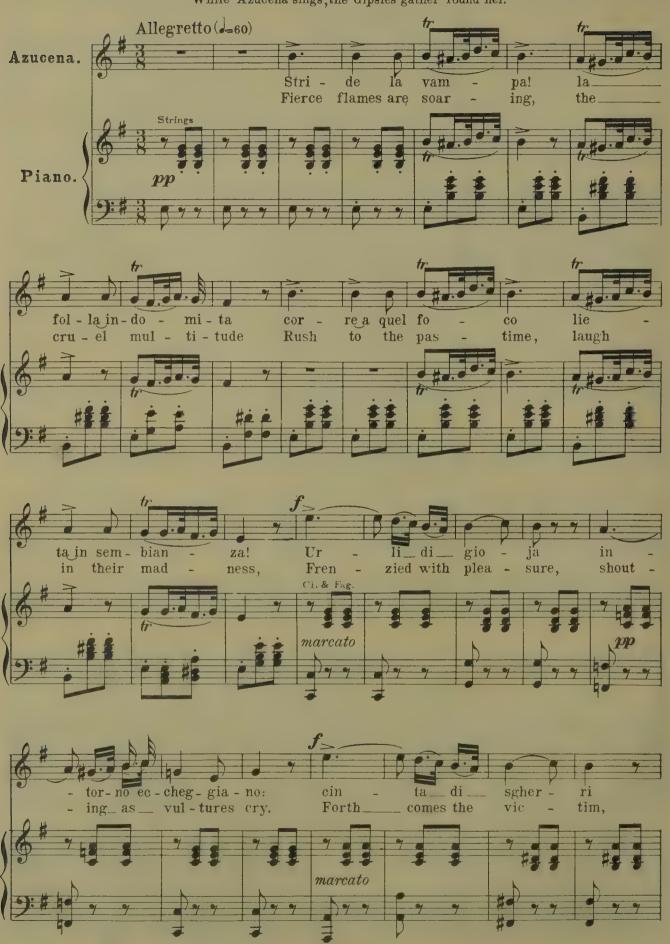


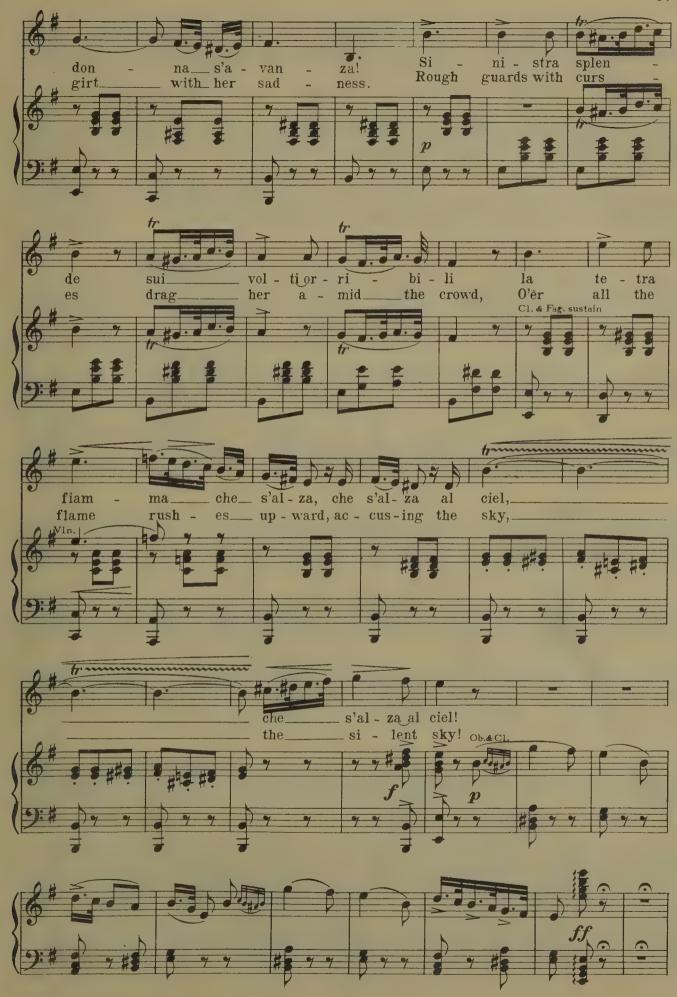


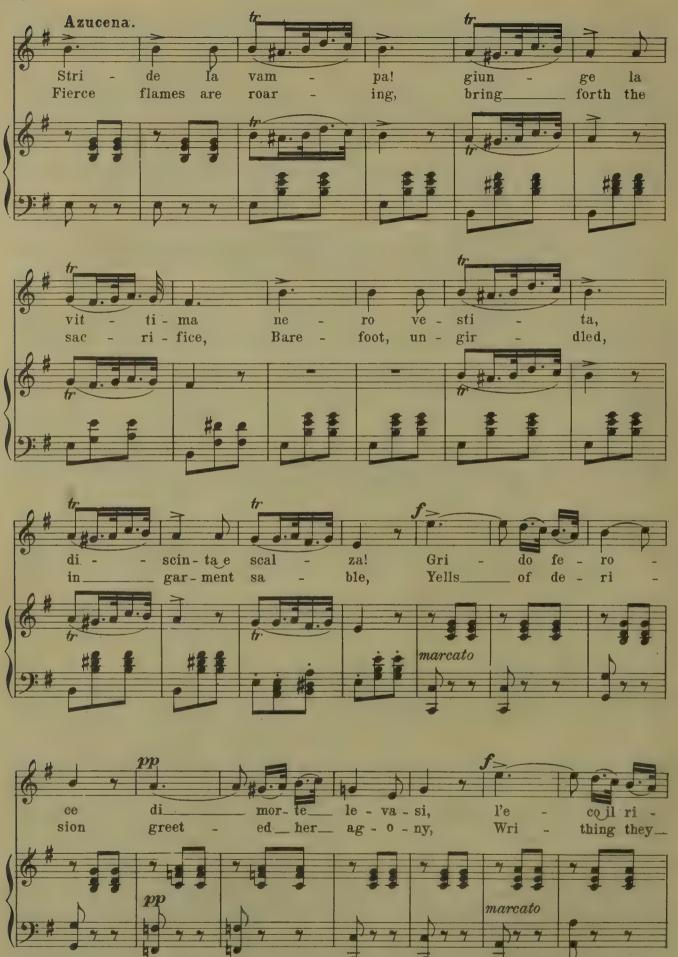


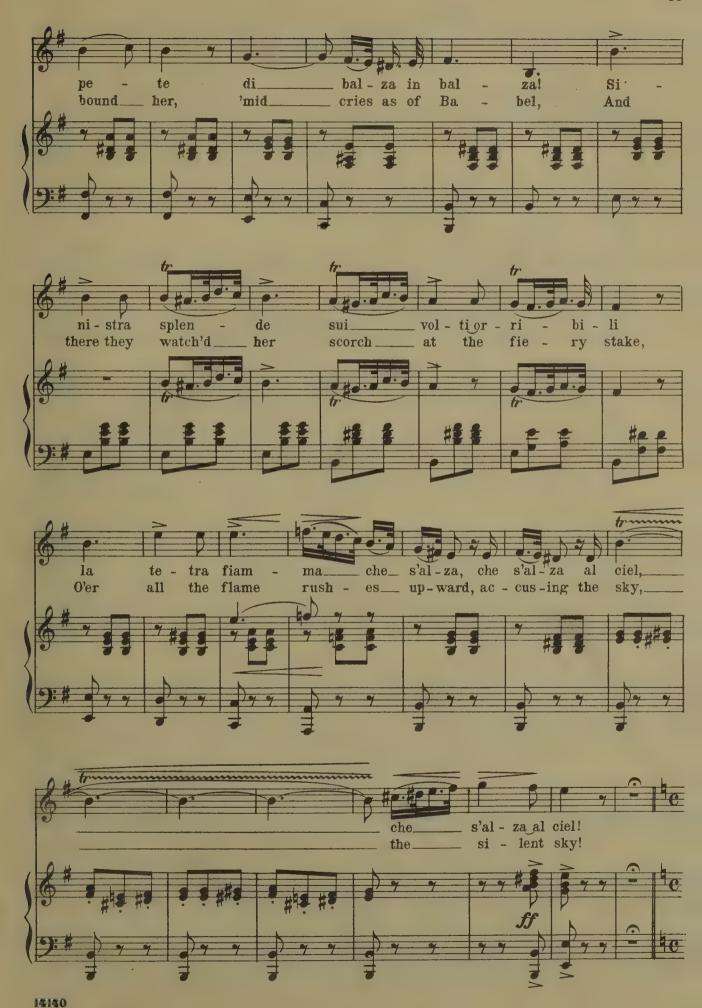
#### Nº 8. "Stride la vampa.,, Canzone.

While Azucena sings, the Gipsies gather round her.

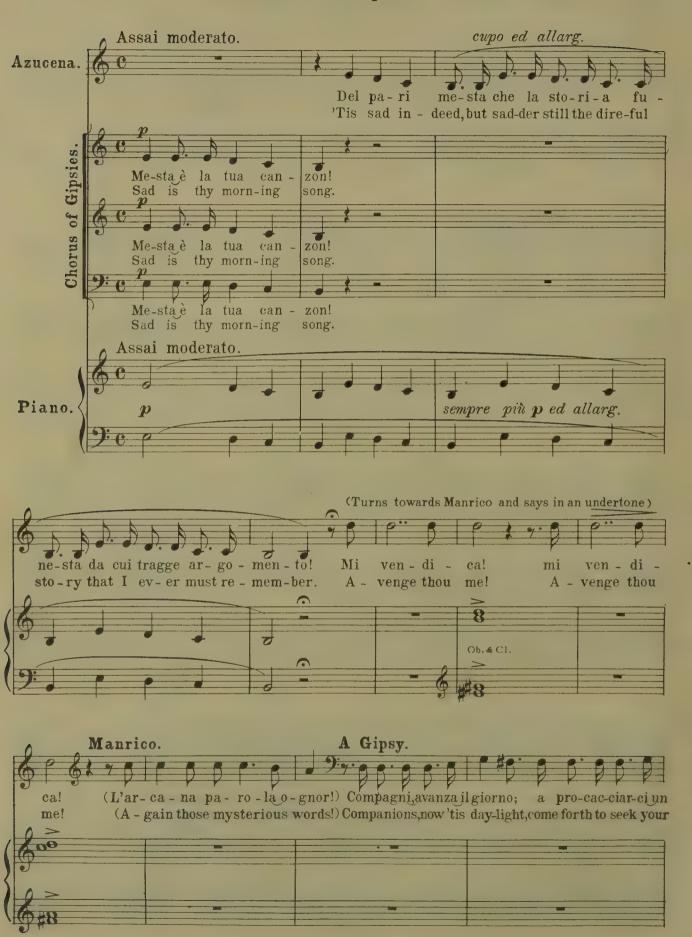




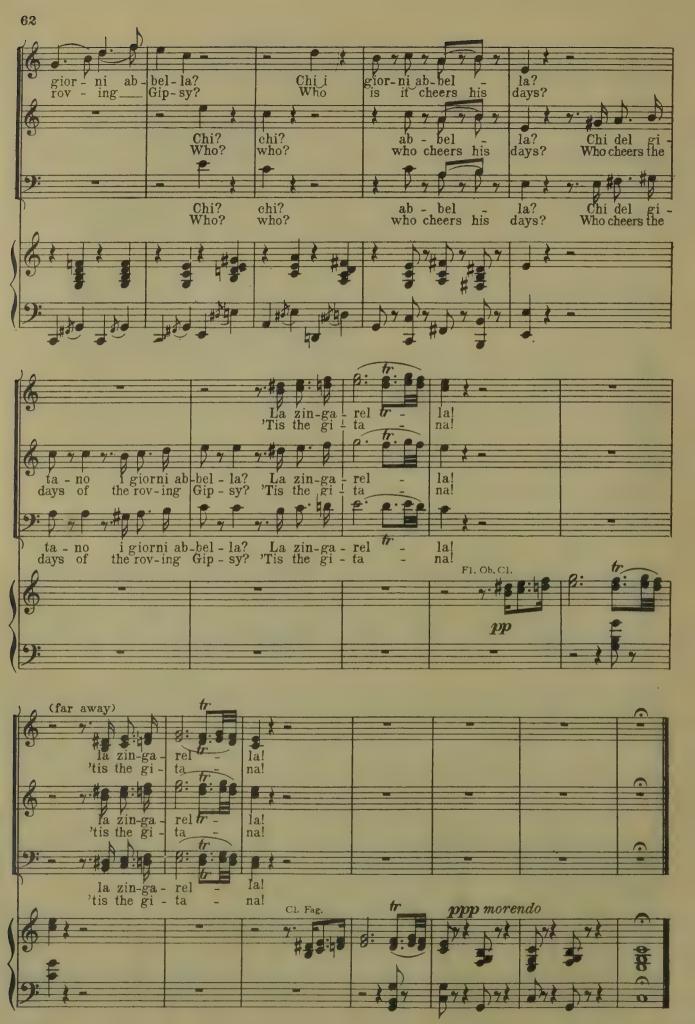




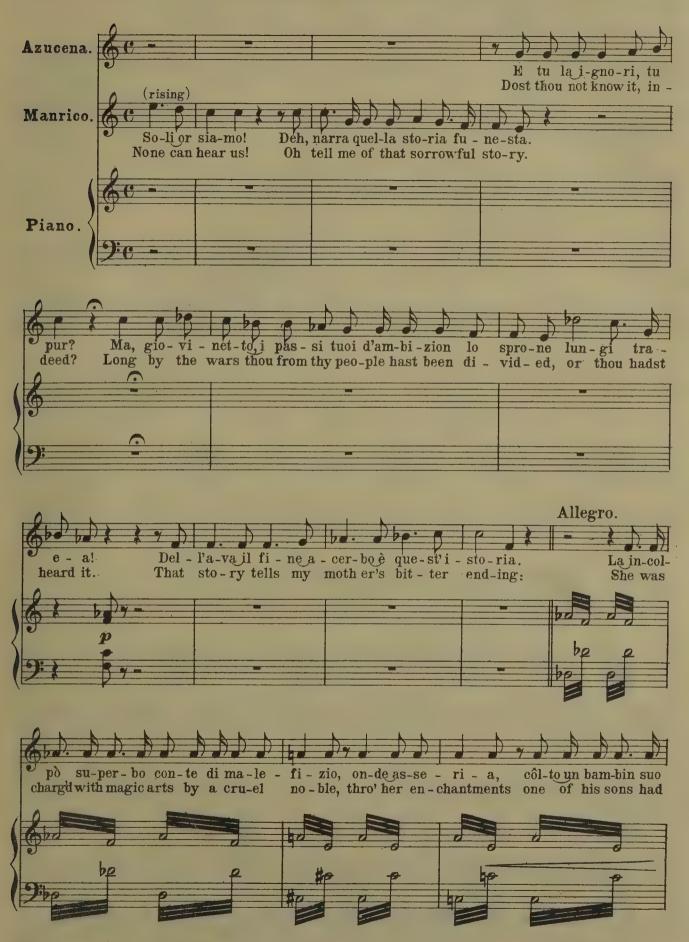
## Nº 9. "Mesta è la tua canzon!,, Chorus of Gipsies.

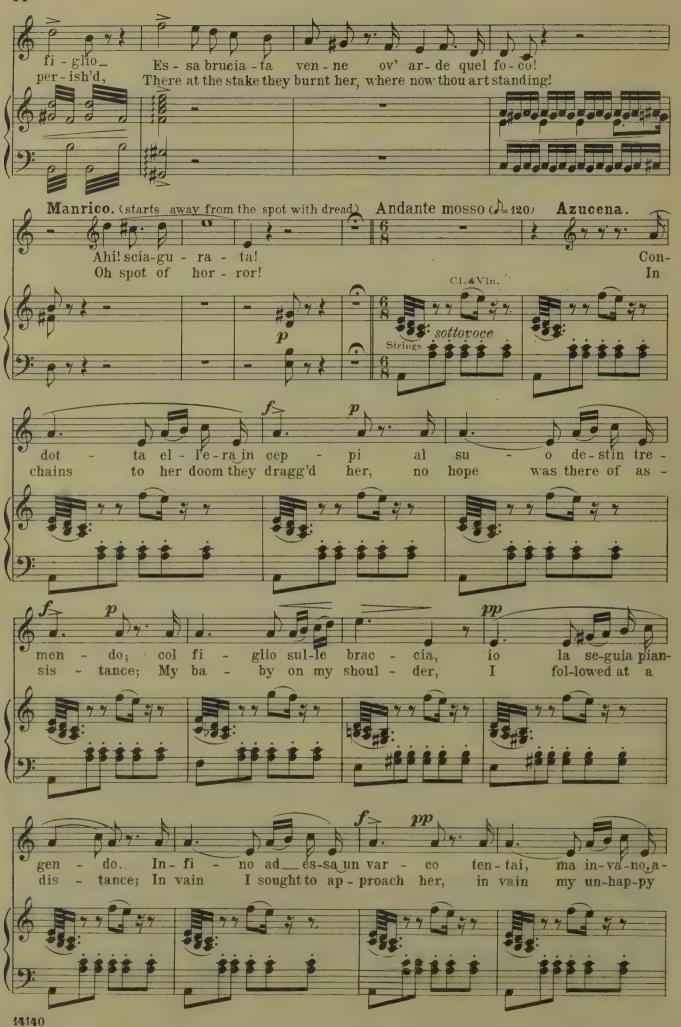


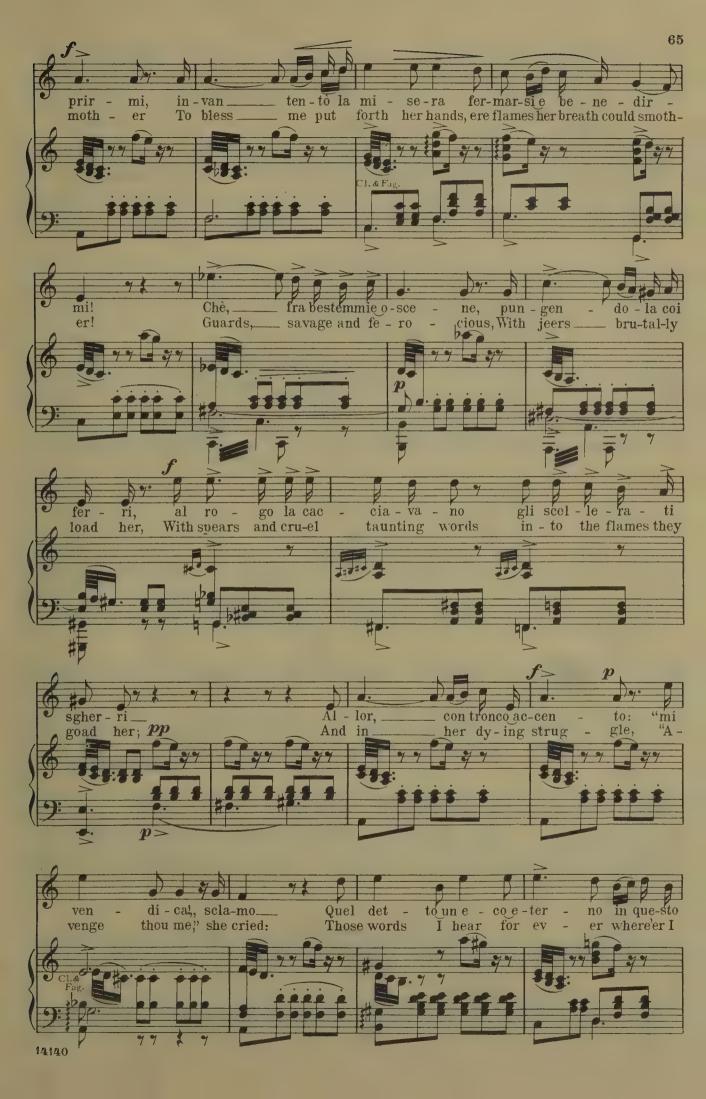




## Nº 10. "Condotta ell'era in ceppi.,, Recitative and Narrative.



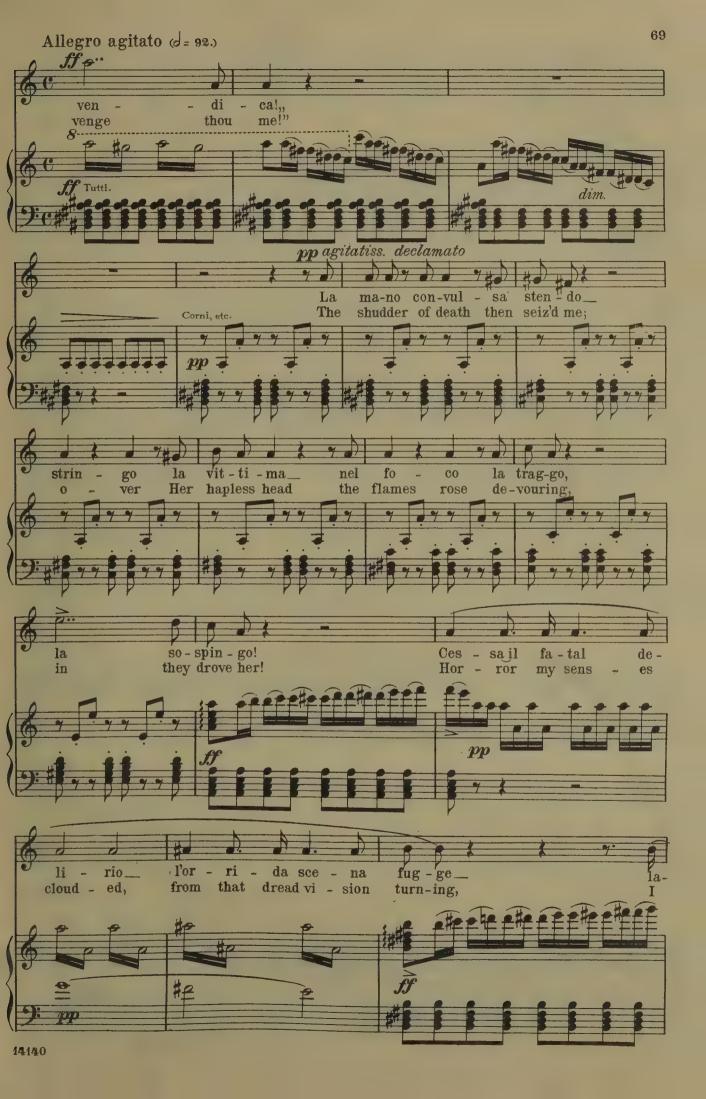


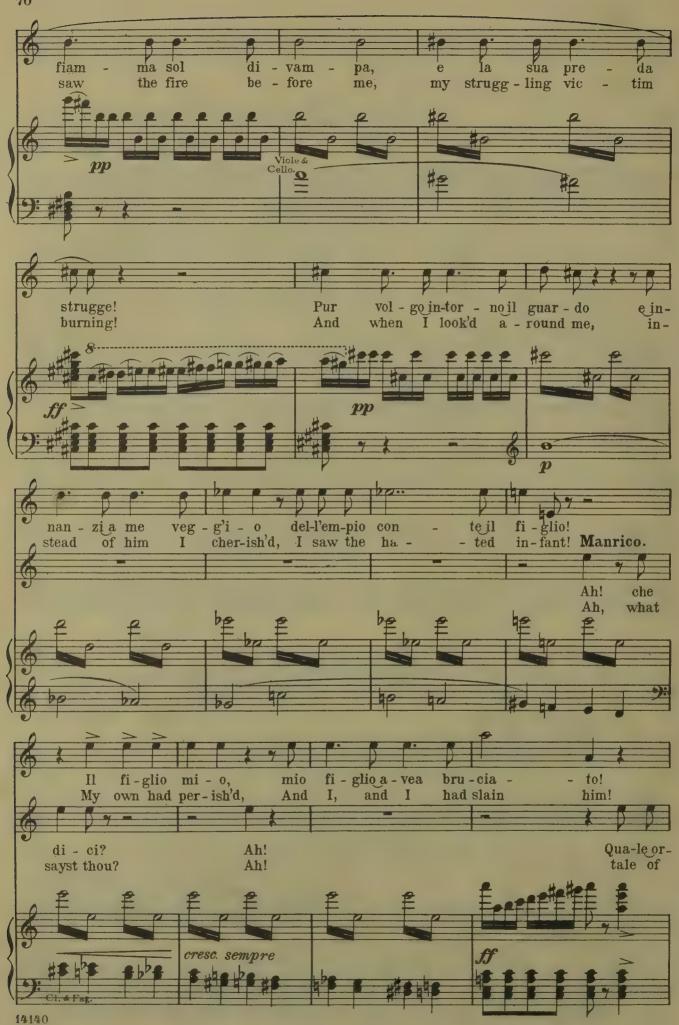




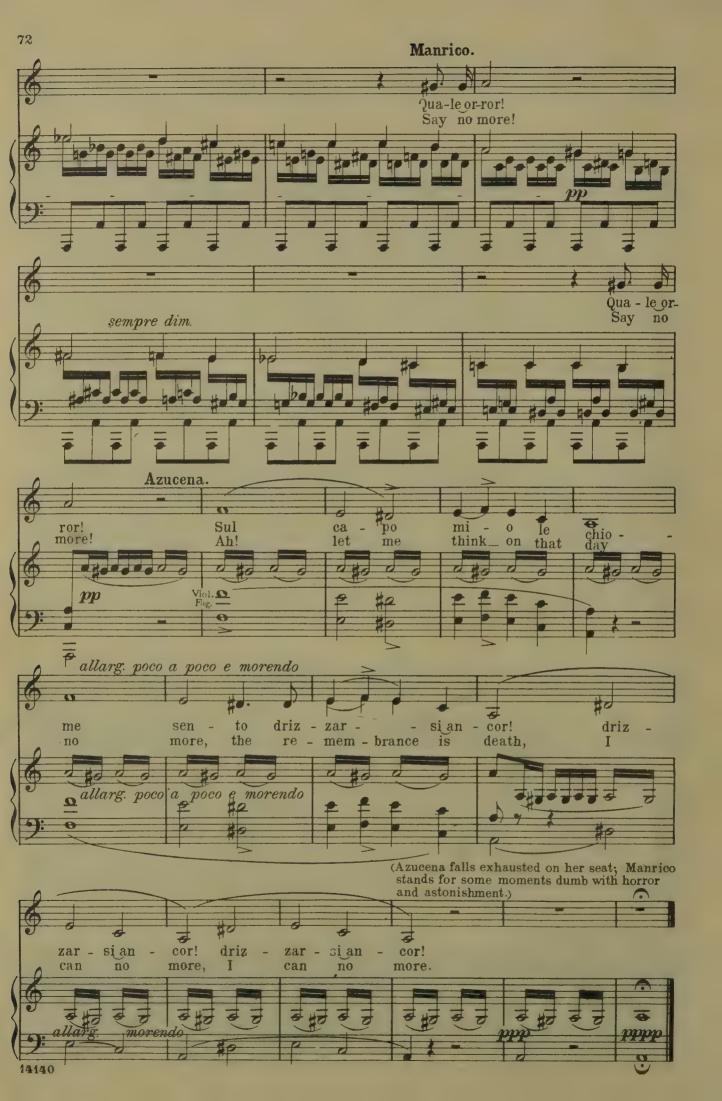






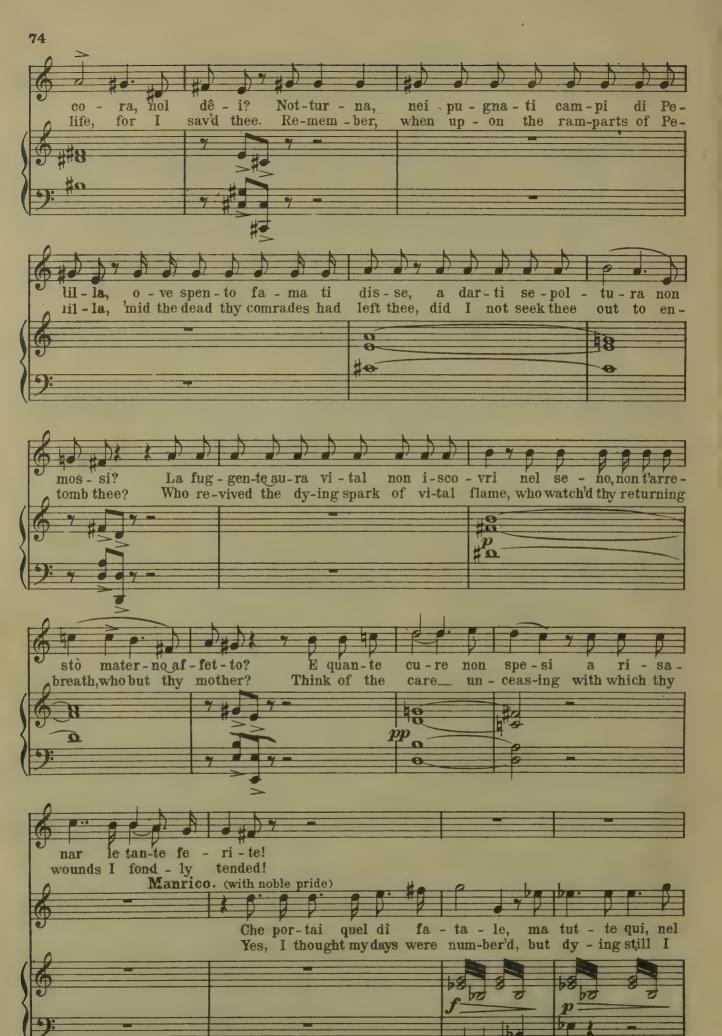


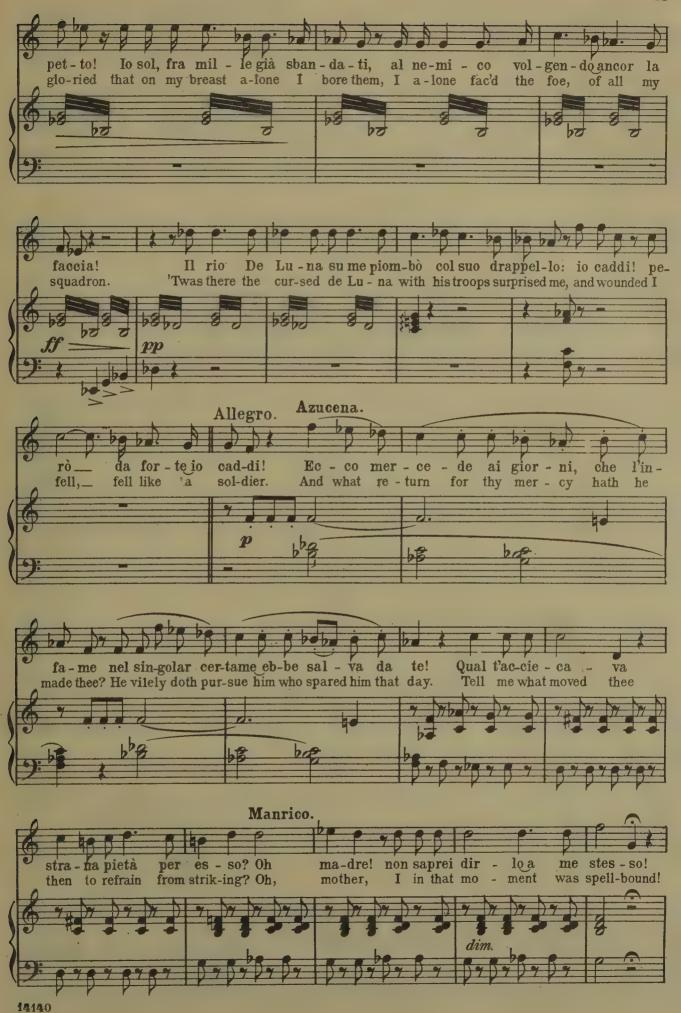




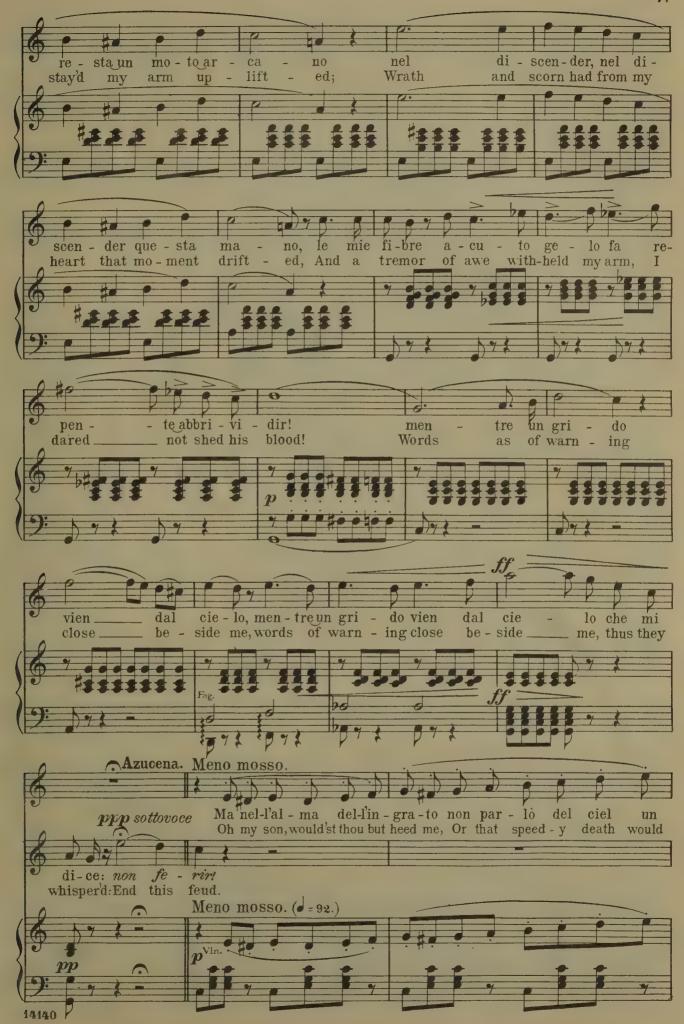
## Nº 11. "Mal reggendo all'aspro assalto.,, Recitative and Duet.

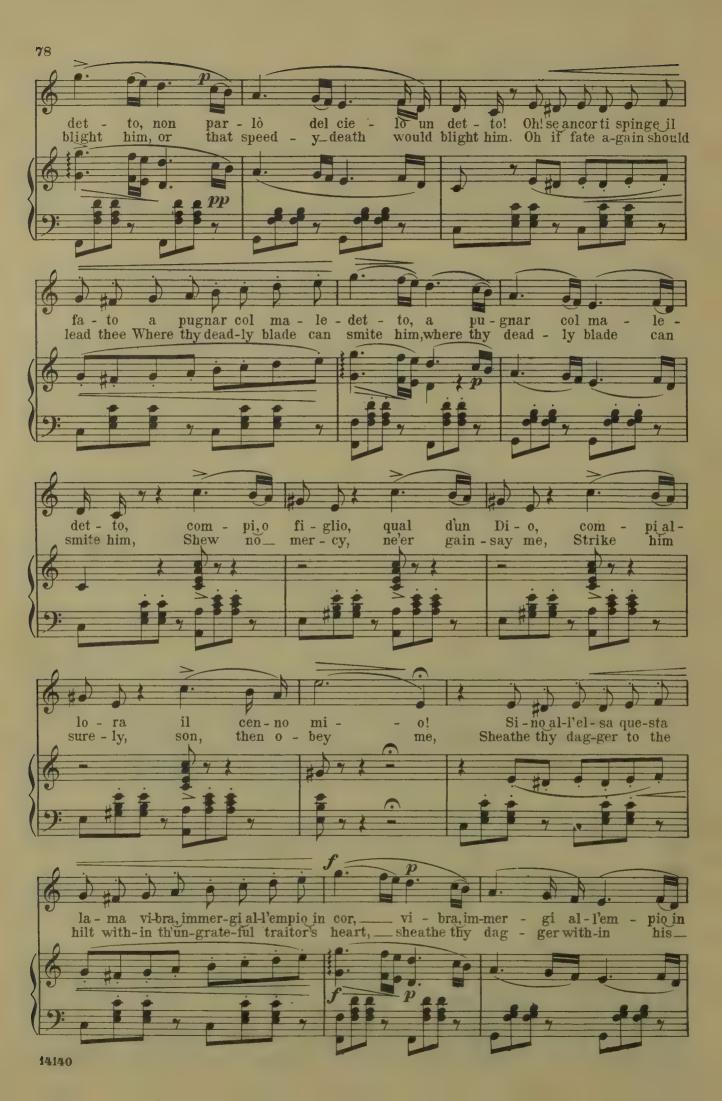


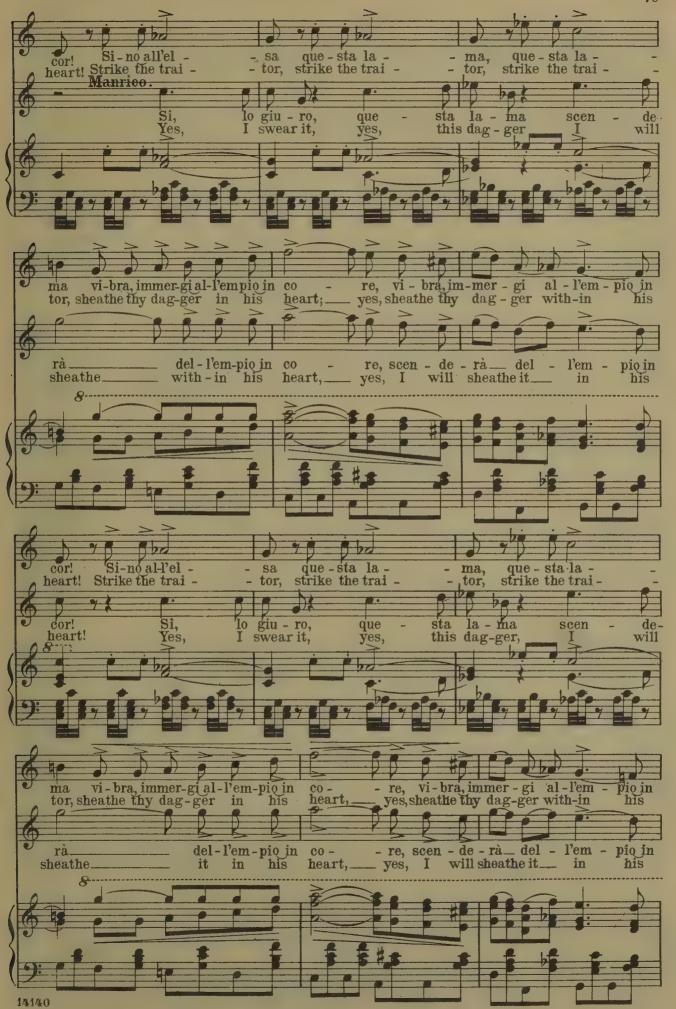


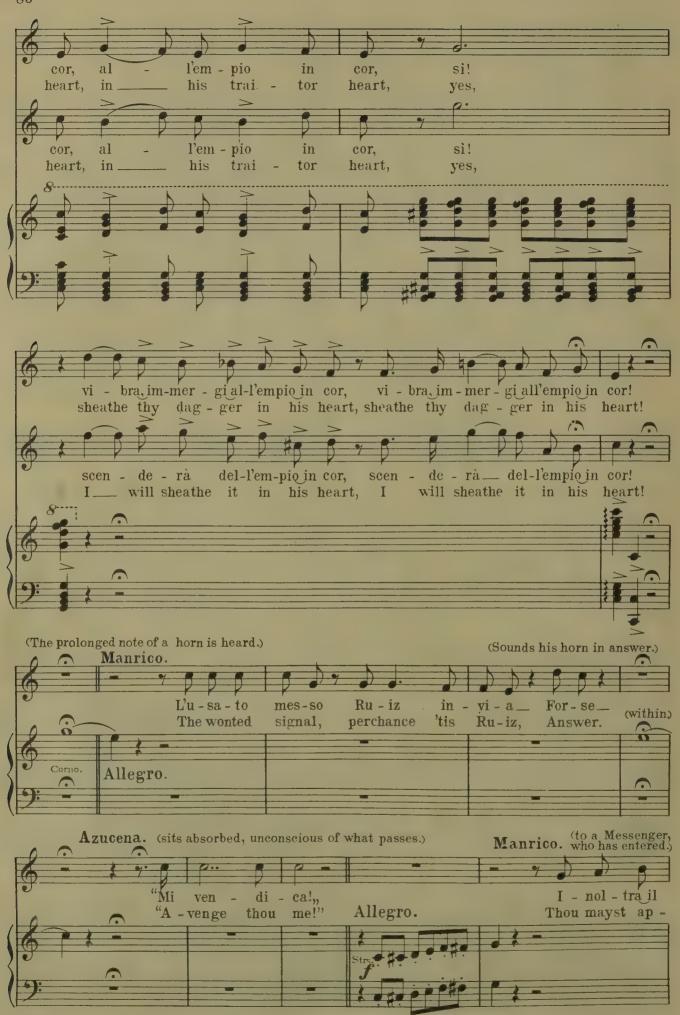






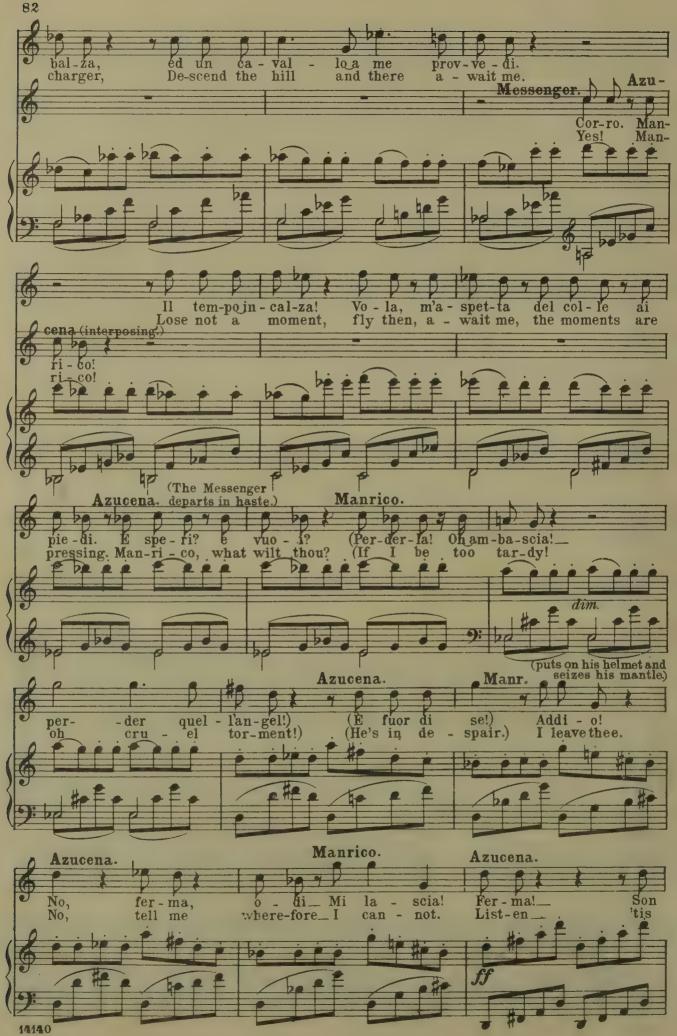


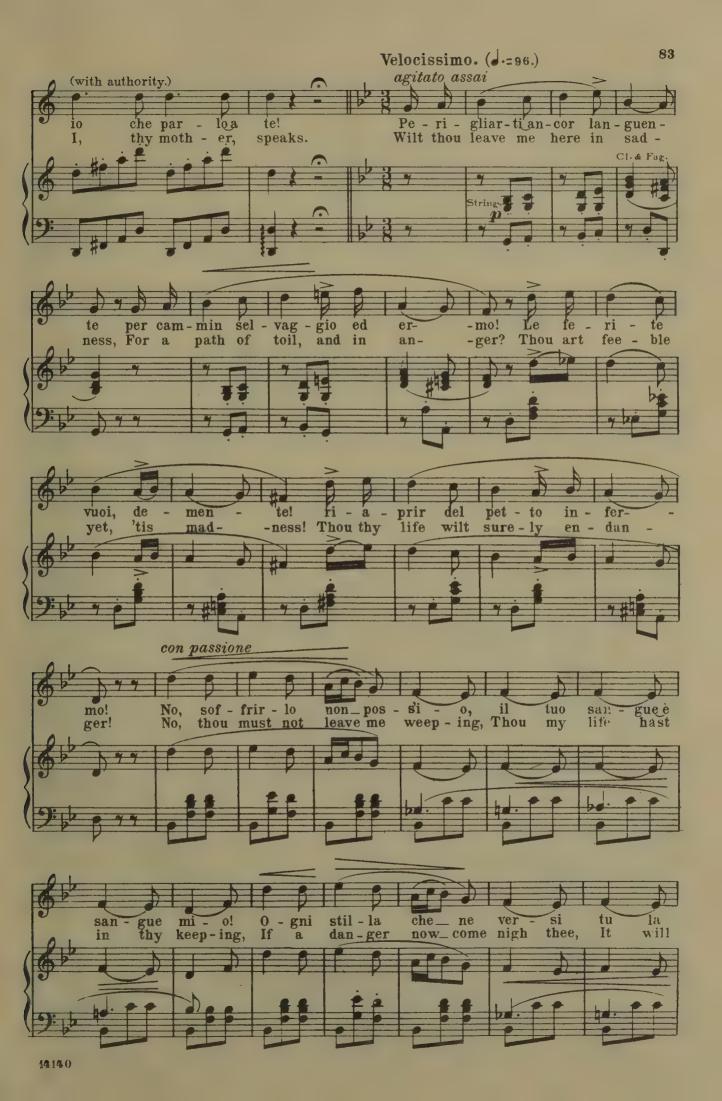


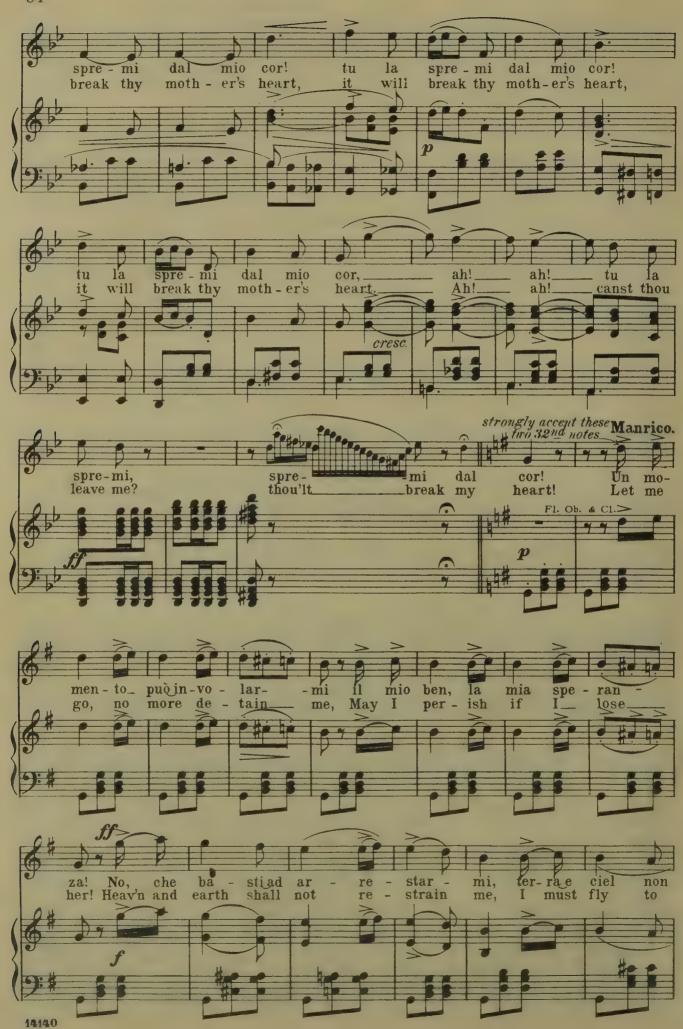


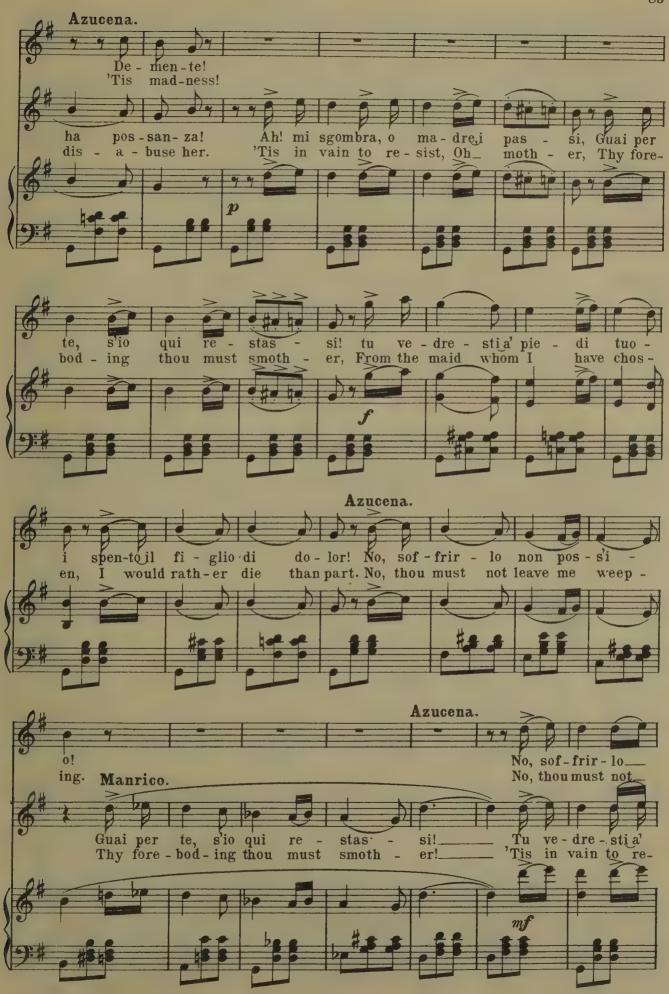


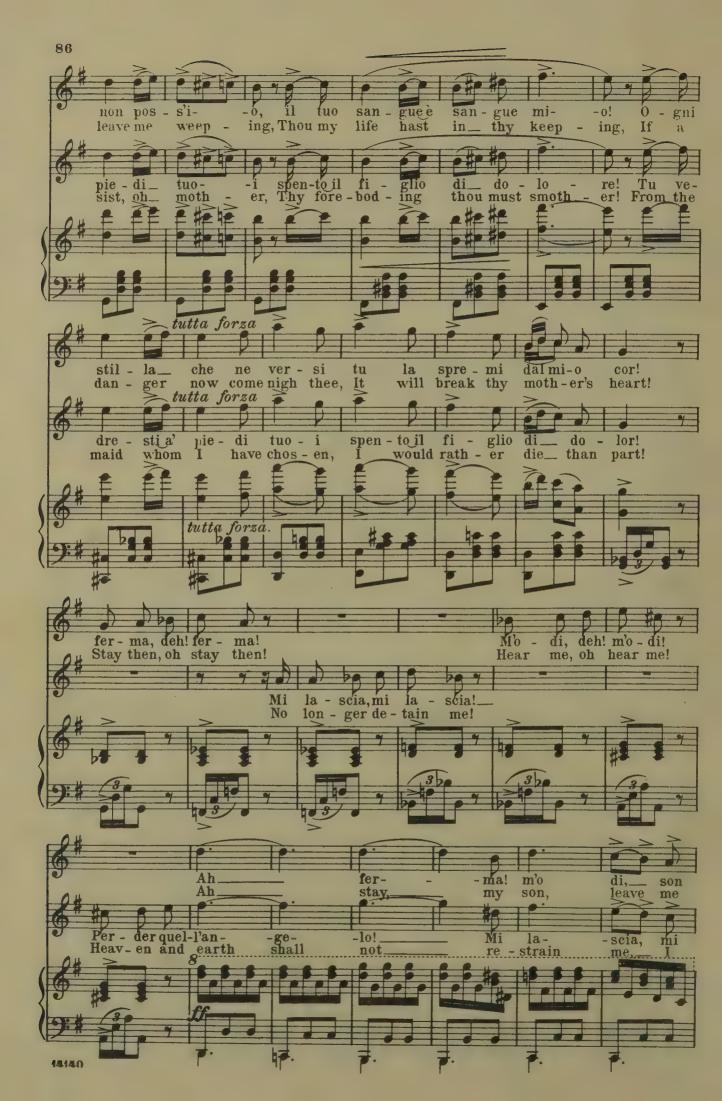








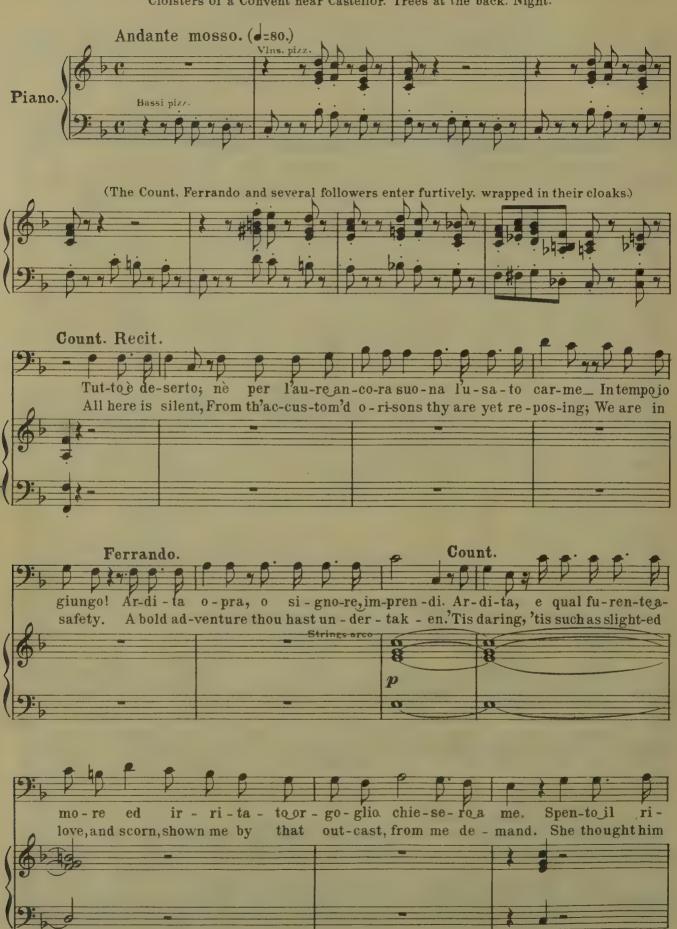




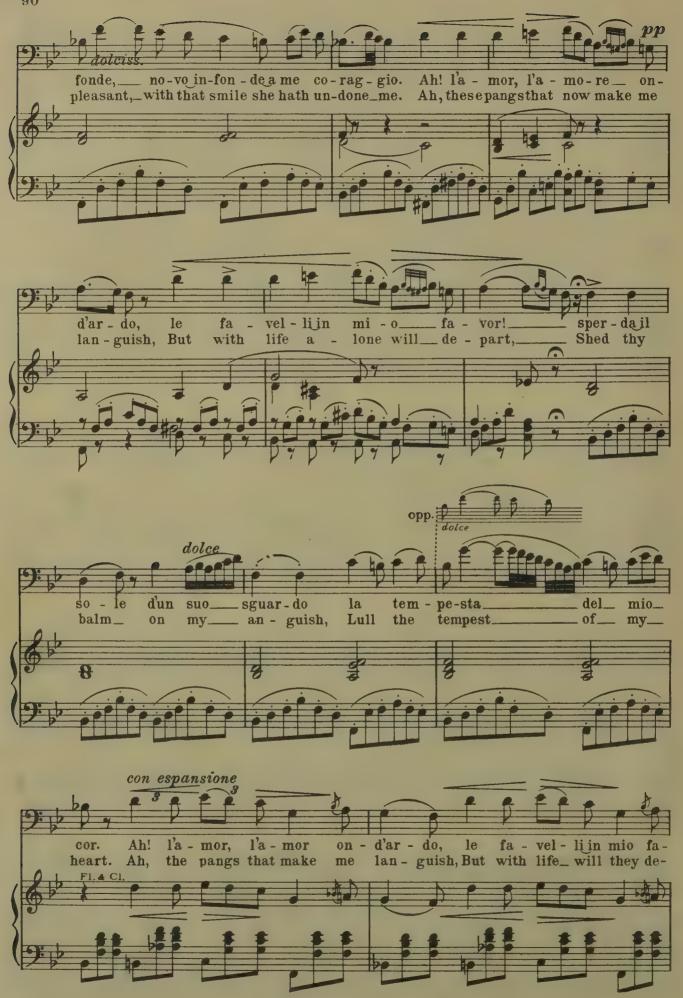


## Nº 12. "Il balen del suo sorriso.,, Recit. and Aria.

Cloisters of a Convent near Castellor. Trees at the back. Night.

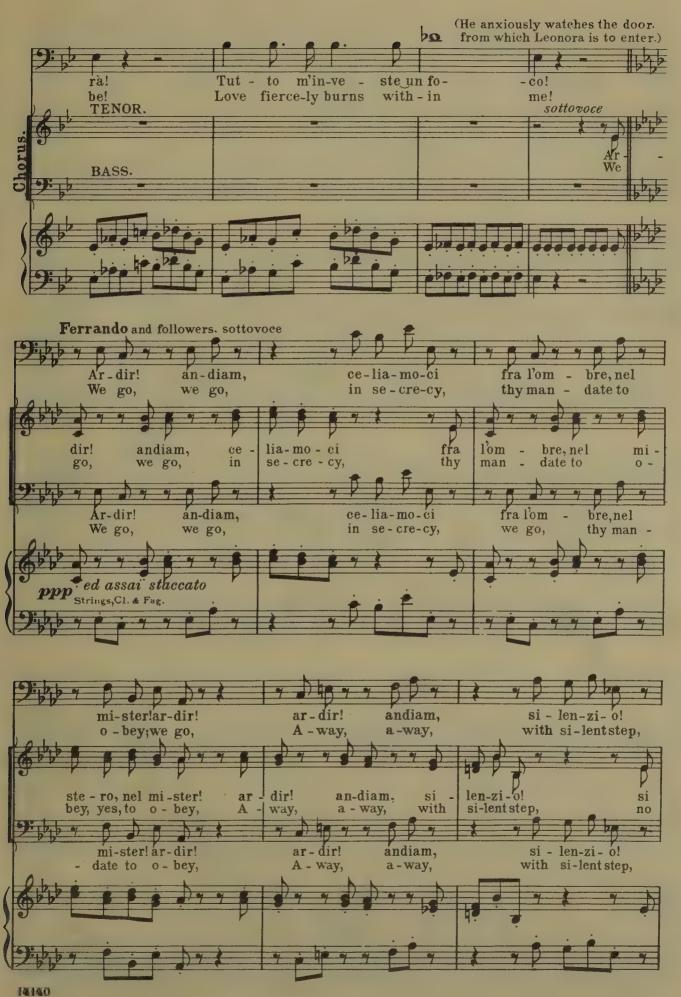


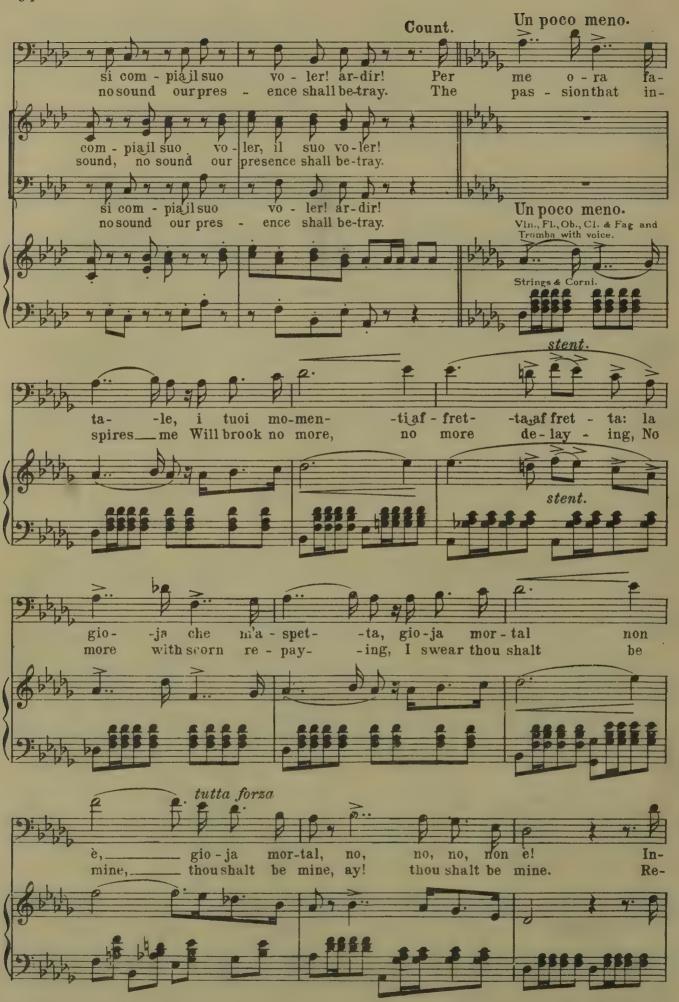


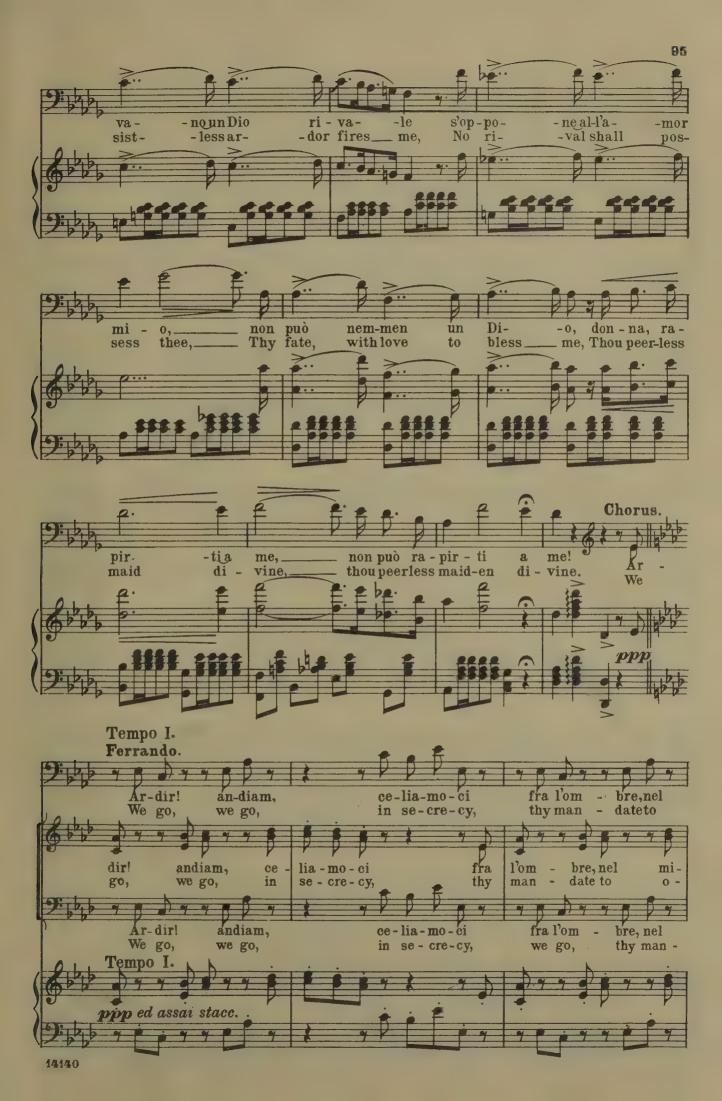


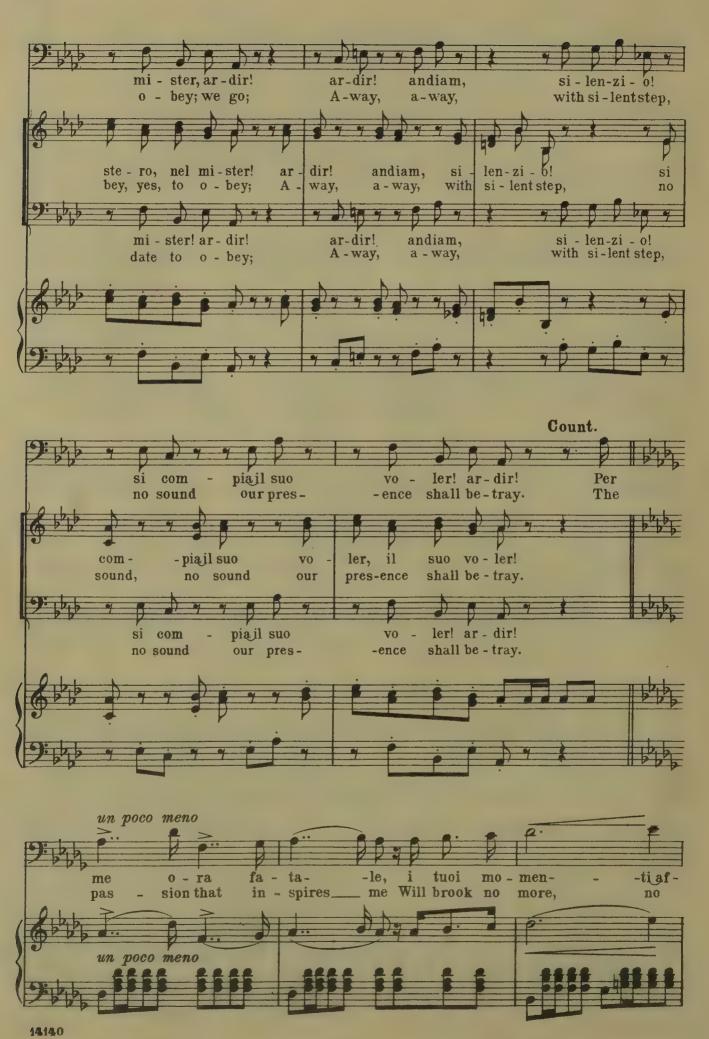


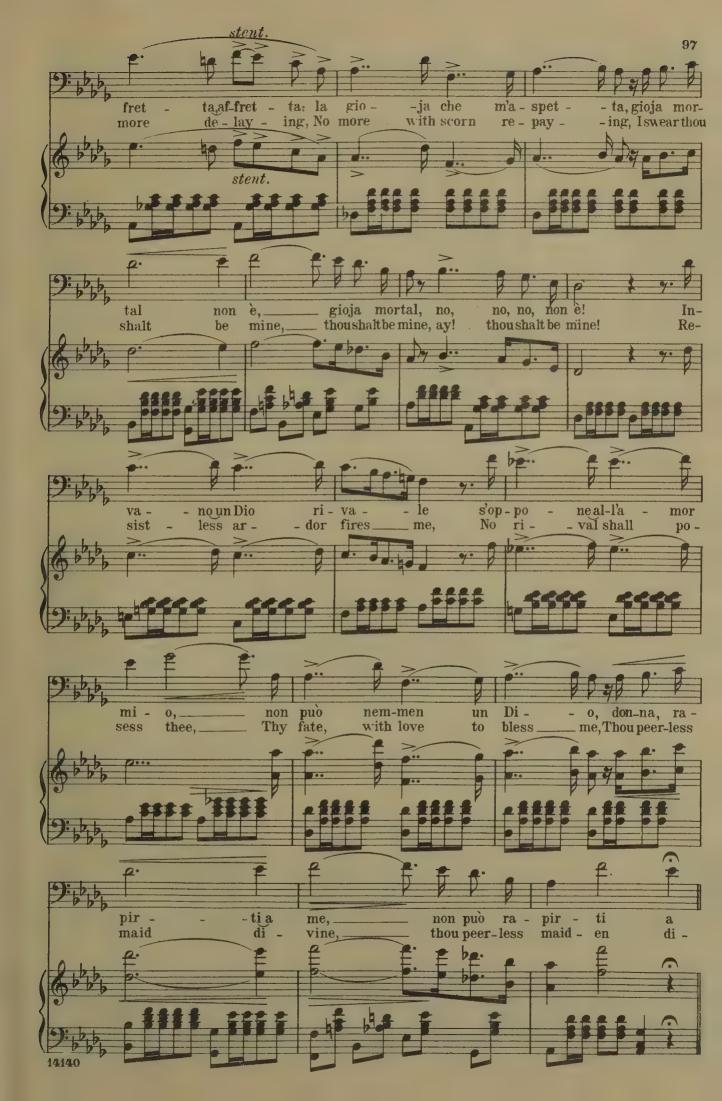


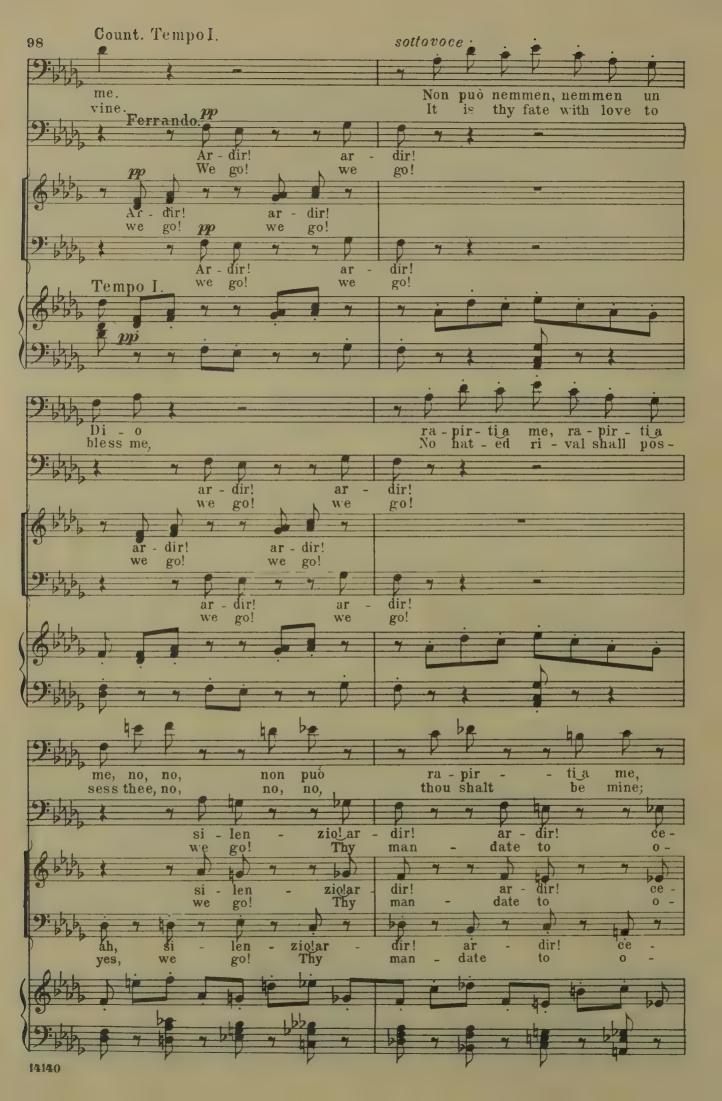






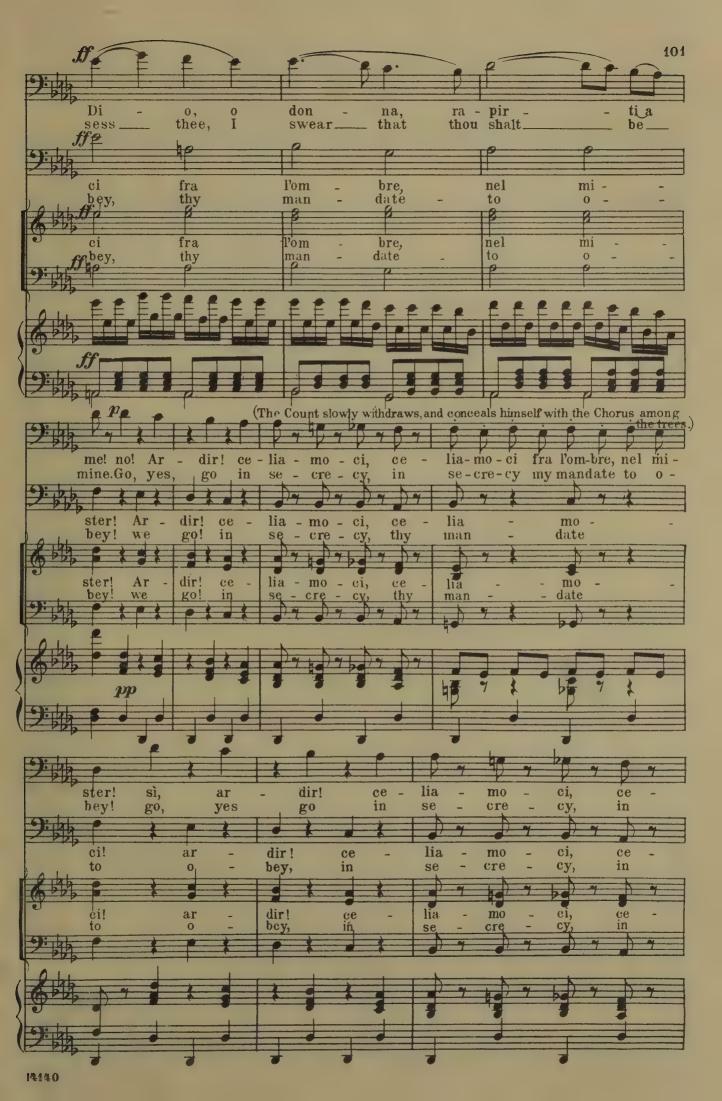


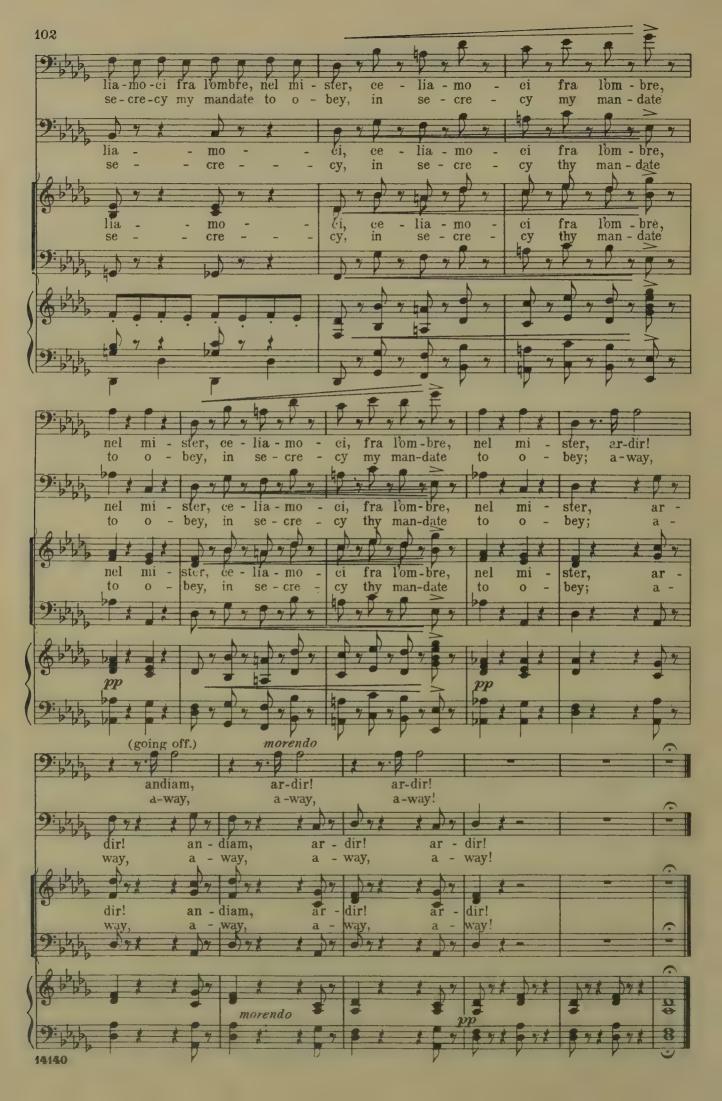


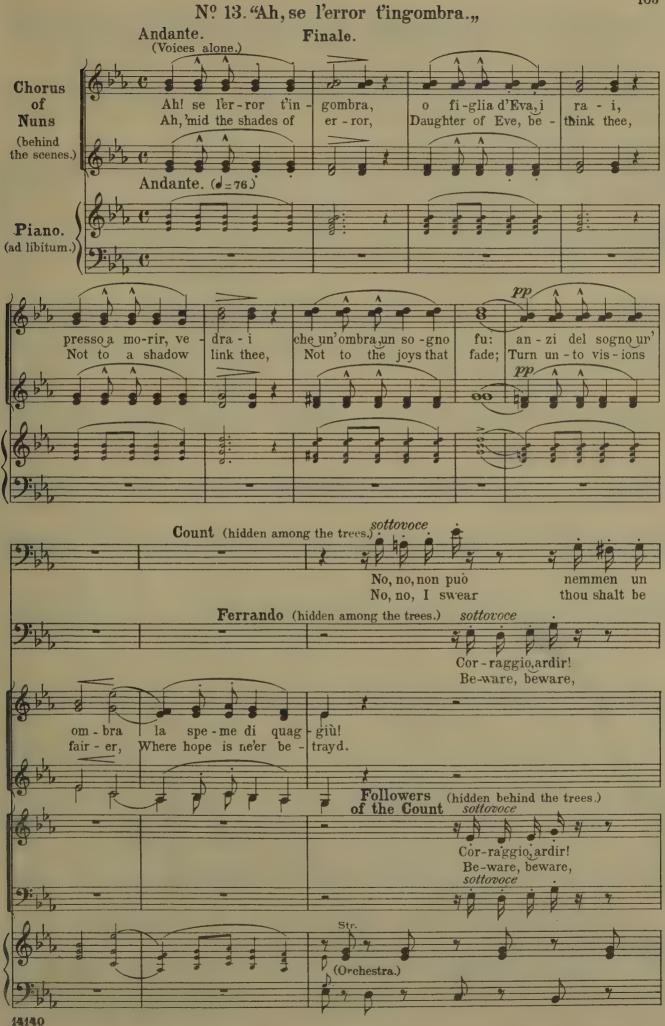






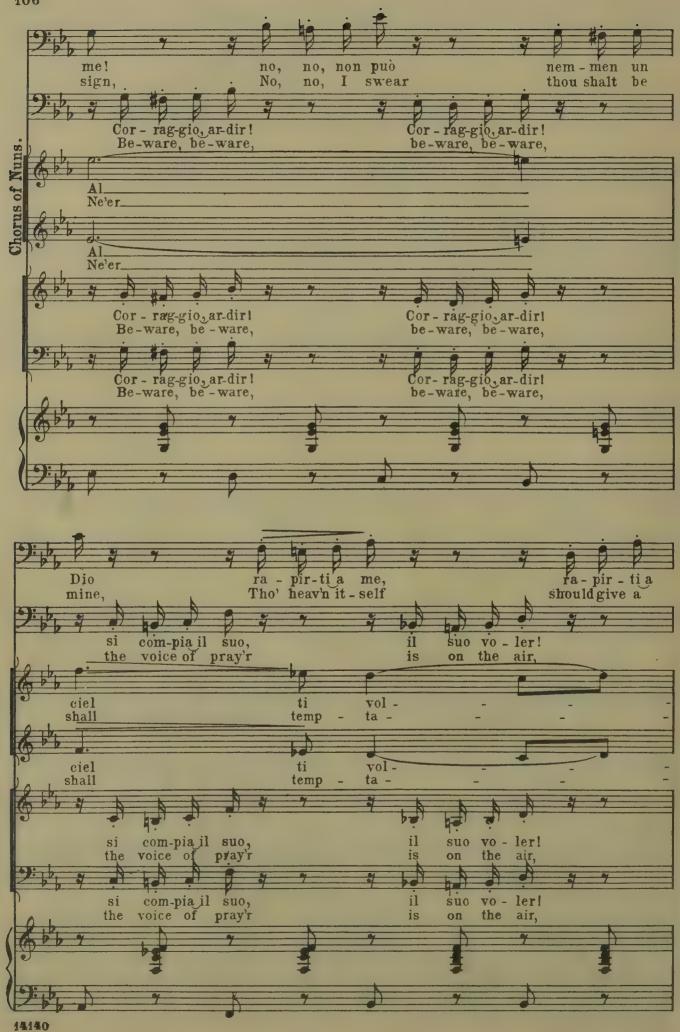


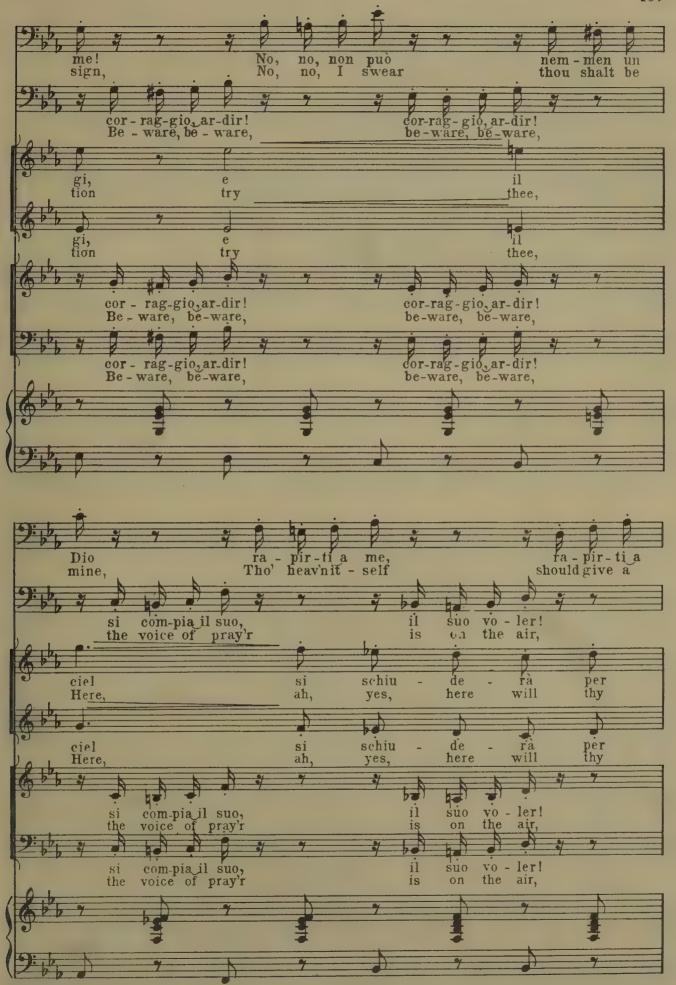


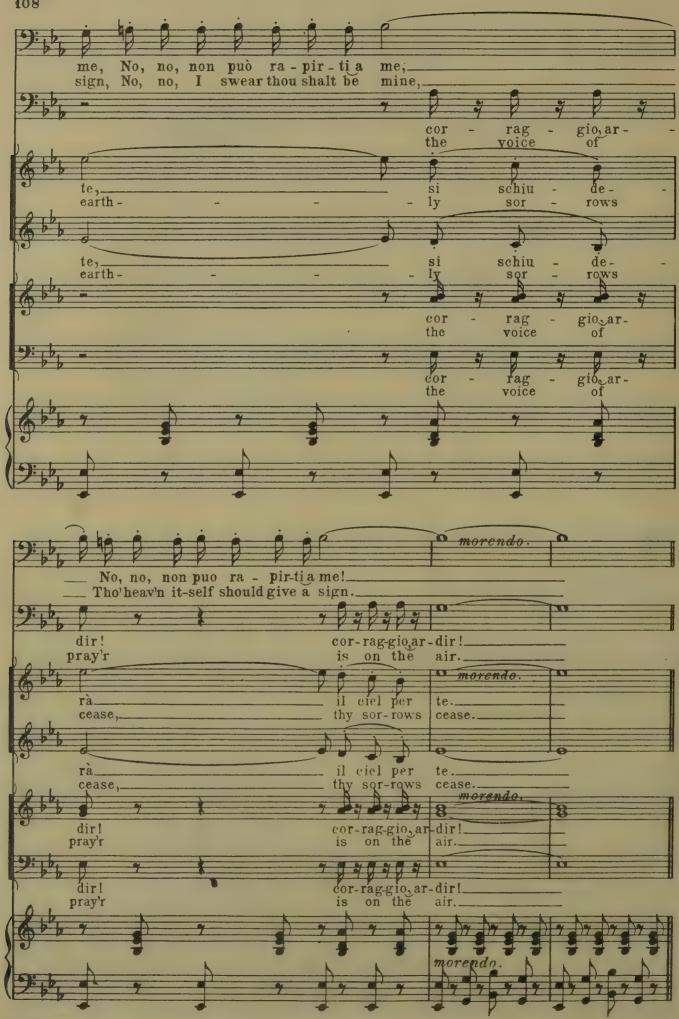




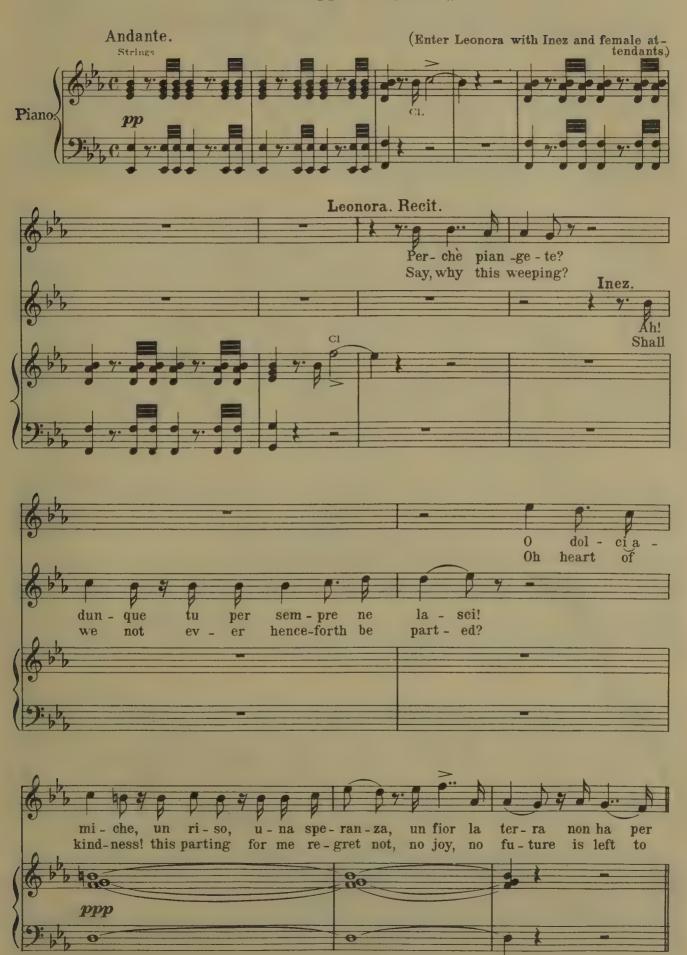


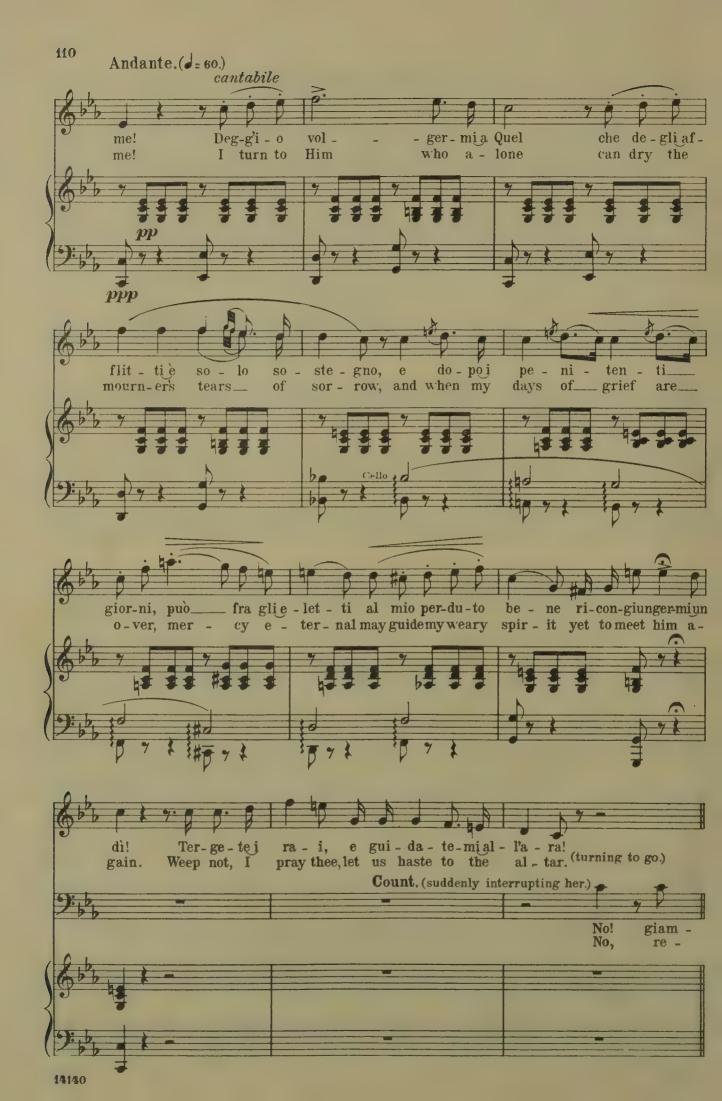




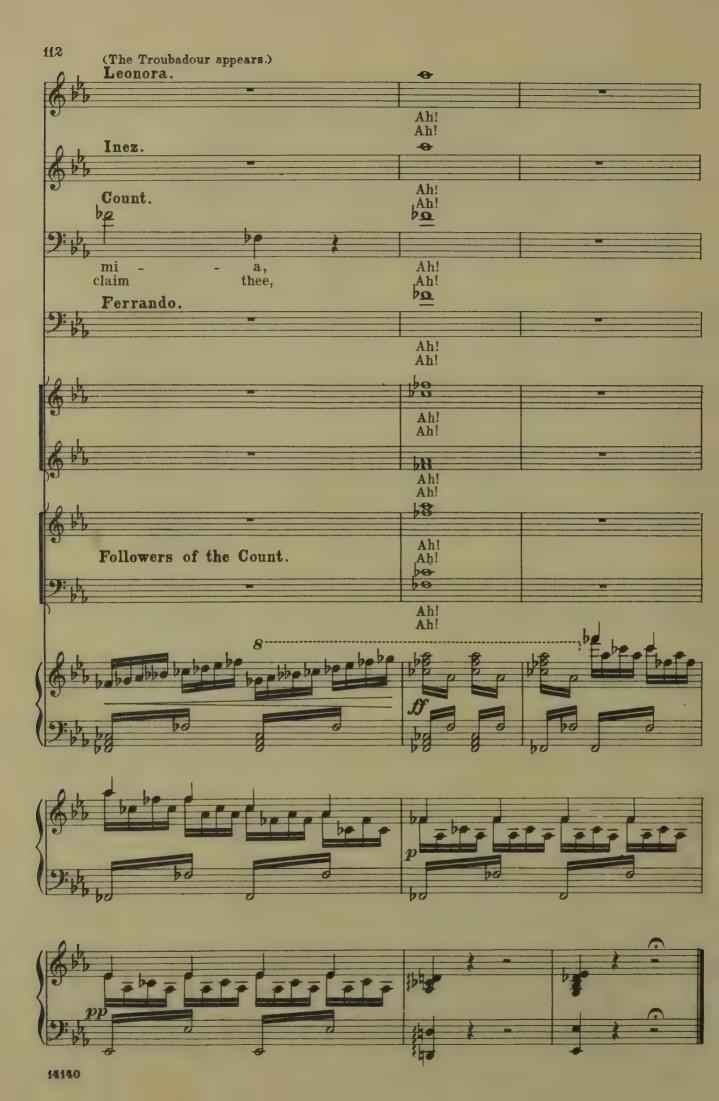


## Nº 14. "Degg'io volgermi.,







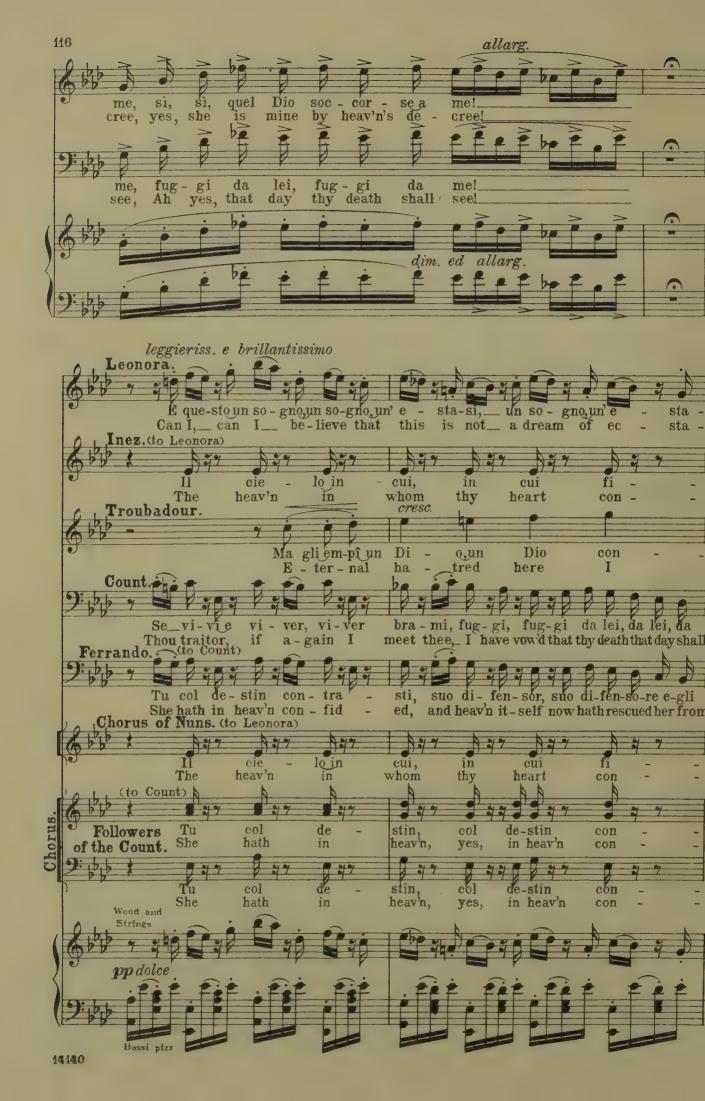


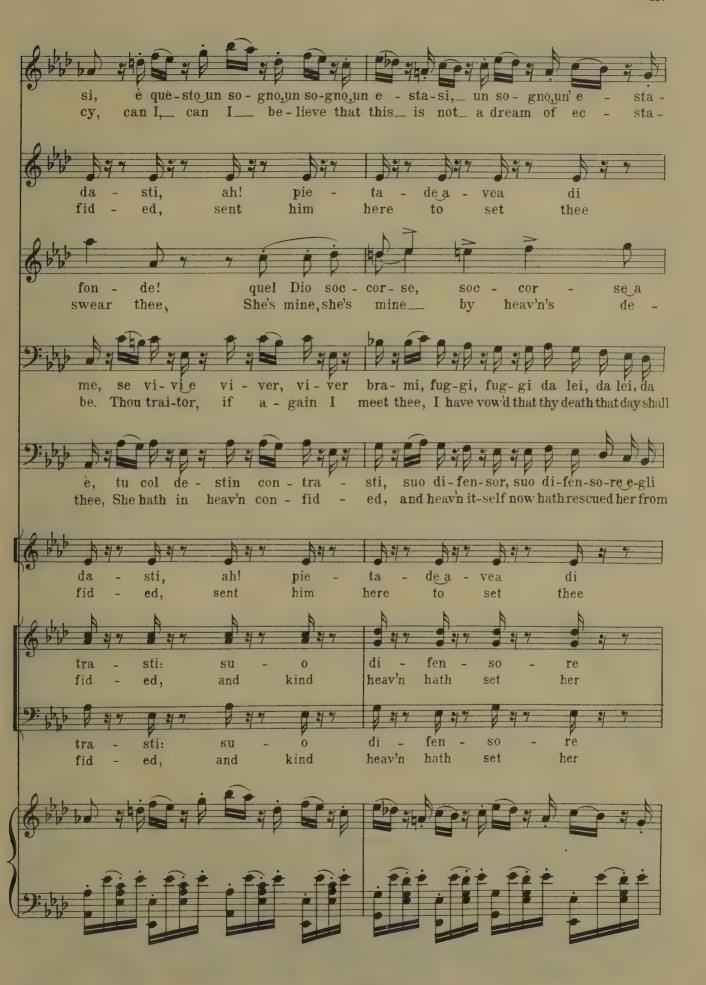


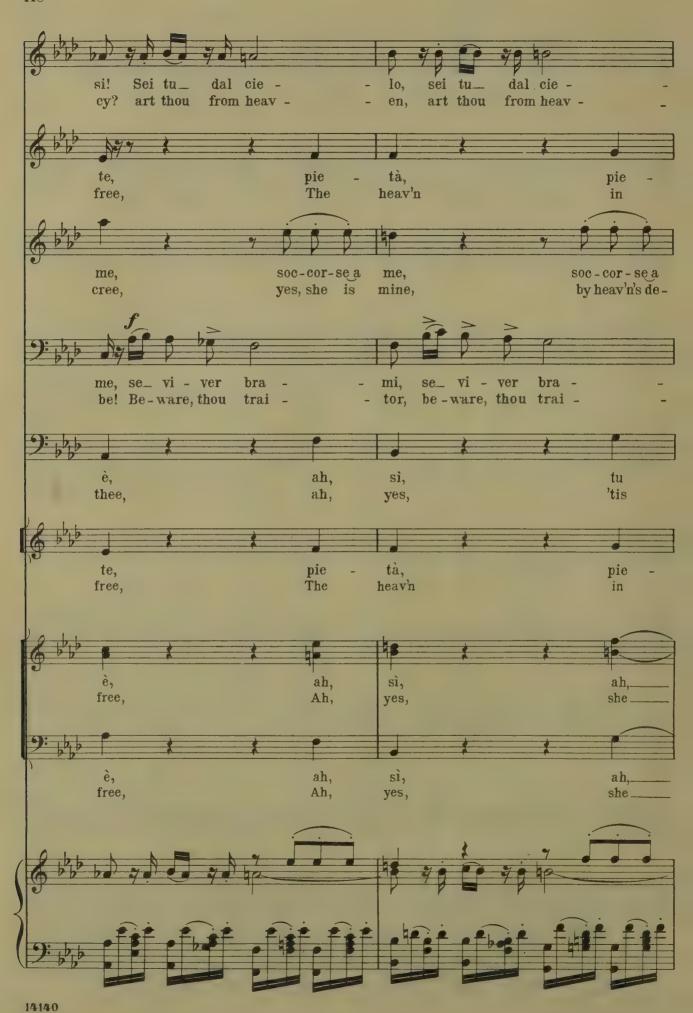




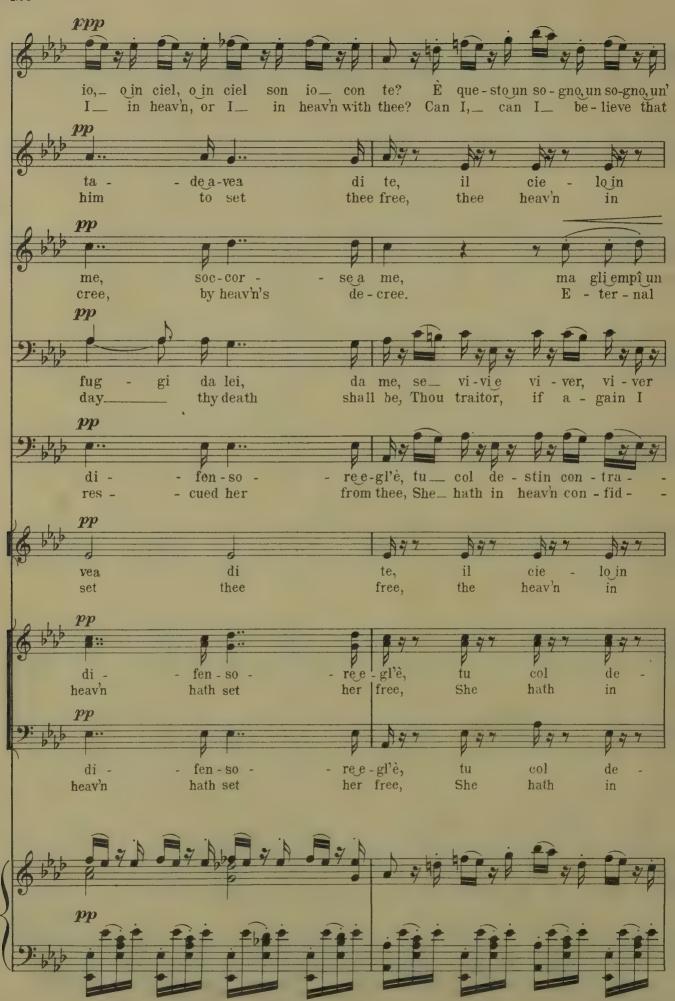




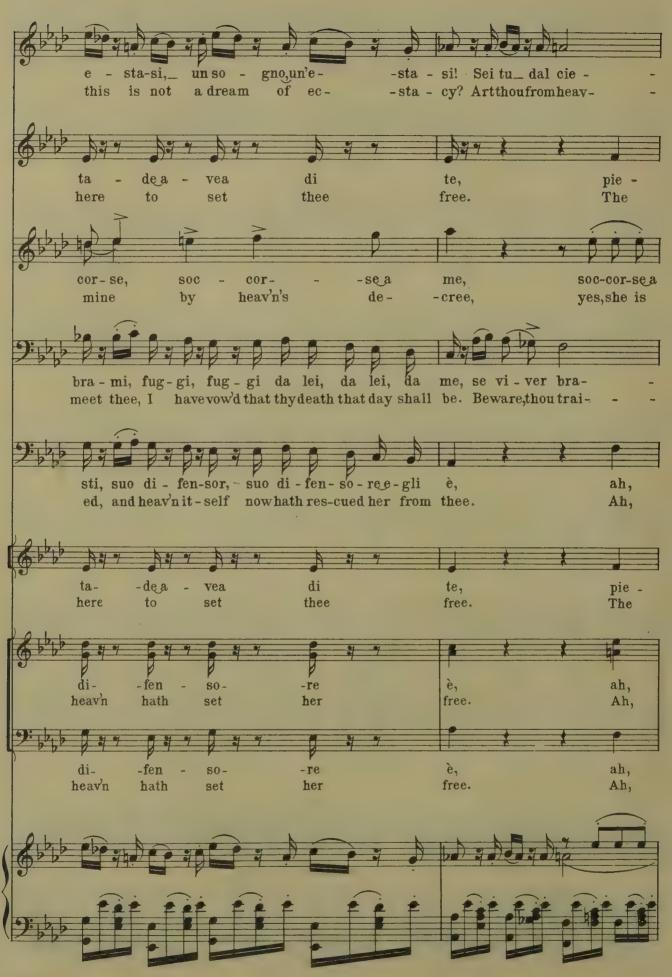


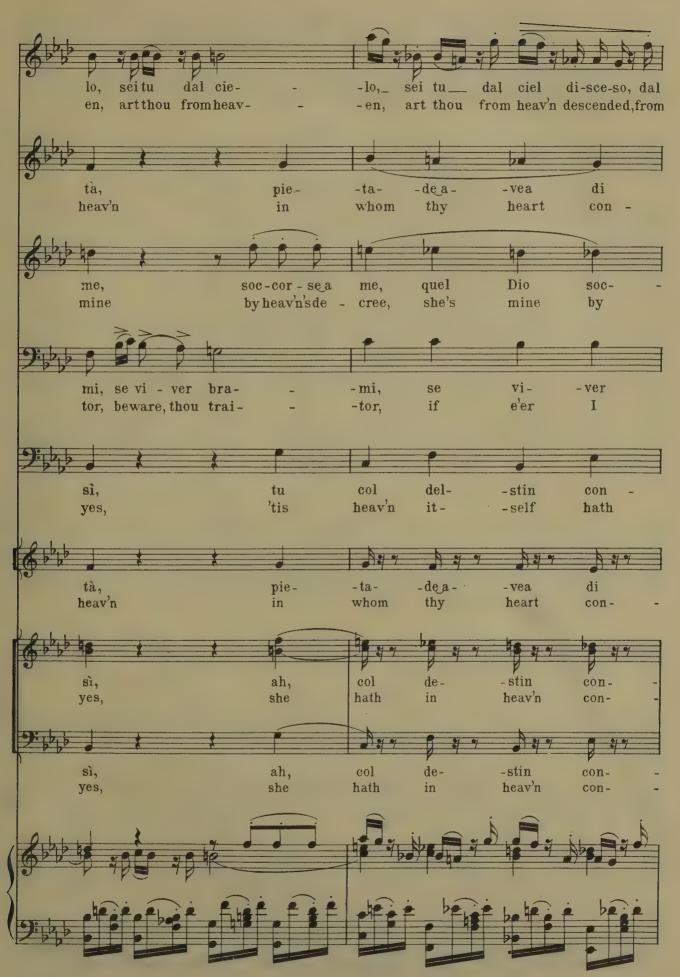


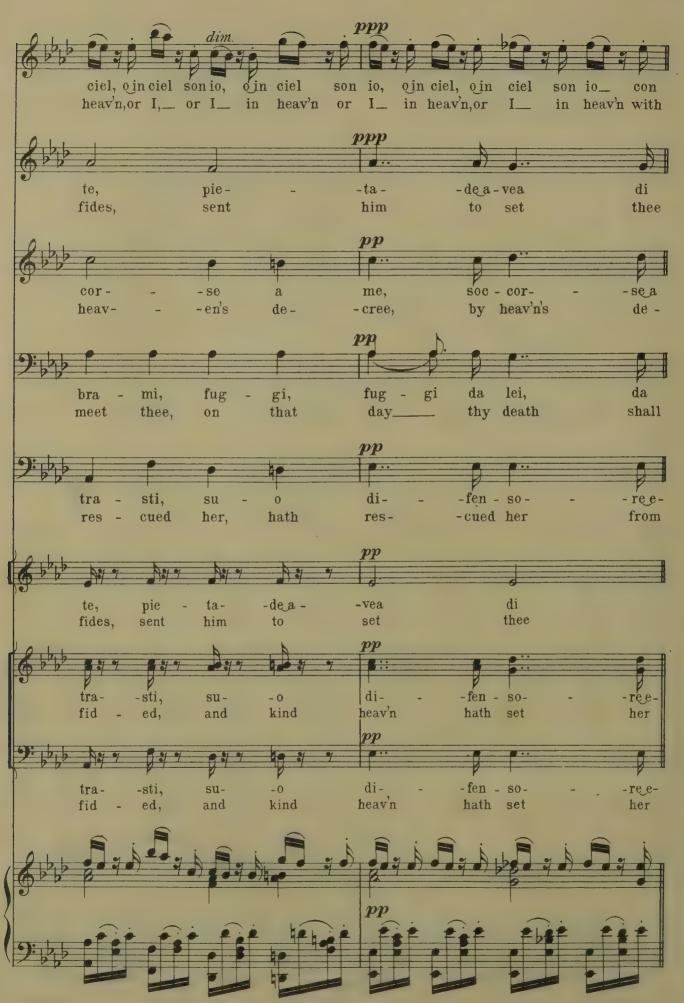


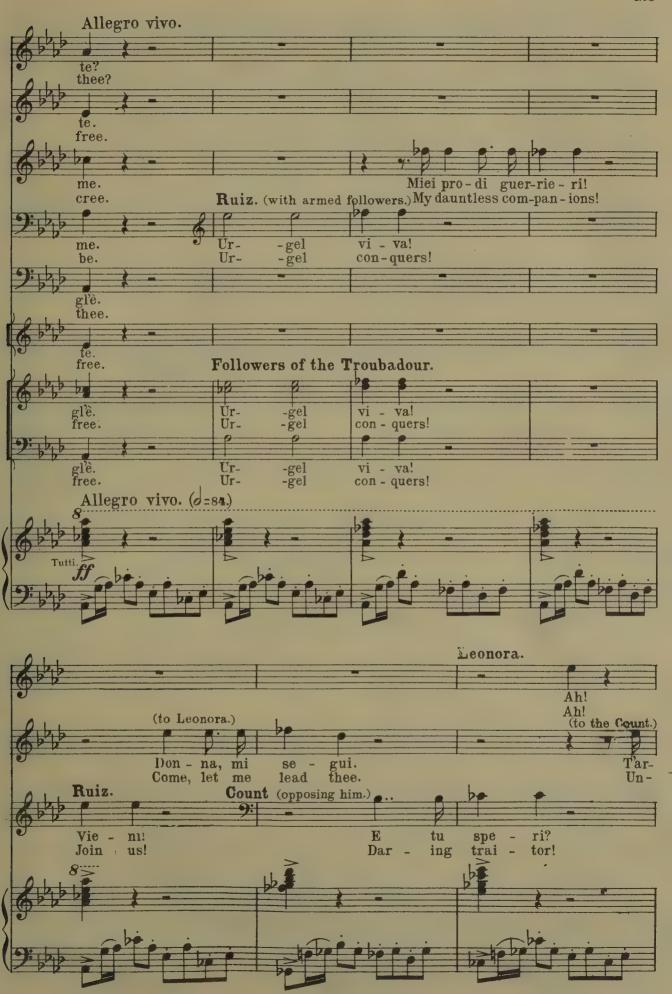


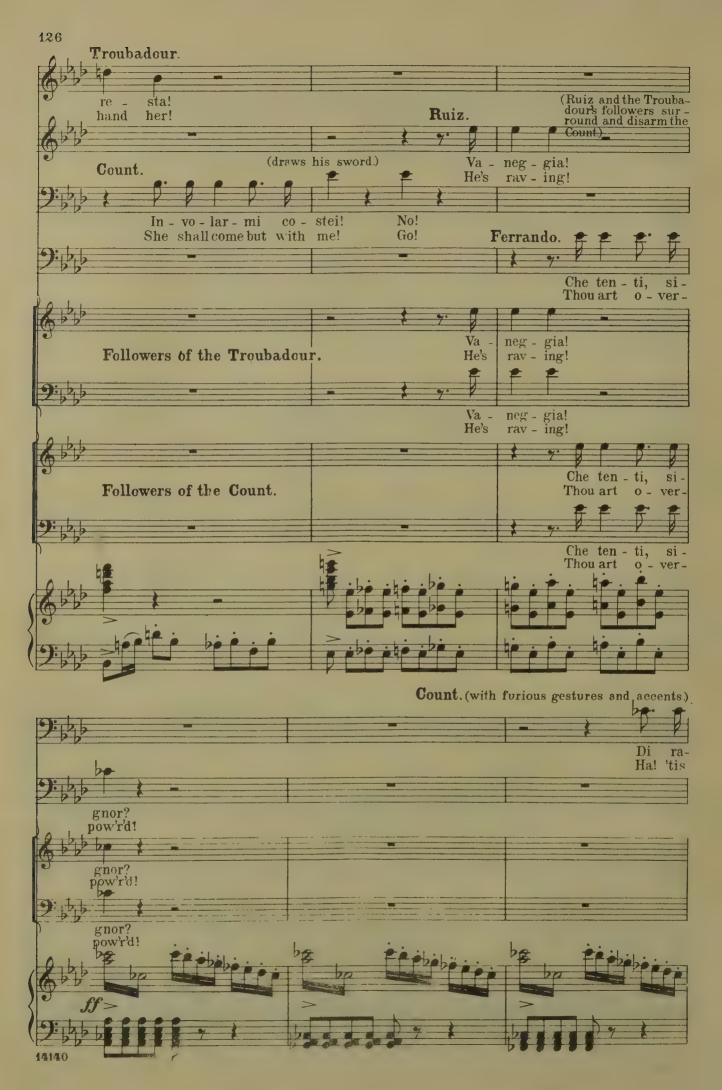


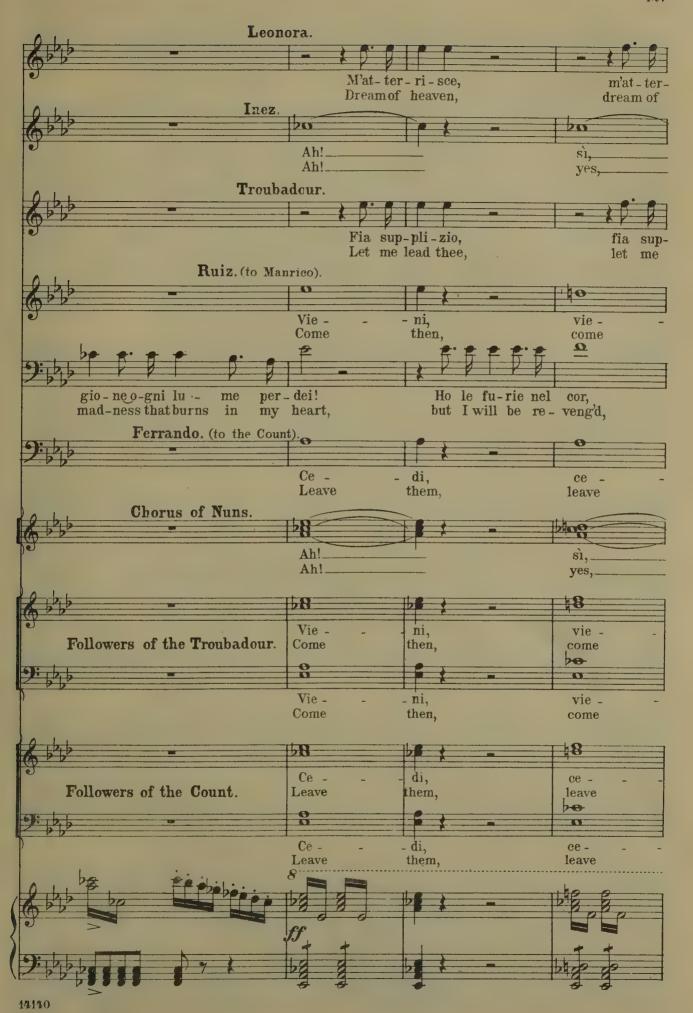




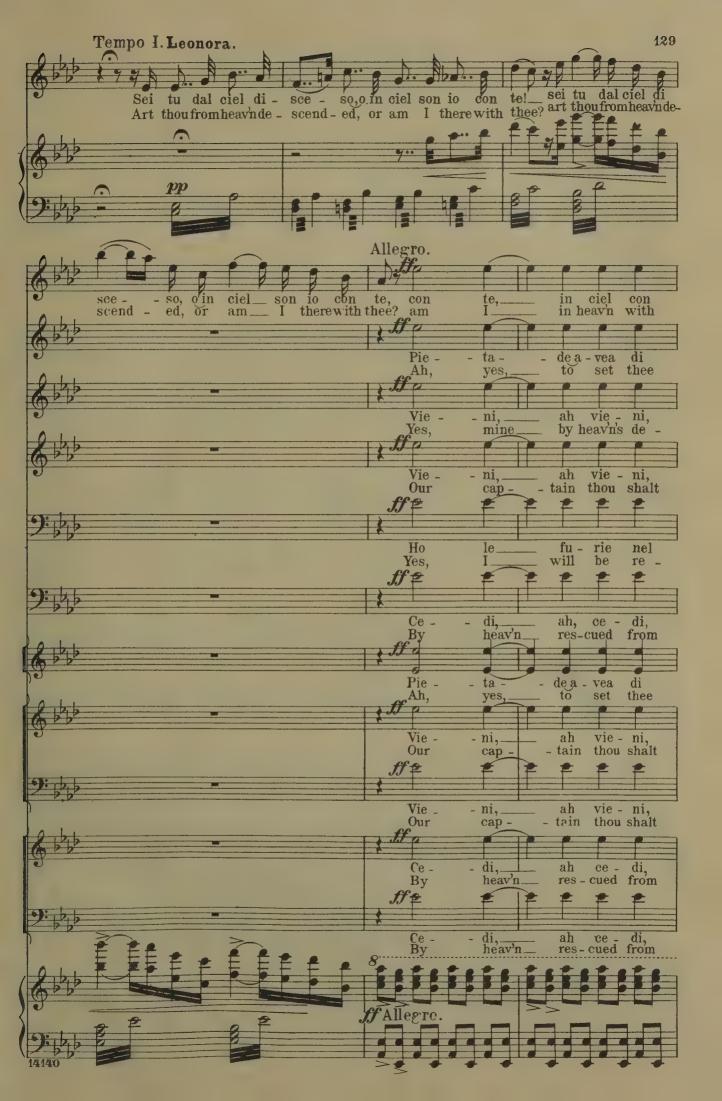








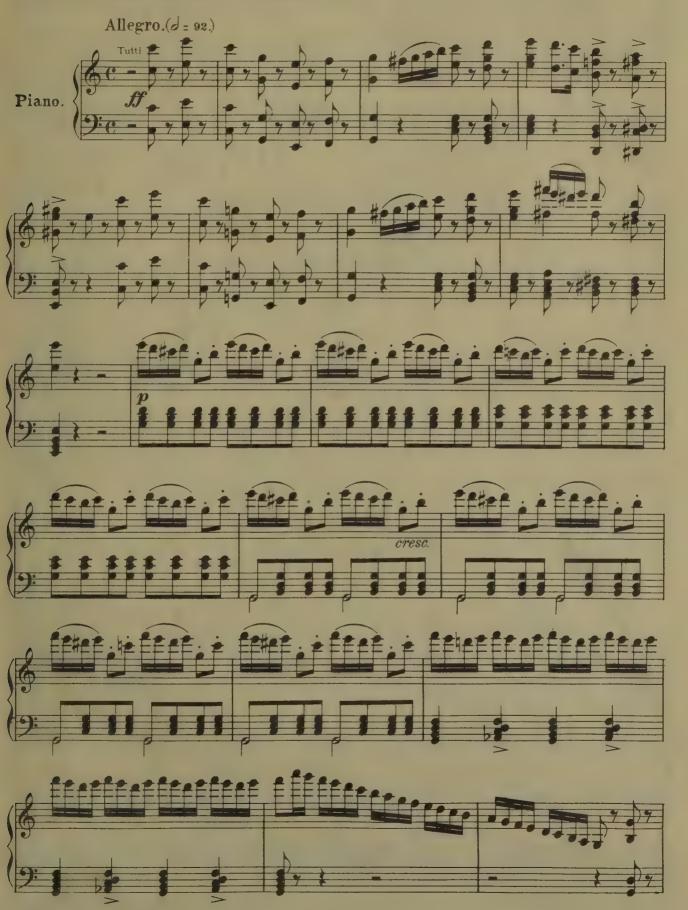


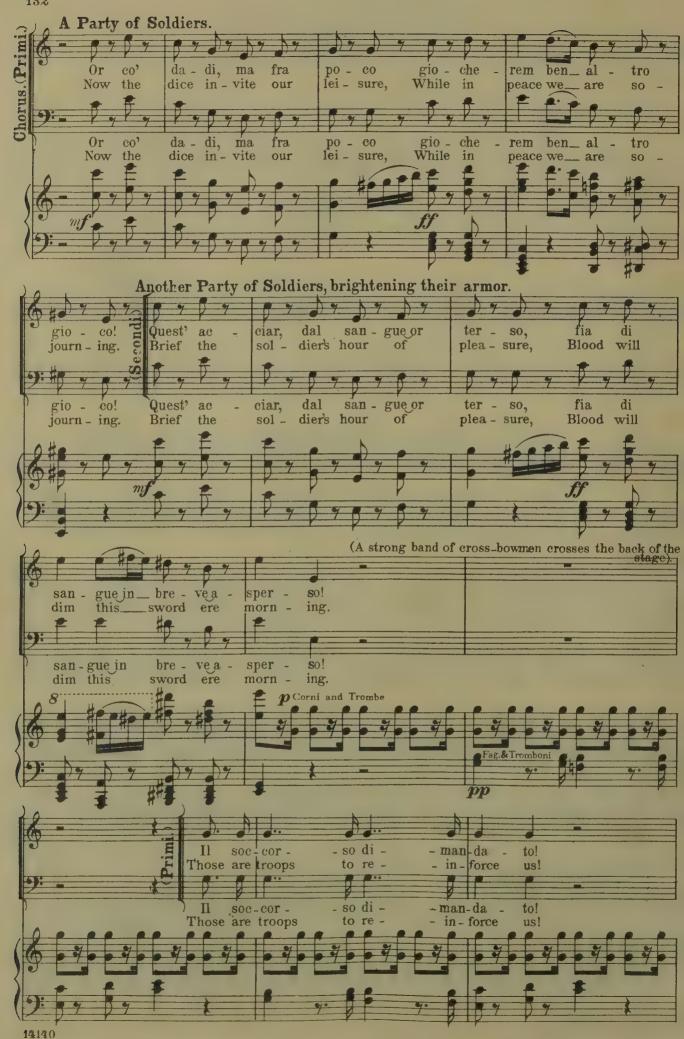




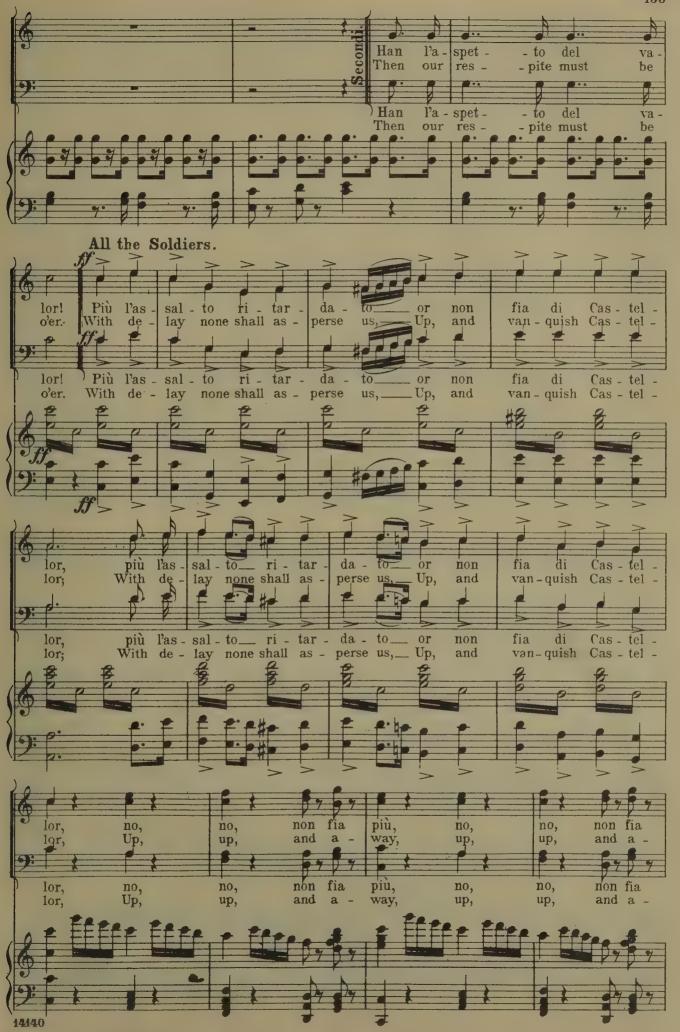
## Act III. (The Gipsy's Son.) No 16. "Or co' dadi, ma fra poco.,, Chorus of Soldiers.

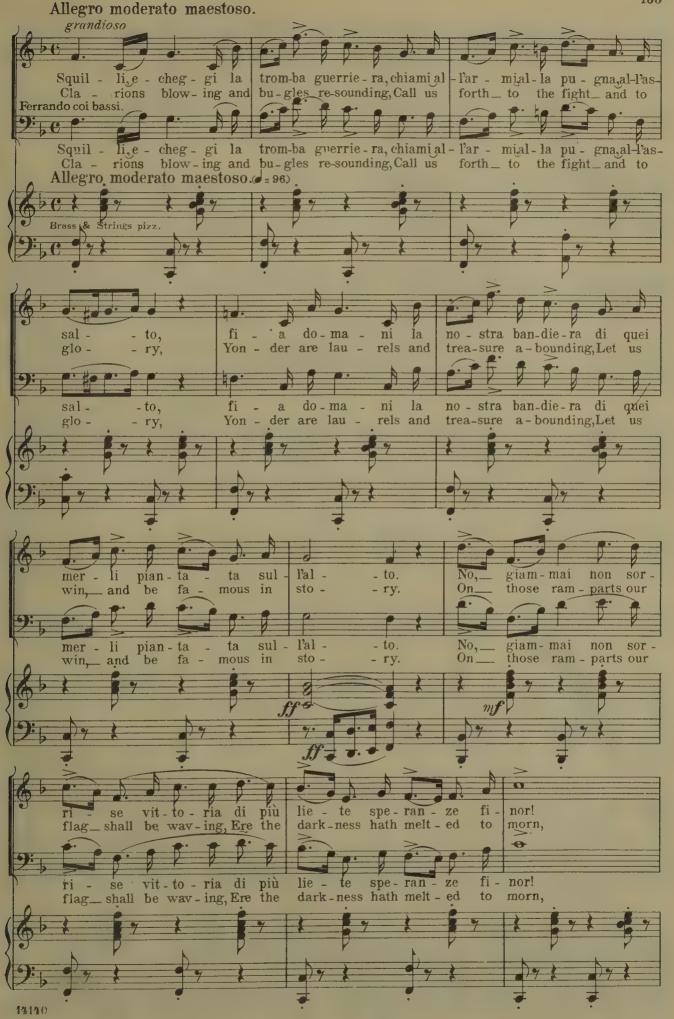
Scene. The Camp. At the right the Count's tent, with a banner floating at the top, in token of command. In the distance the towers of Castellor.

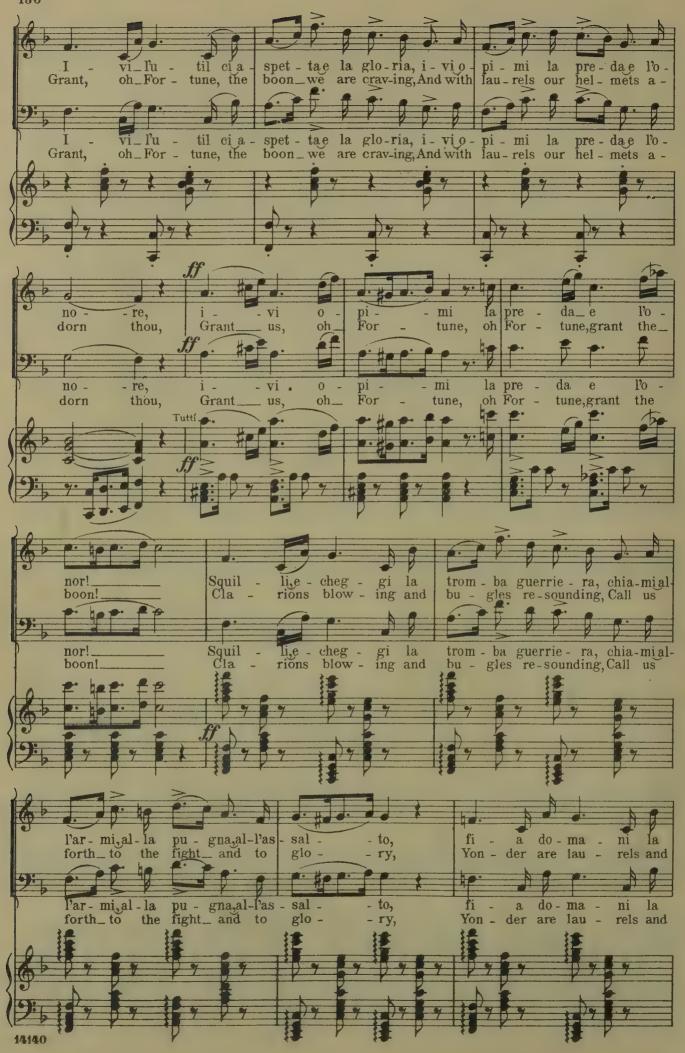


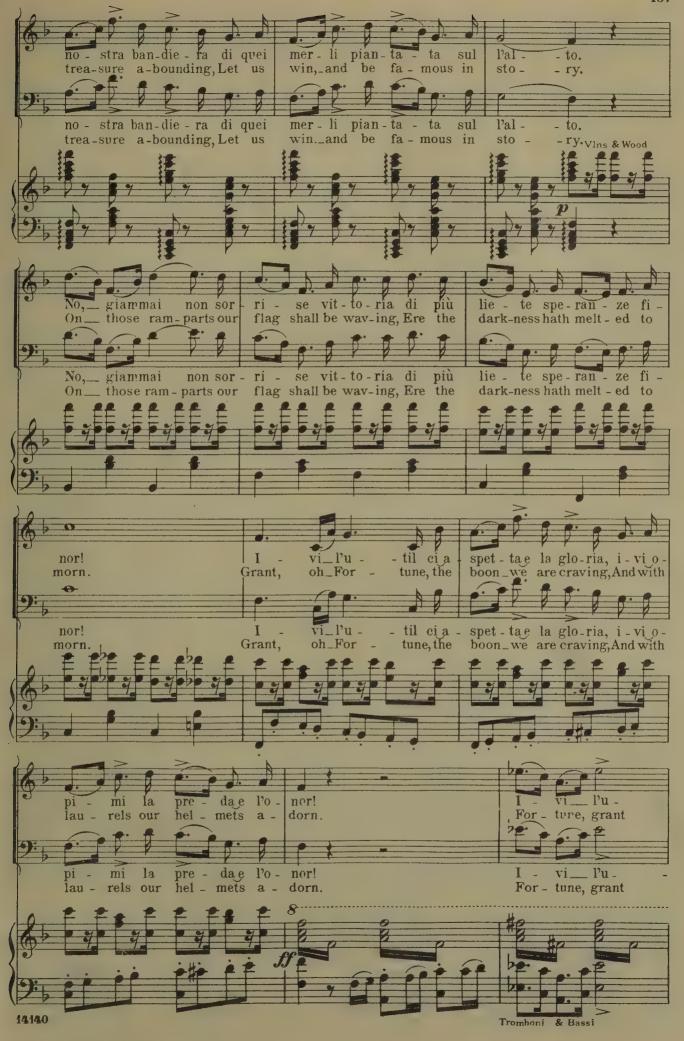




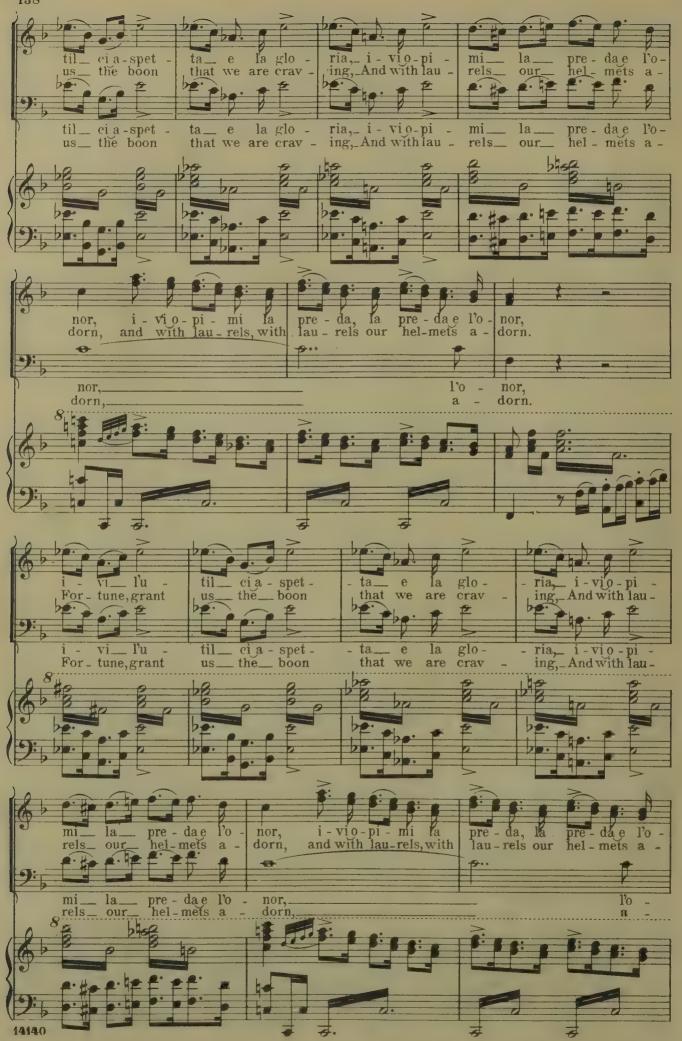


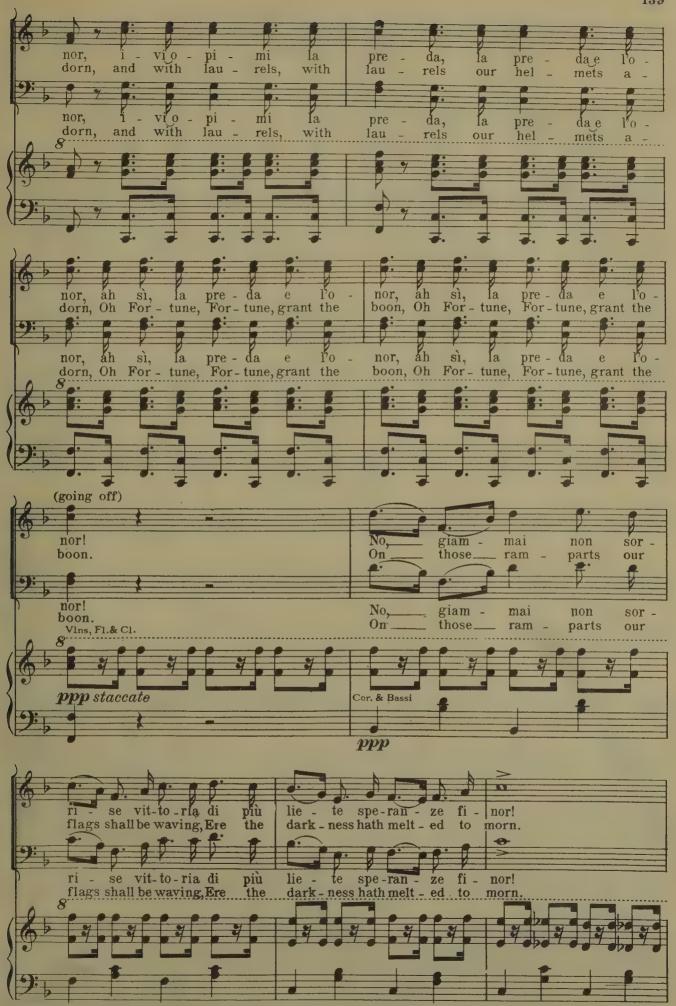


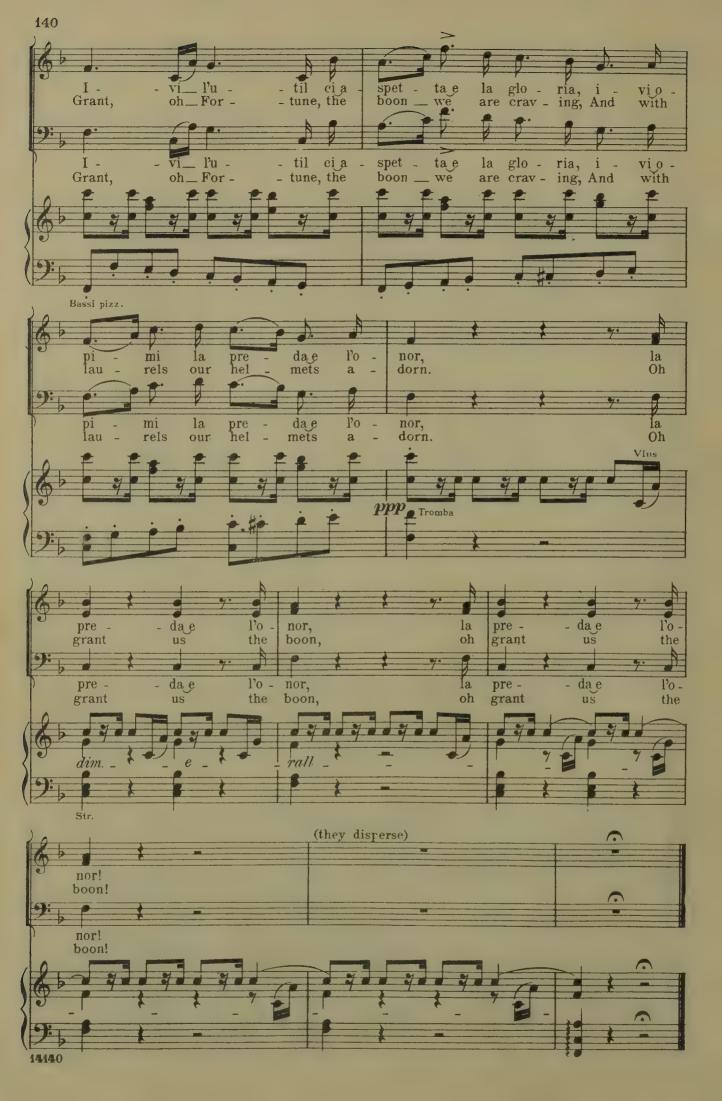








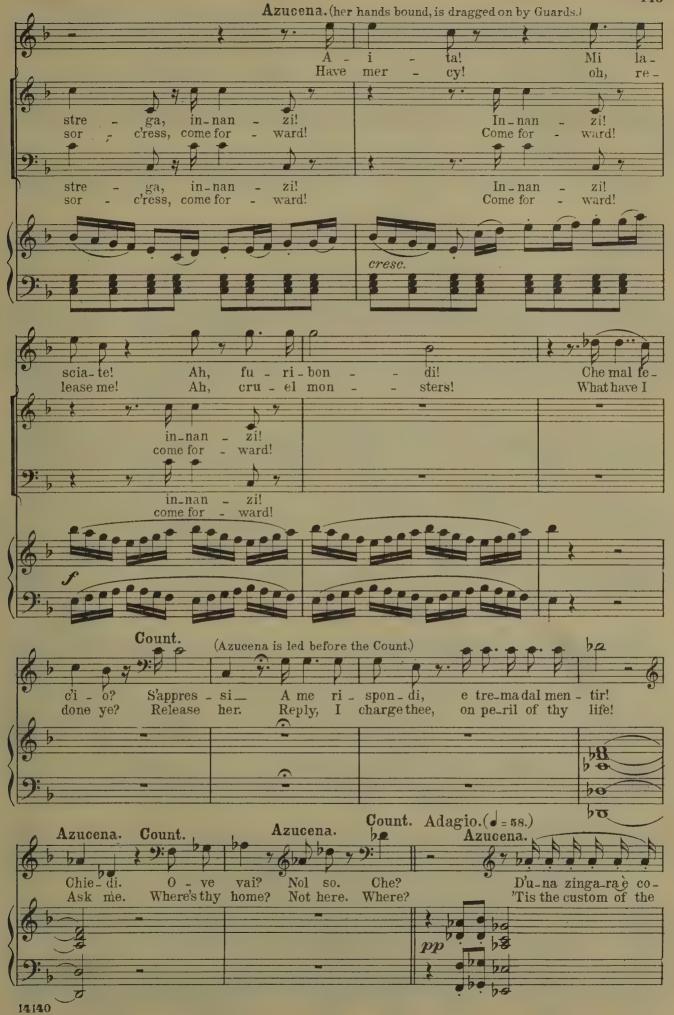




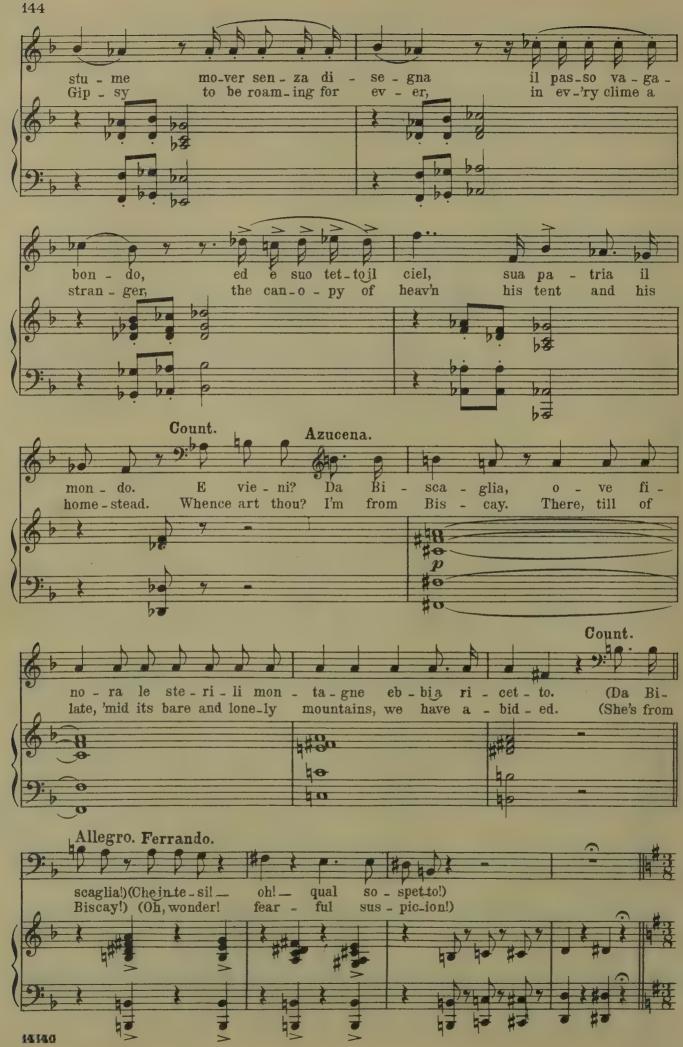
## Nº 17. "Giorni poveri vivea.,, Recitative and Trio.



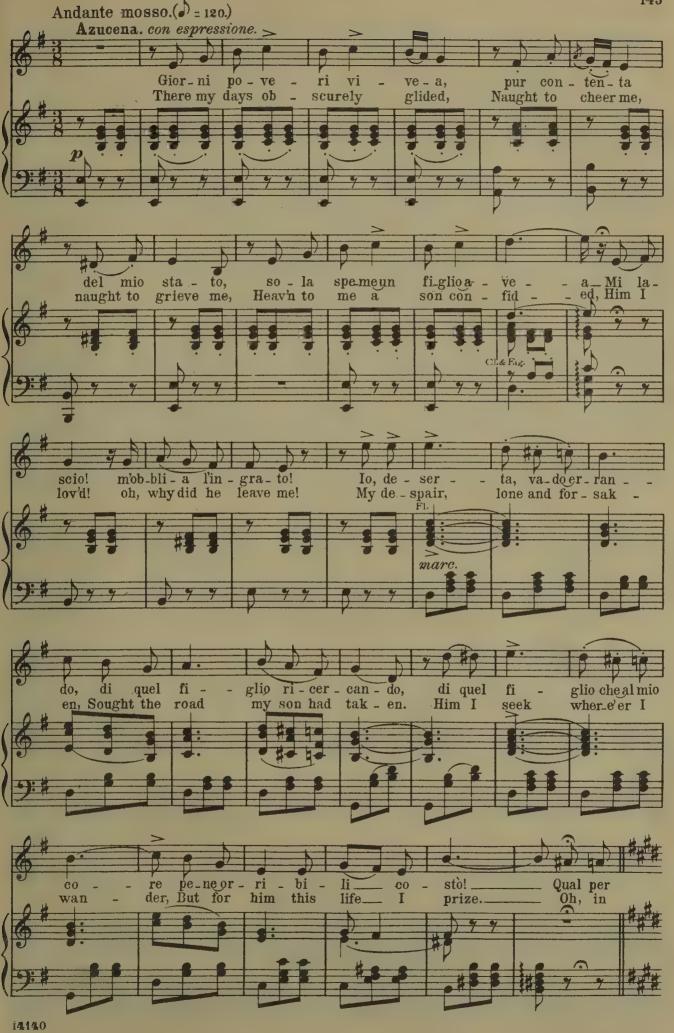


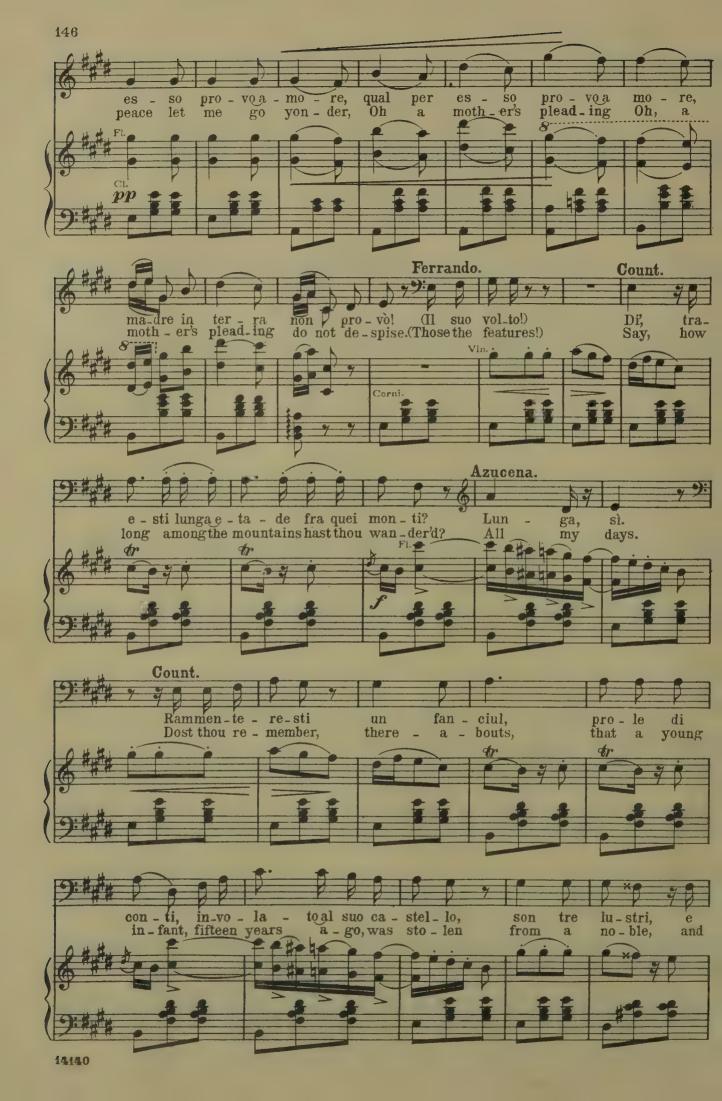




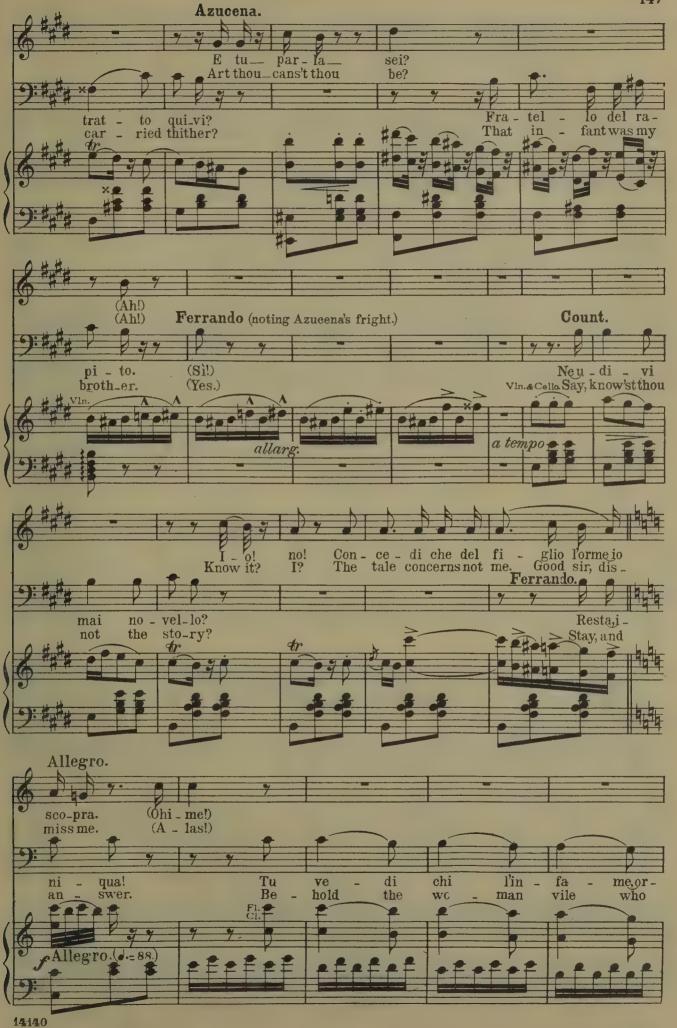




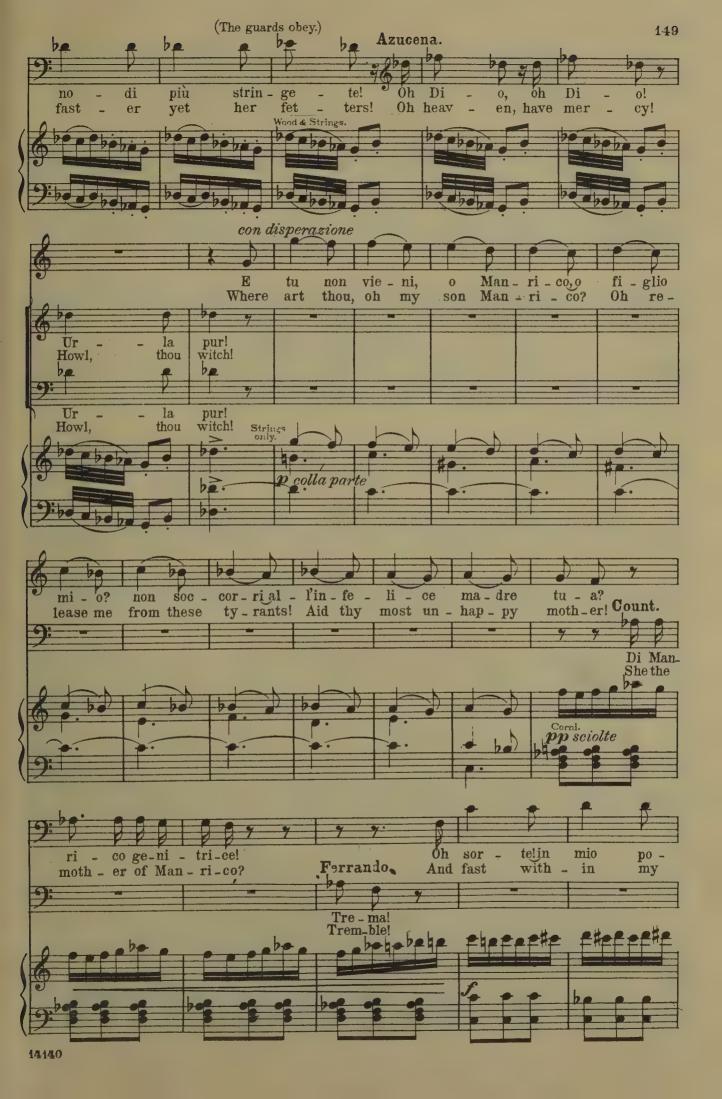


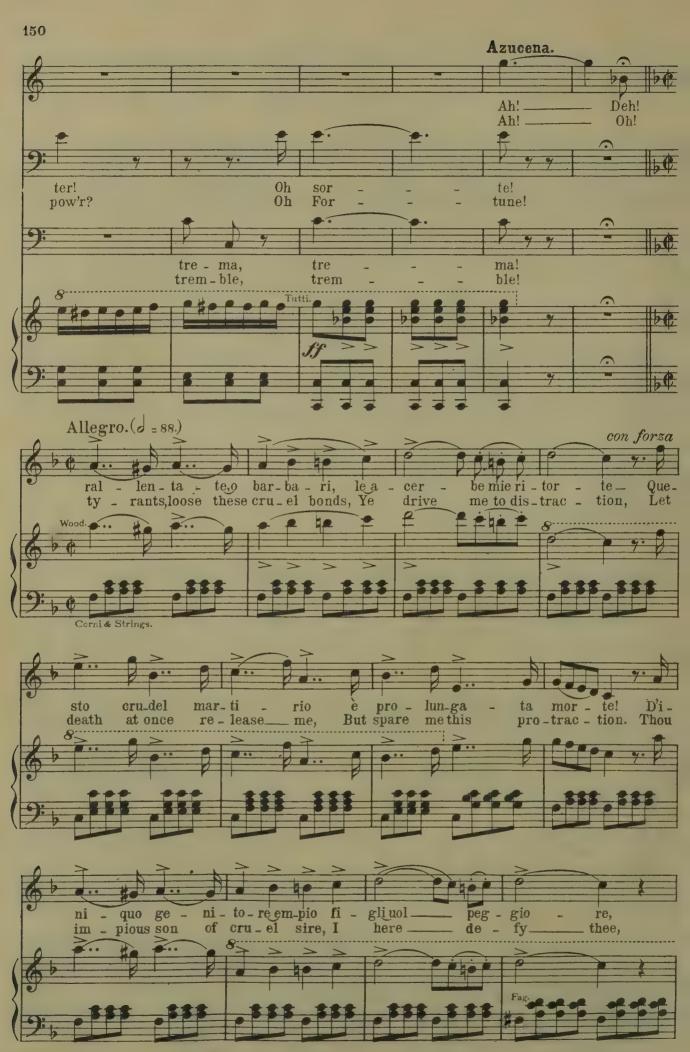


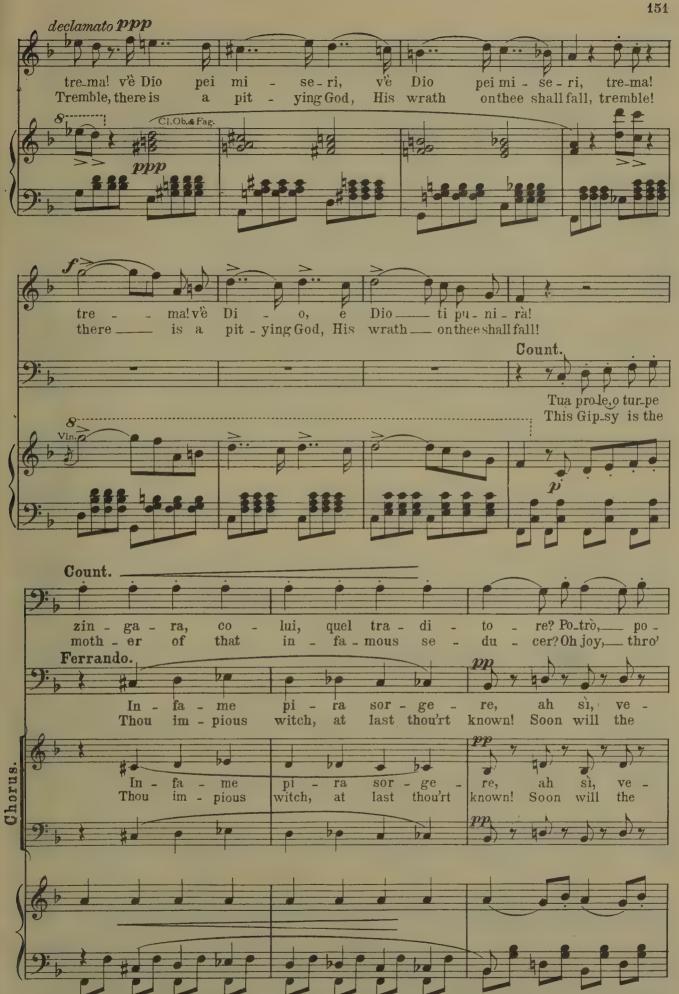


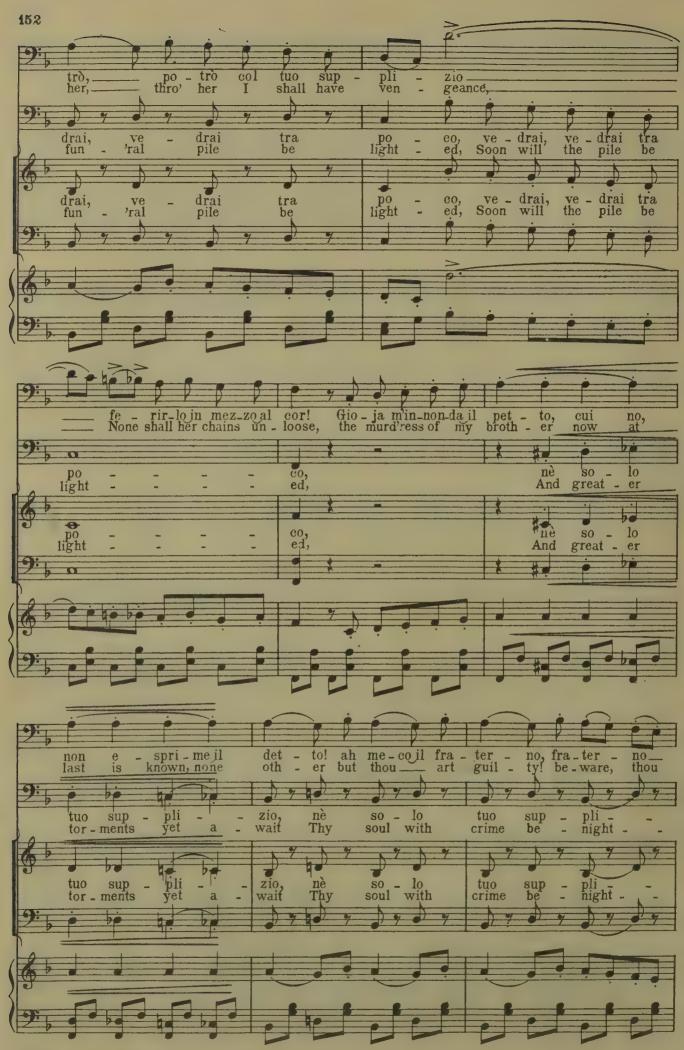


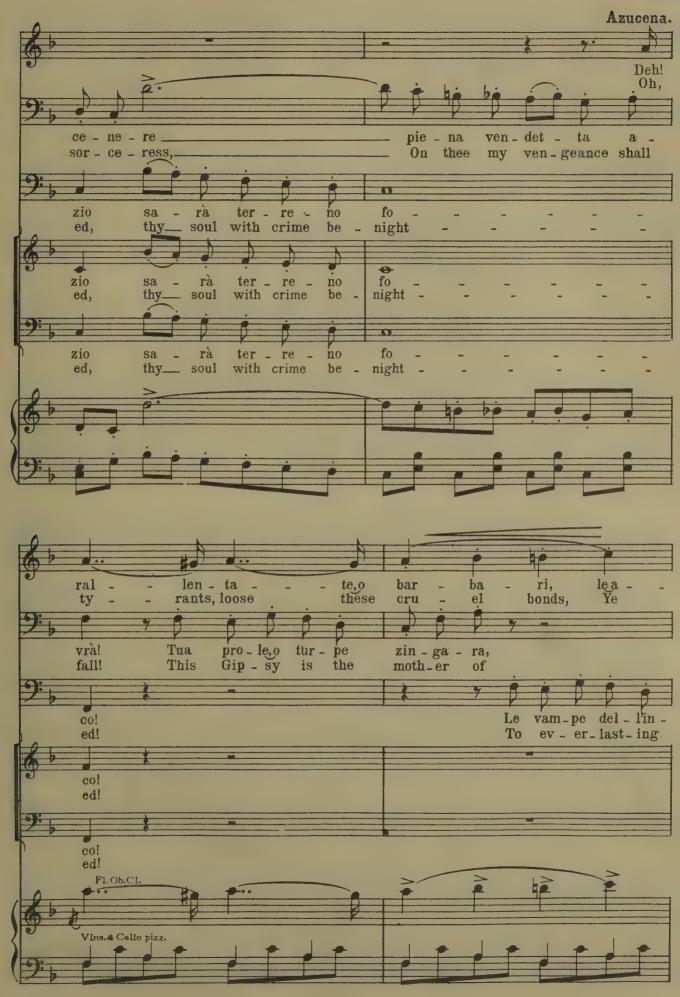




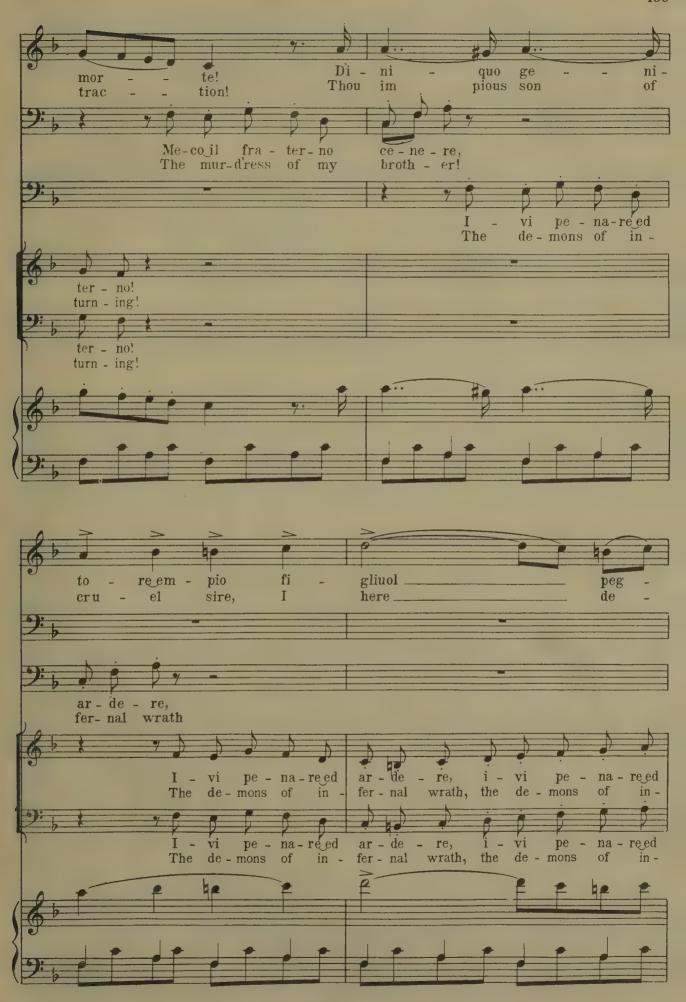


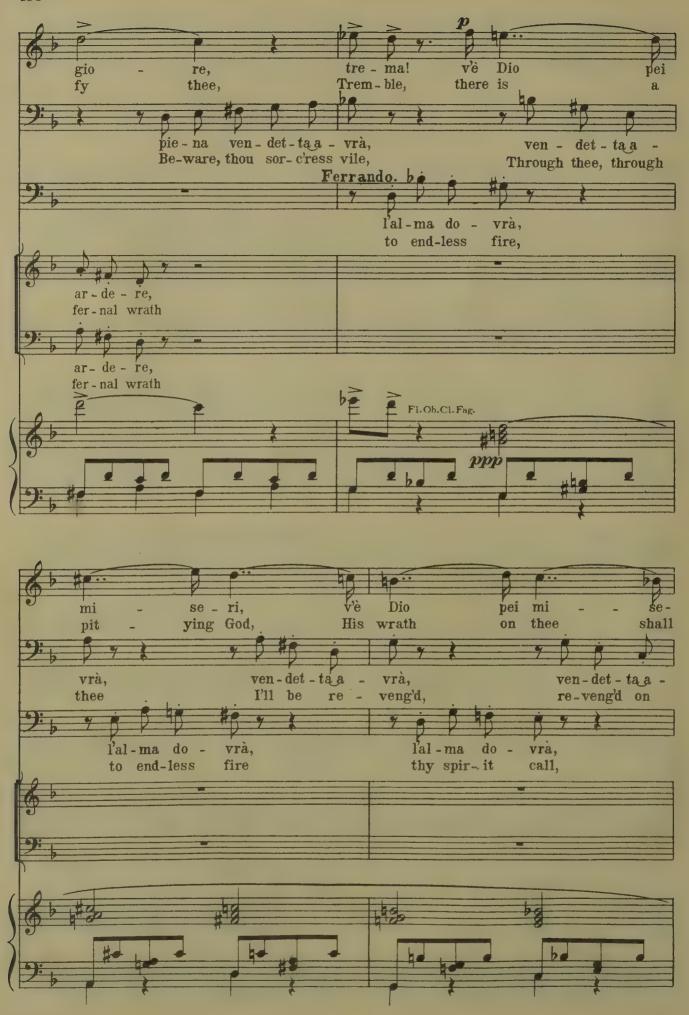


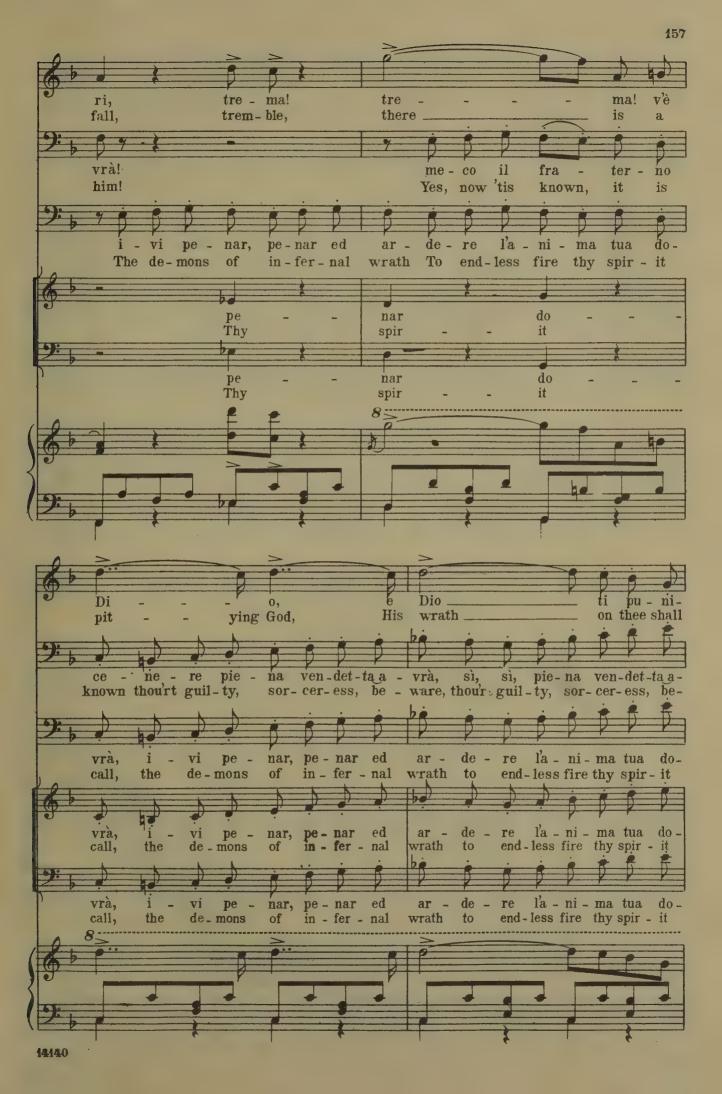






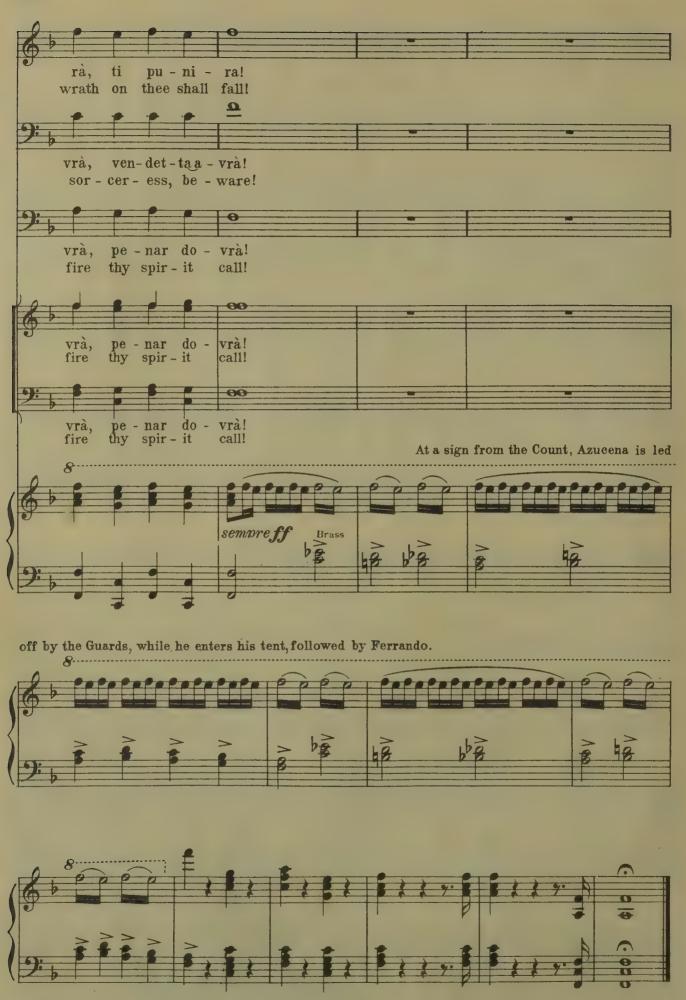










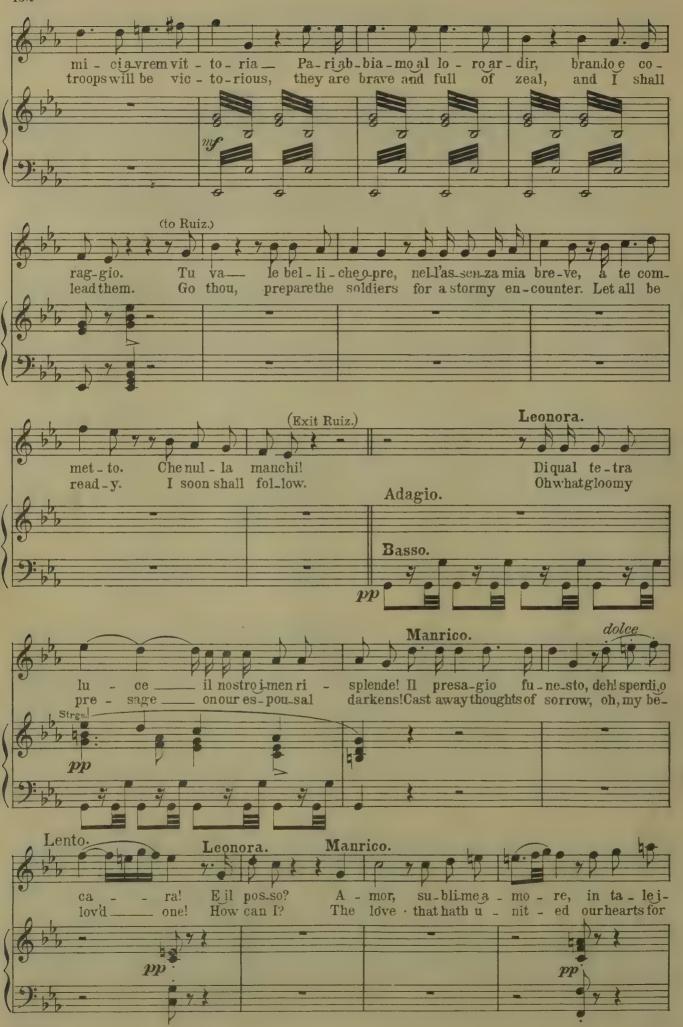


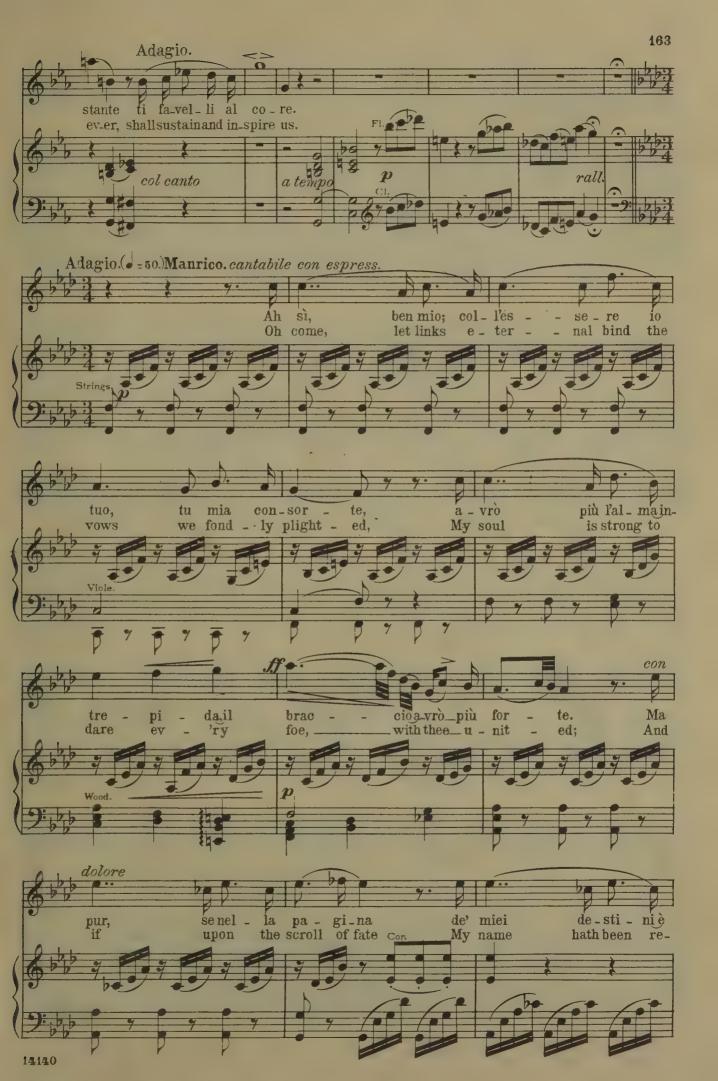
## Nº 18. "Ah si, ben mio.,,

## Recitative and Air.

A hall adjacent to the chapel in Castellor; a balcony at the back.

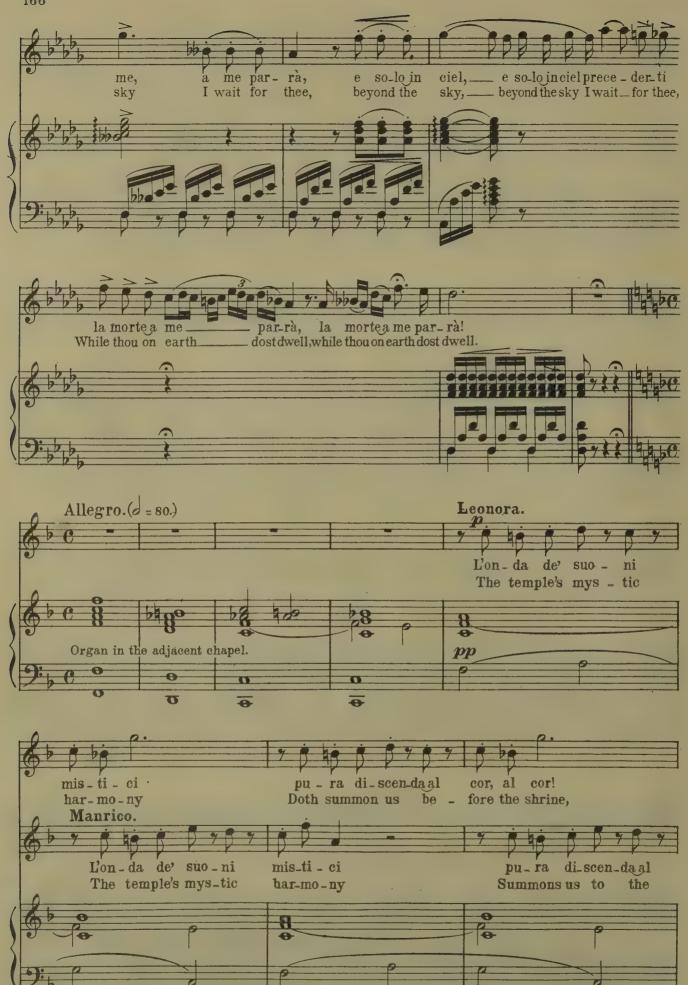


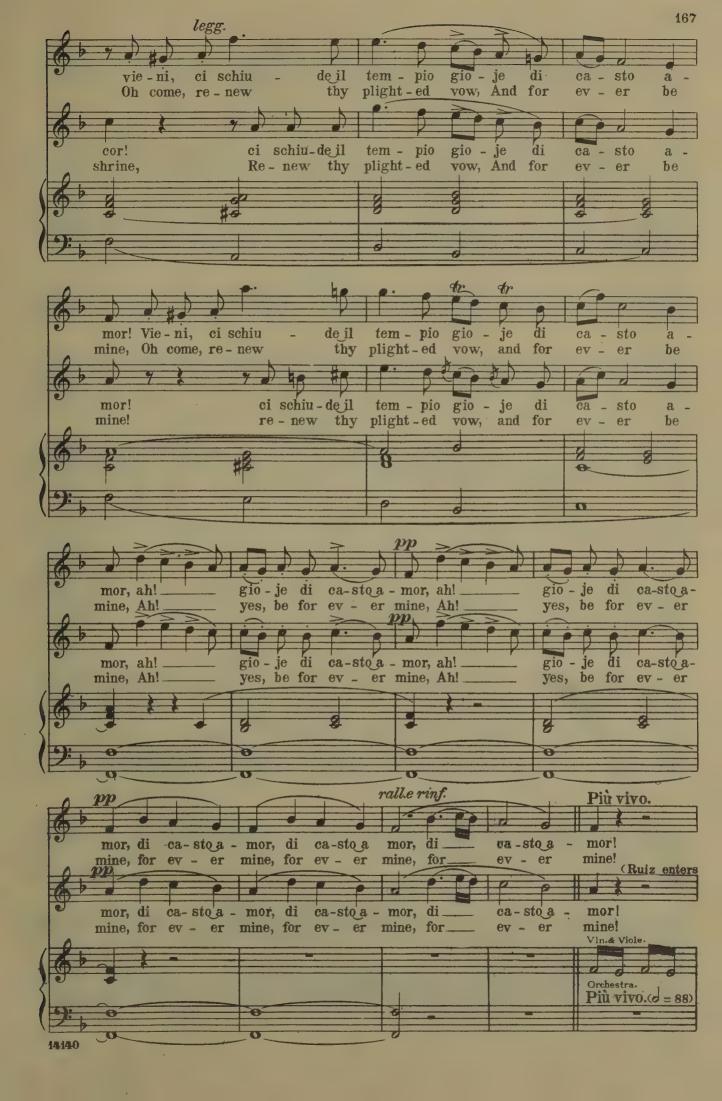






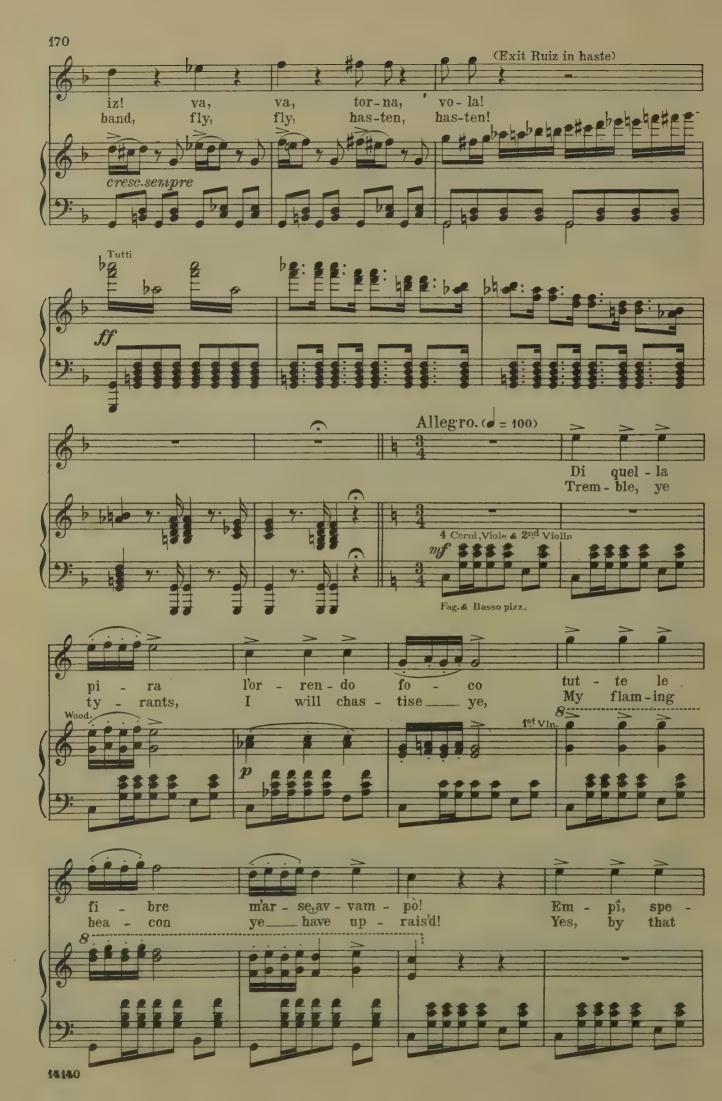


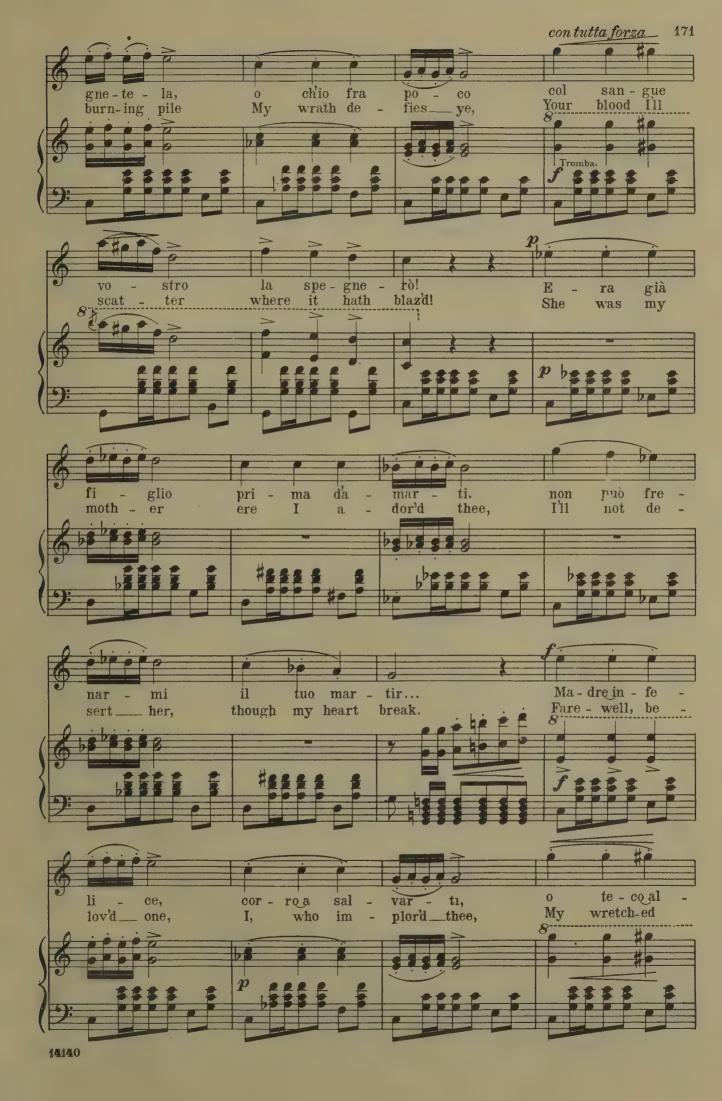


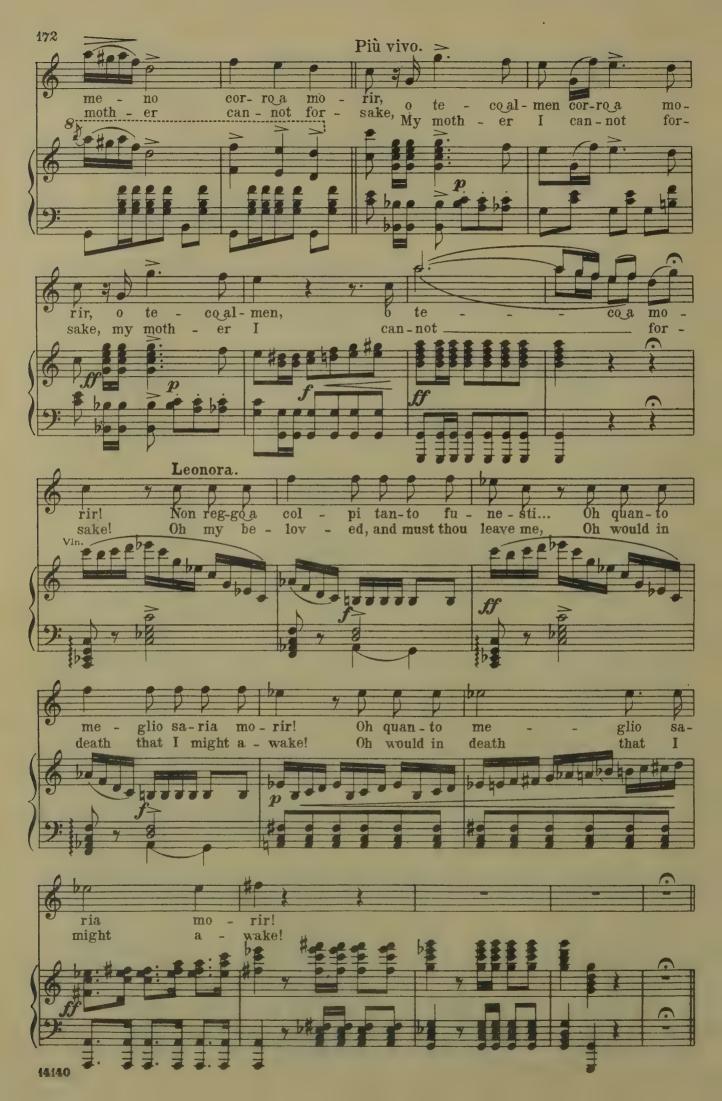




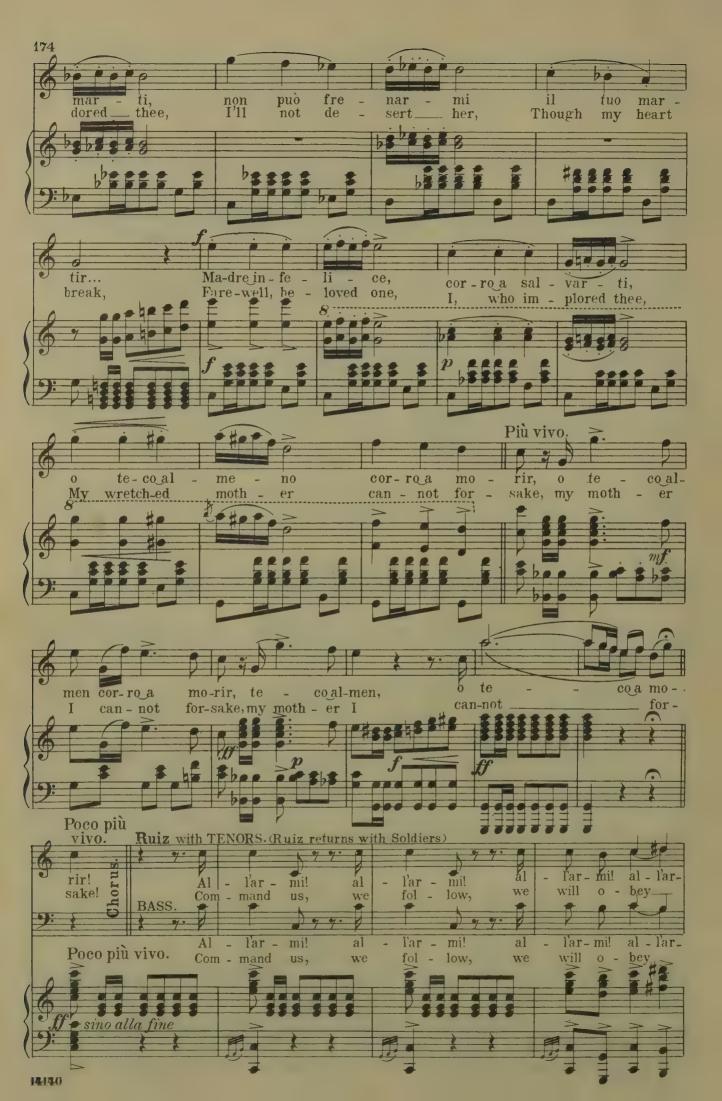


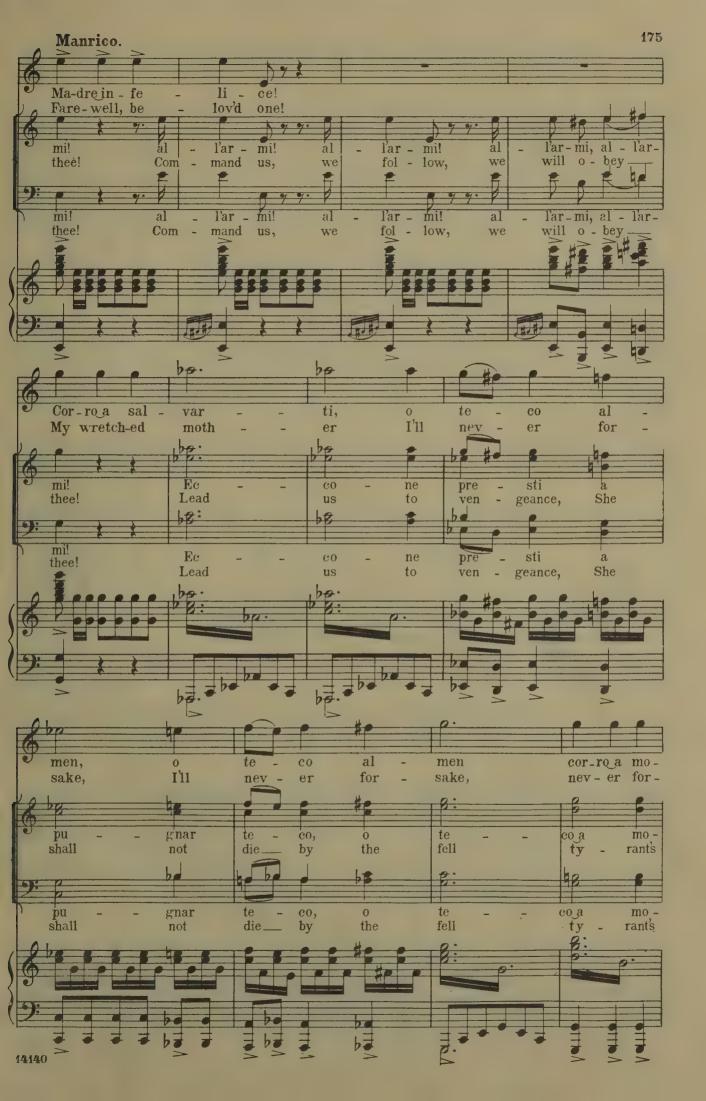


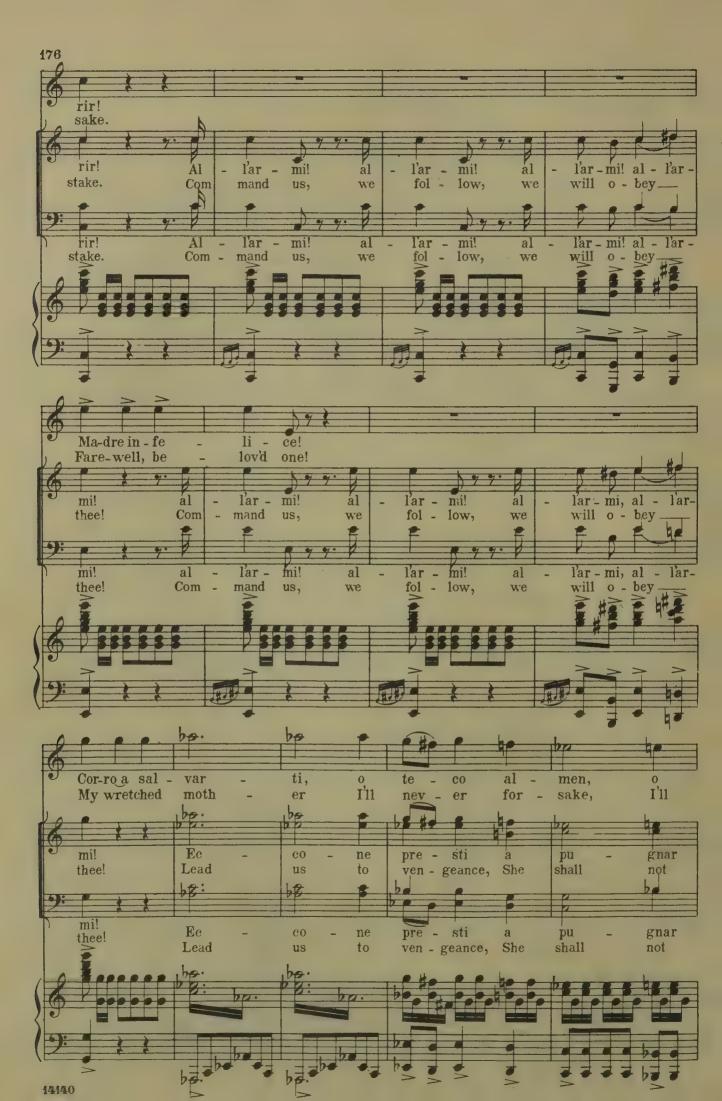


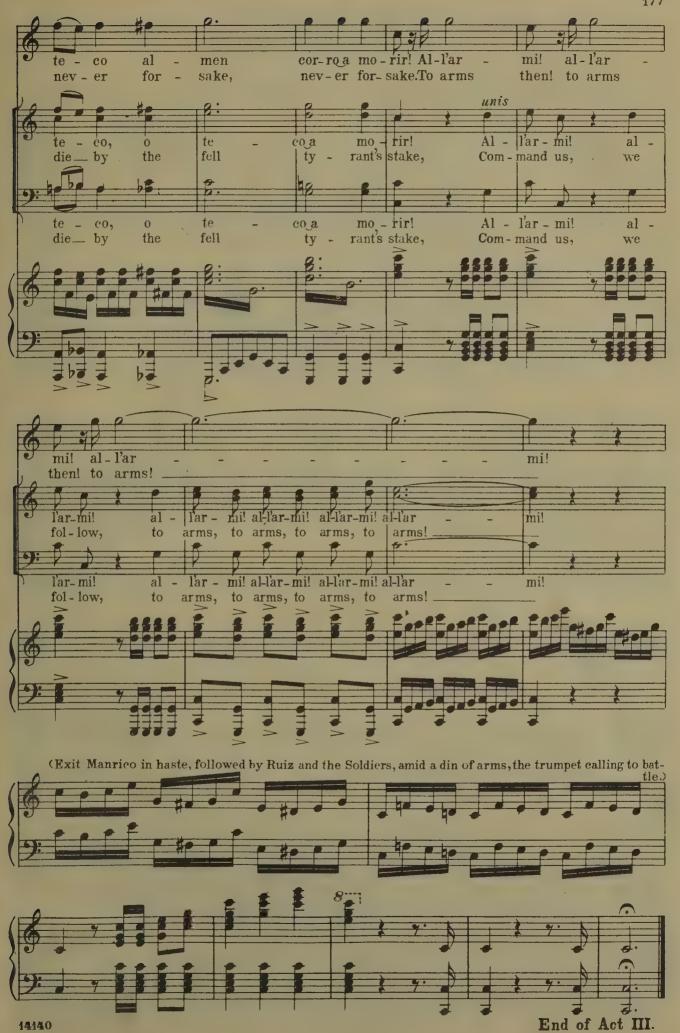








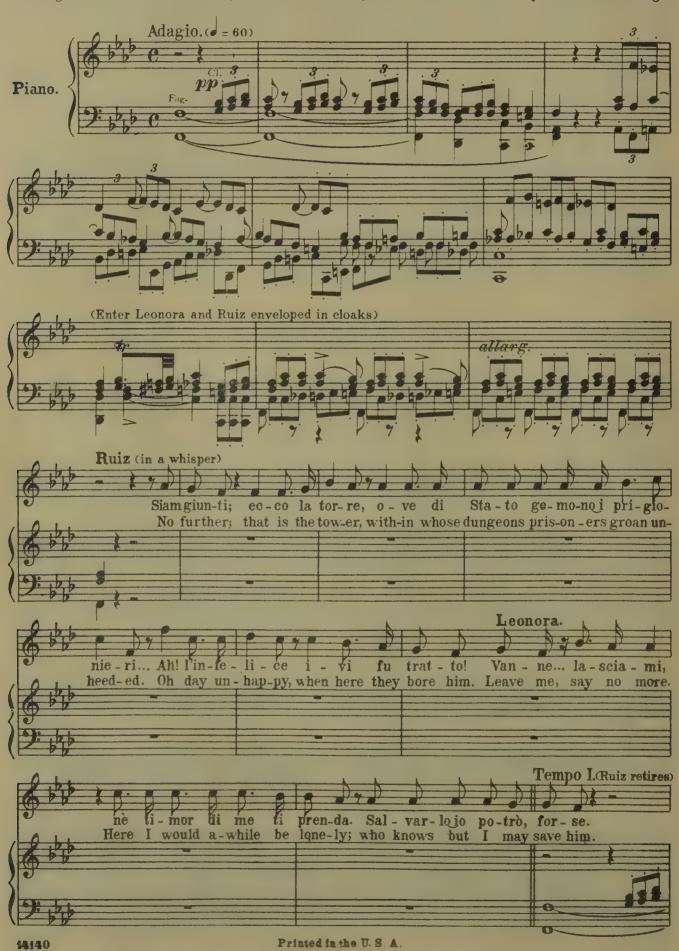


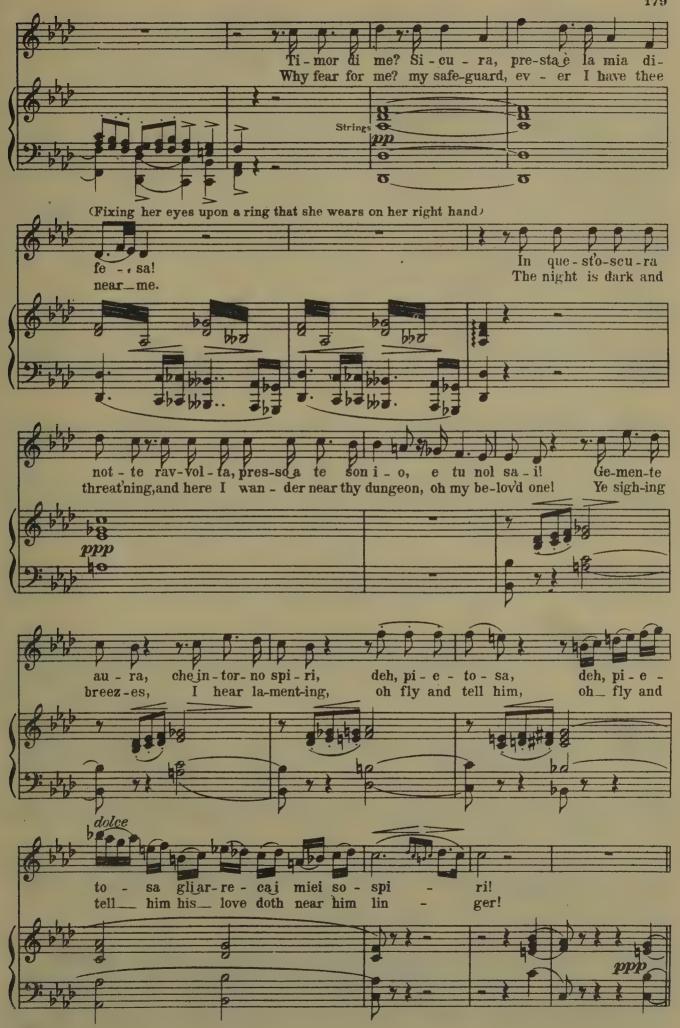


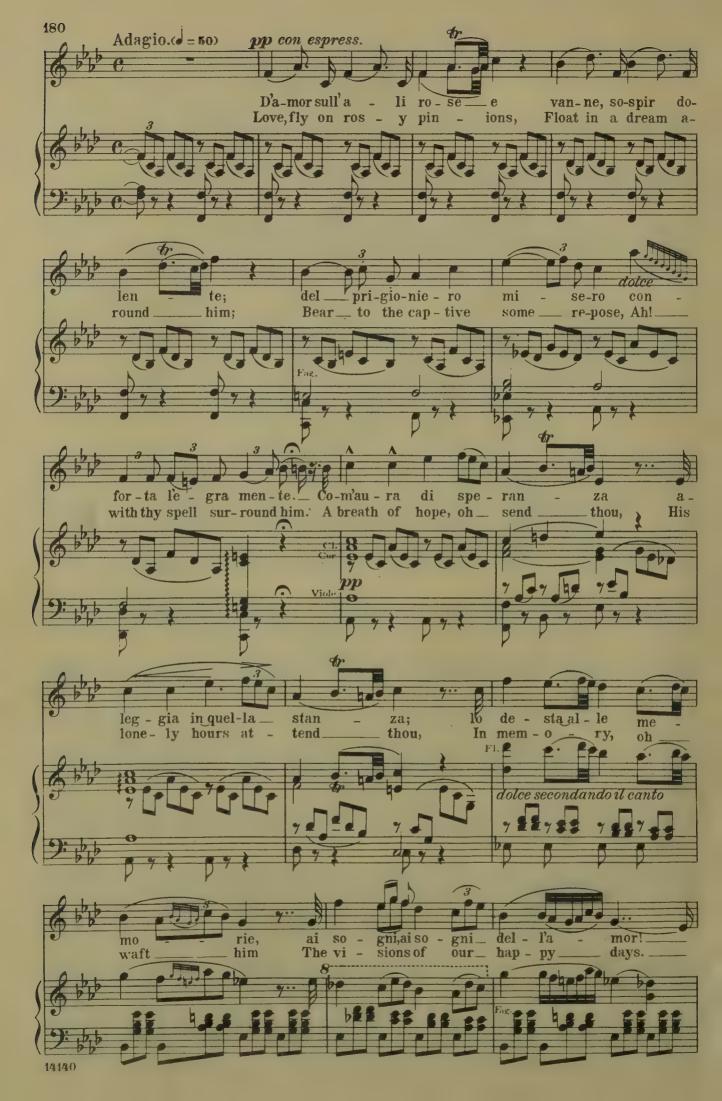
## Act IV. The Torture.

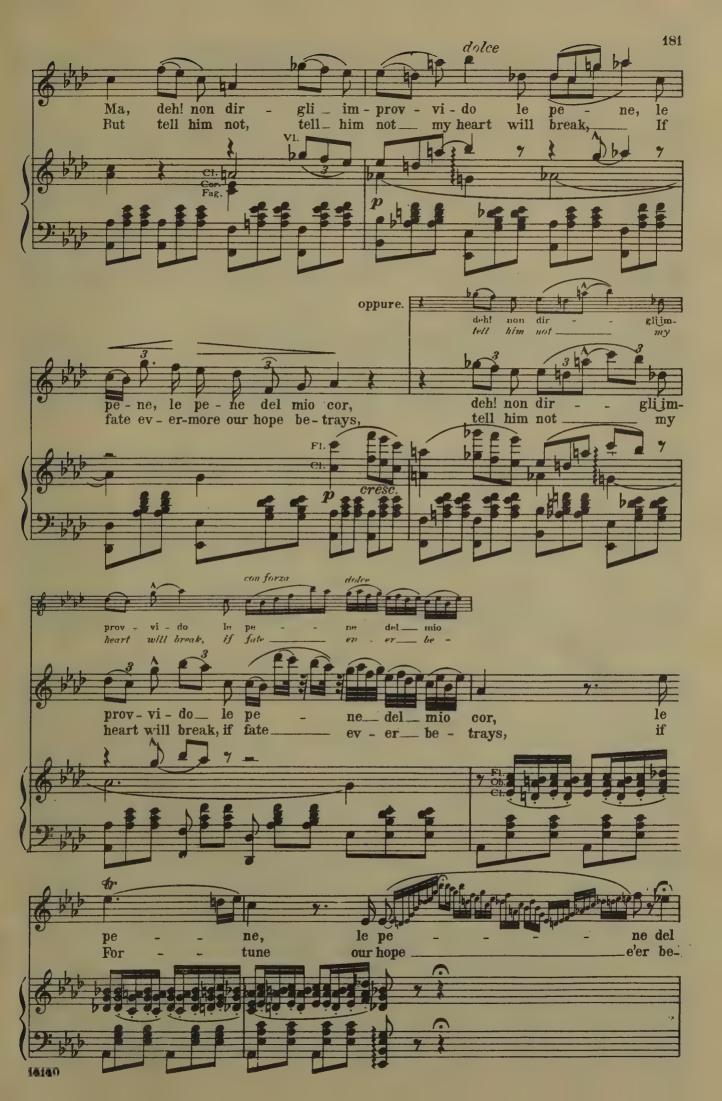
## Nº 19. "D'amor, sull' ali rosee.,, Recitative and Aria.

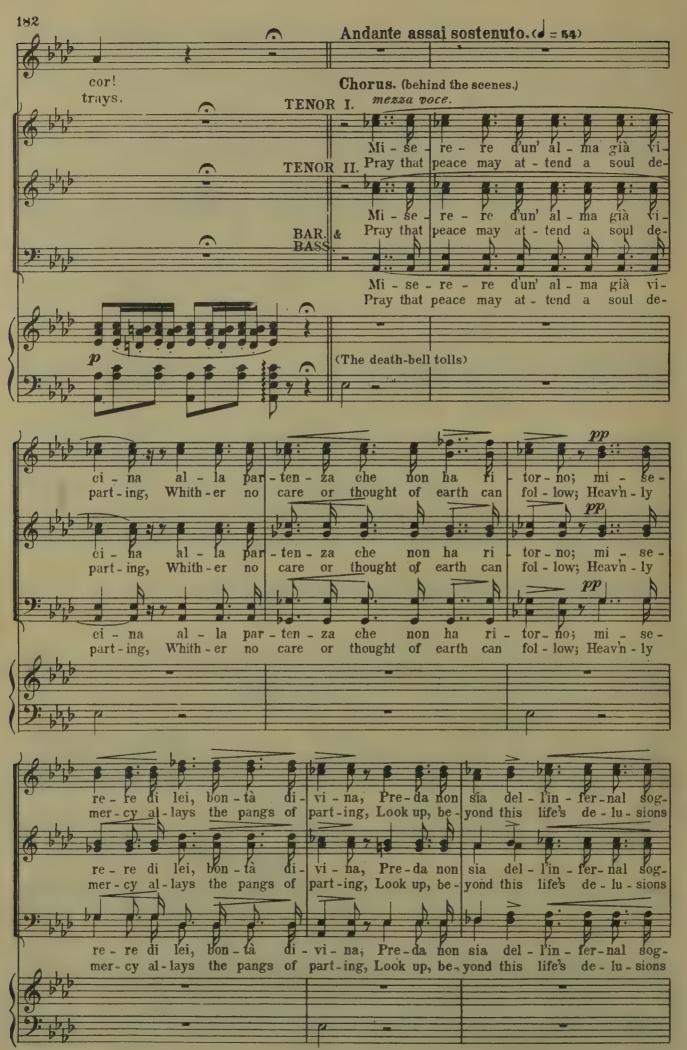
A wing of the Palace of Aliaferia; on one side a tower, with casements secured by iron bars. Dark night.







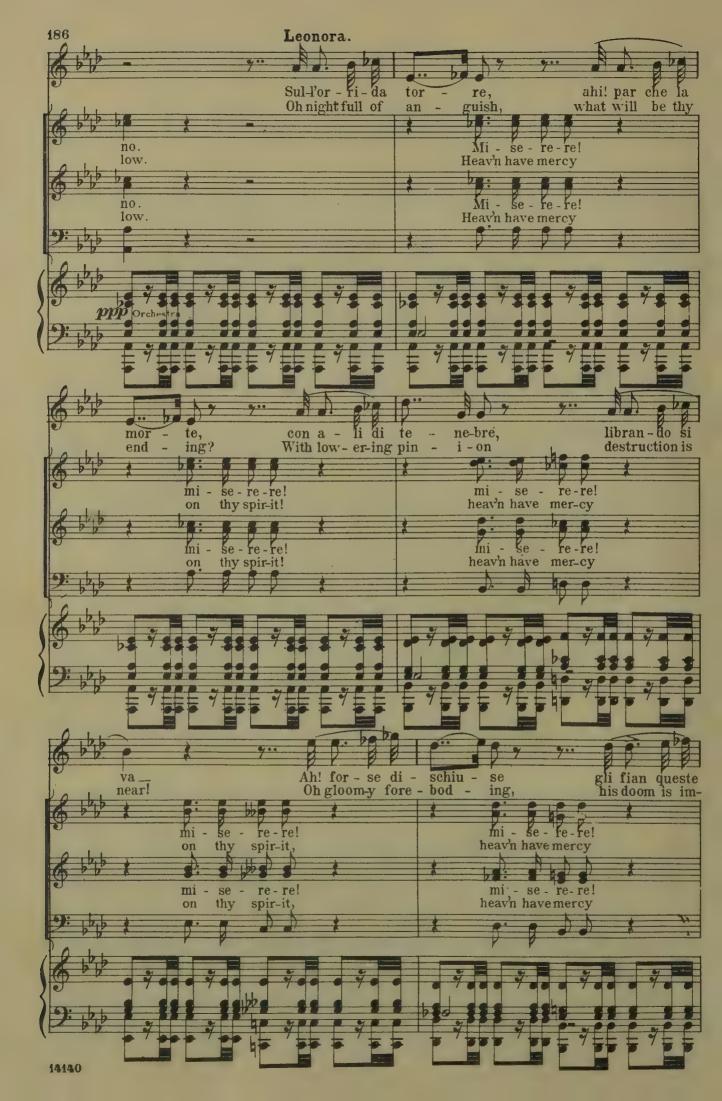


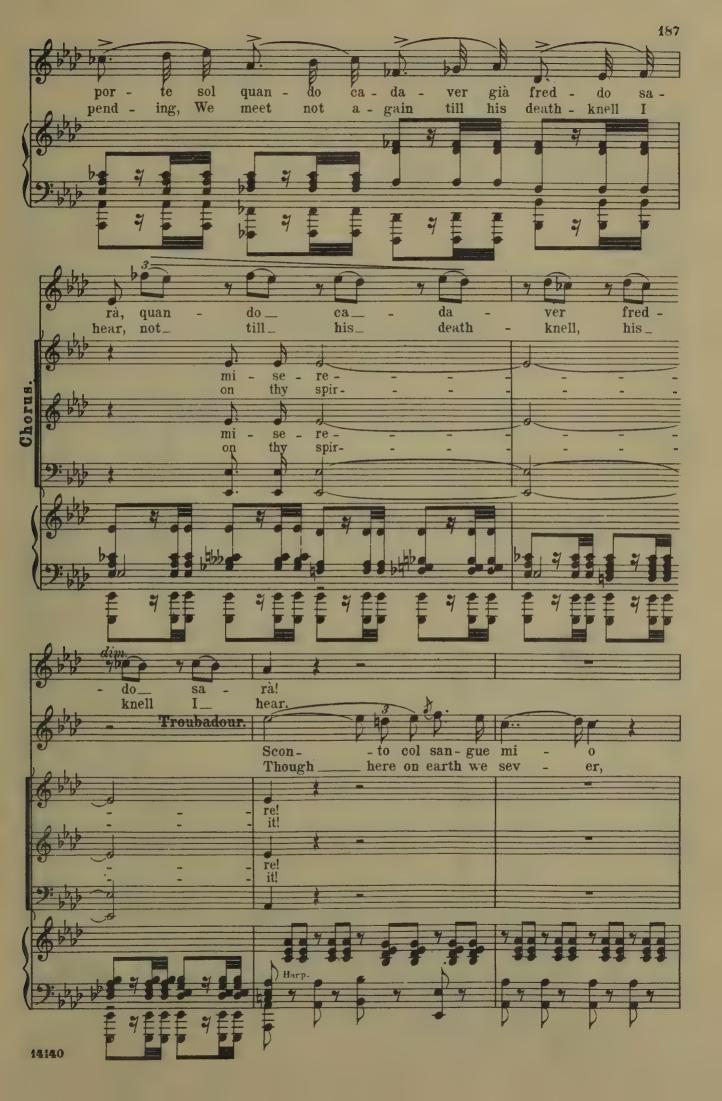


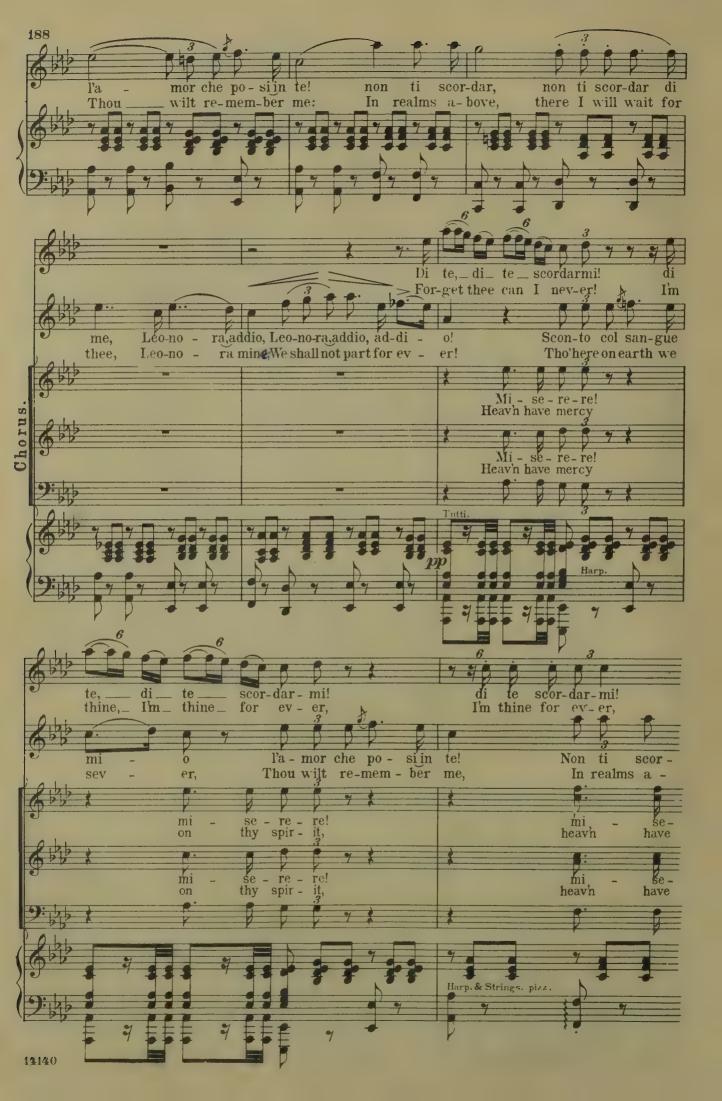






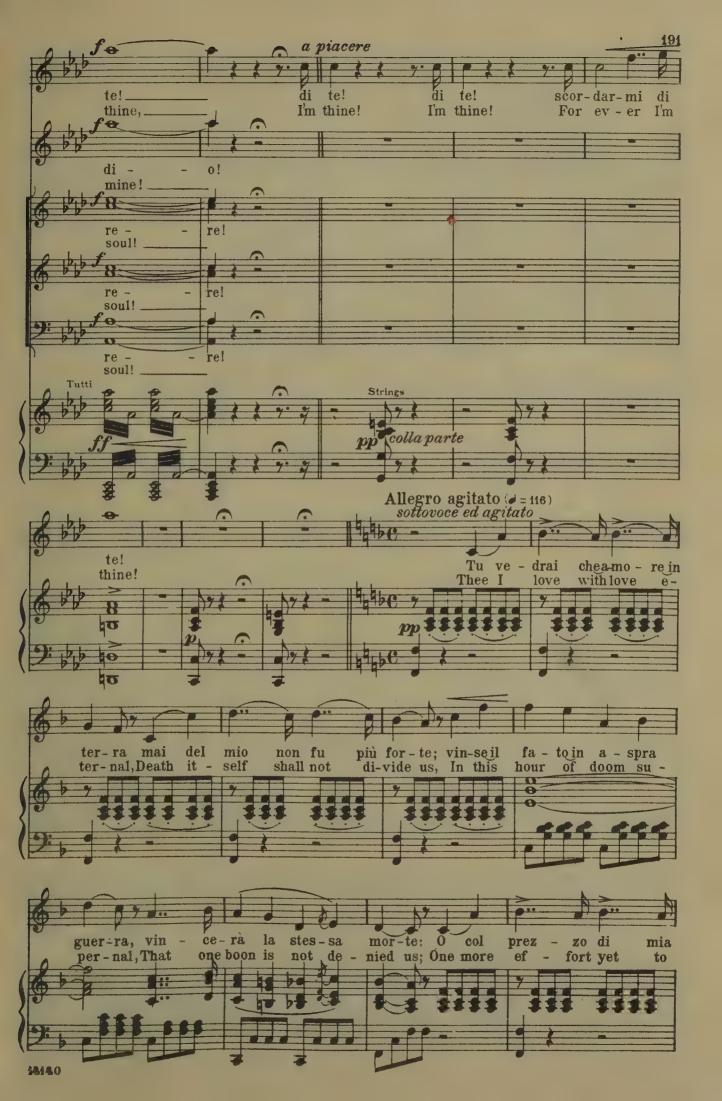


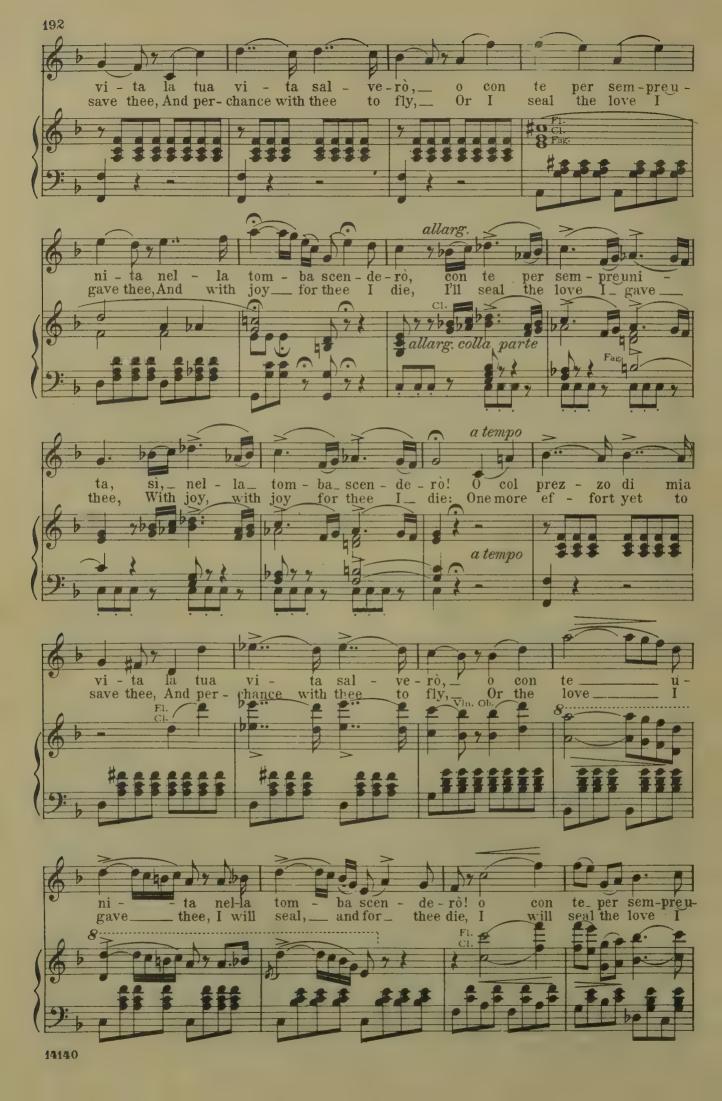


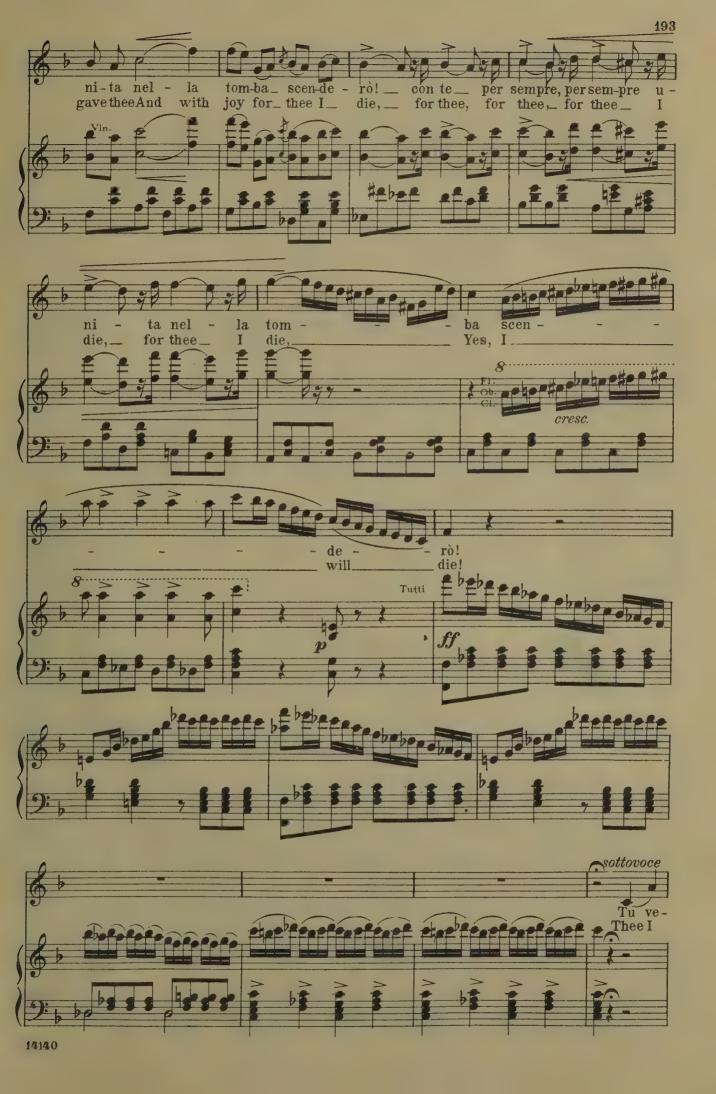




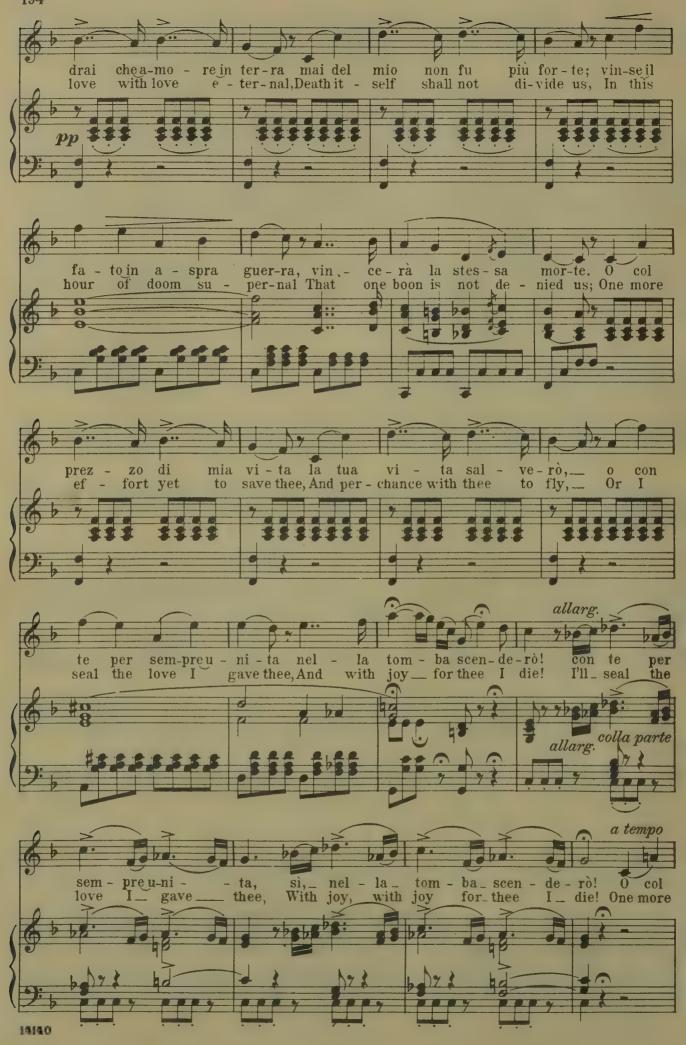


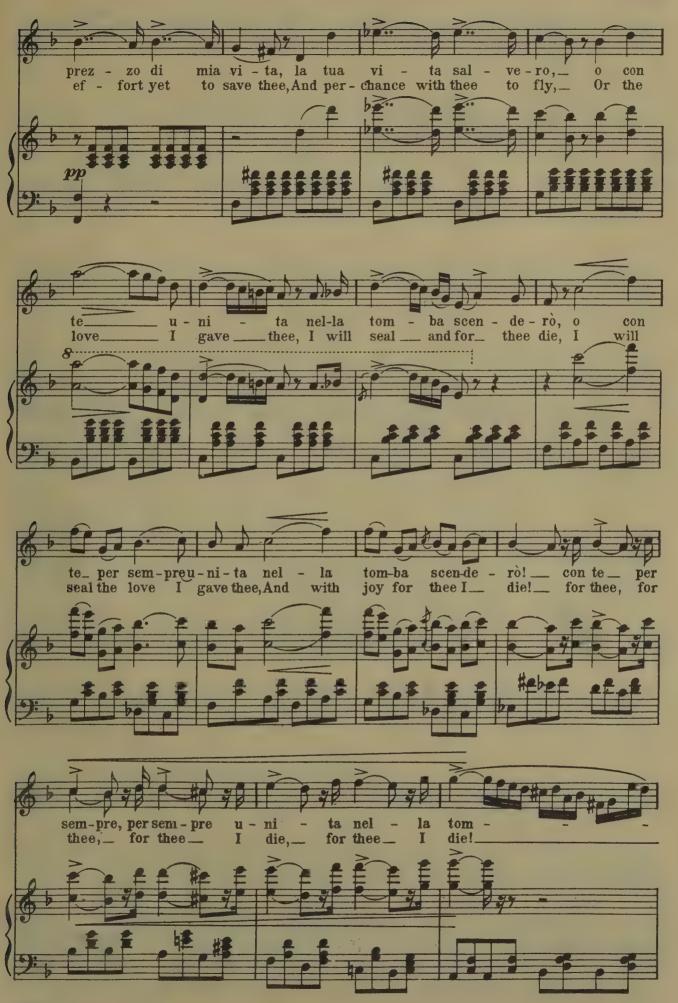


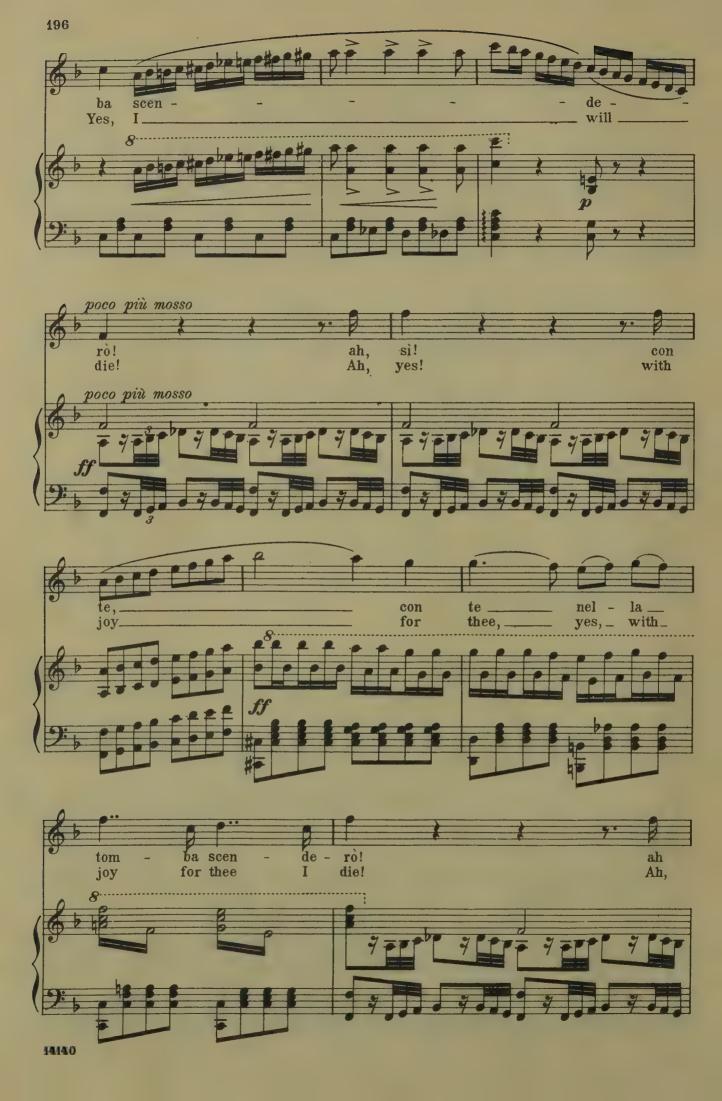


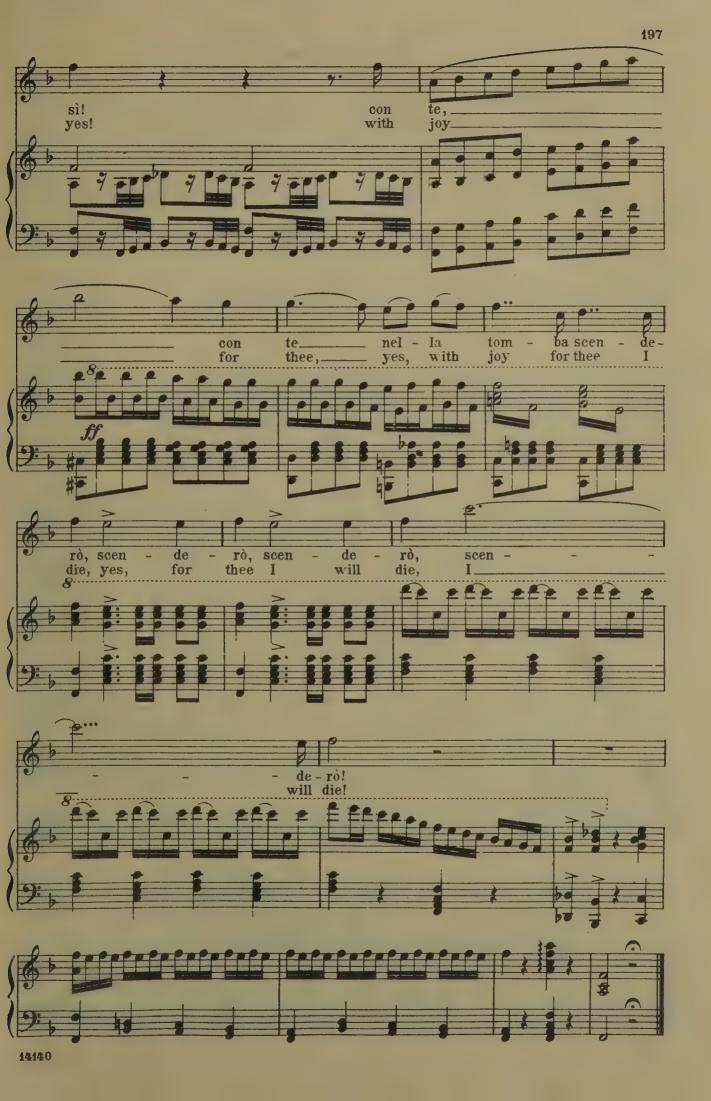




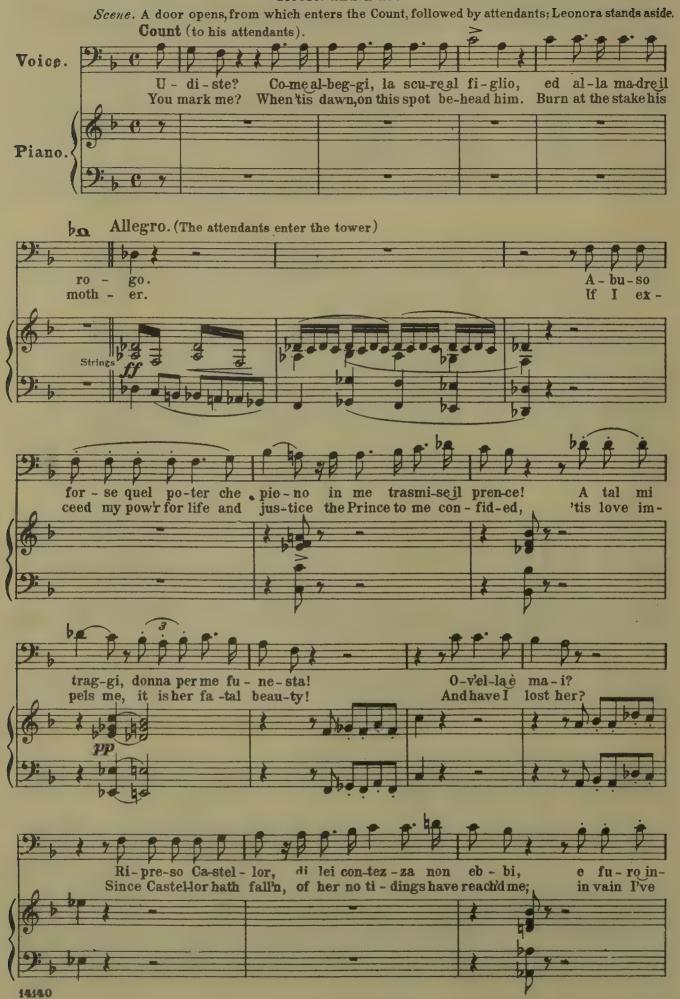


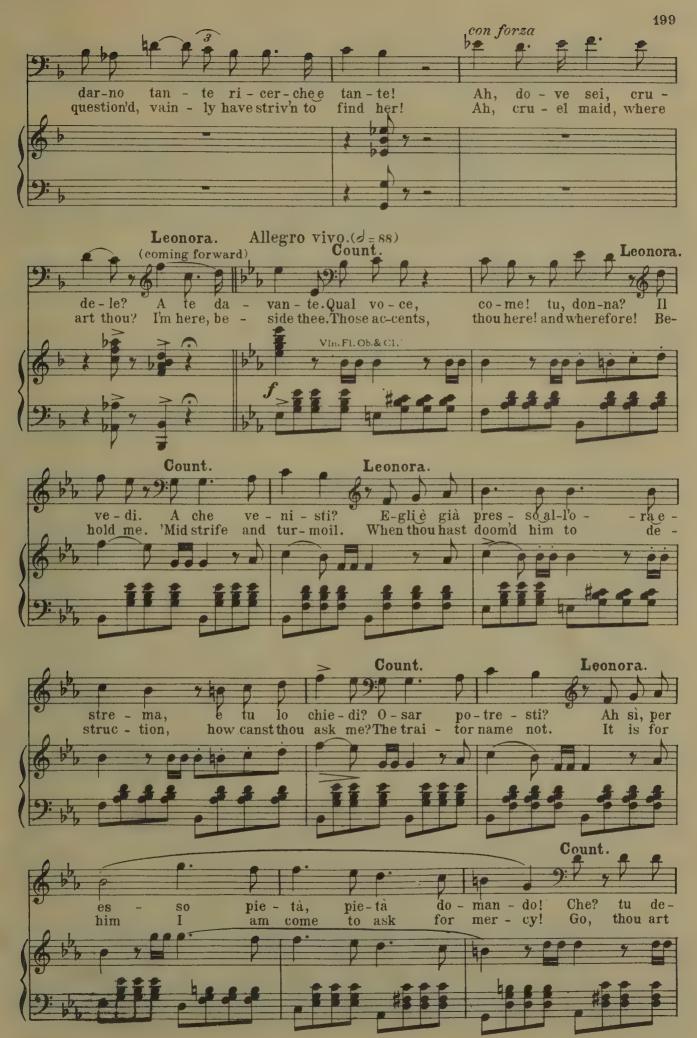


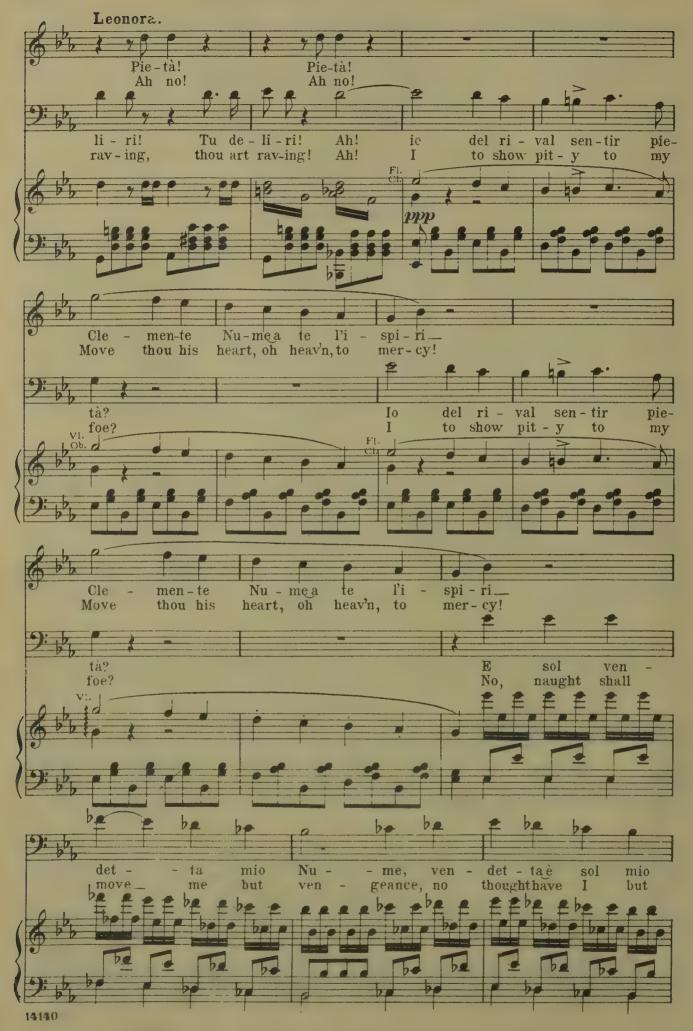




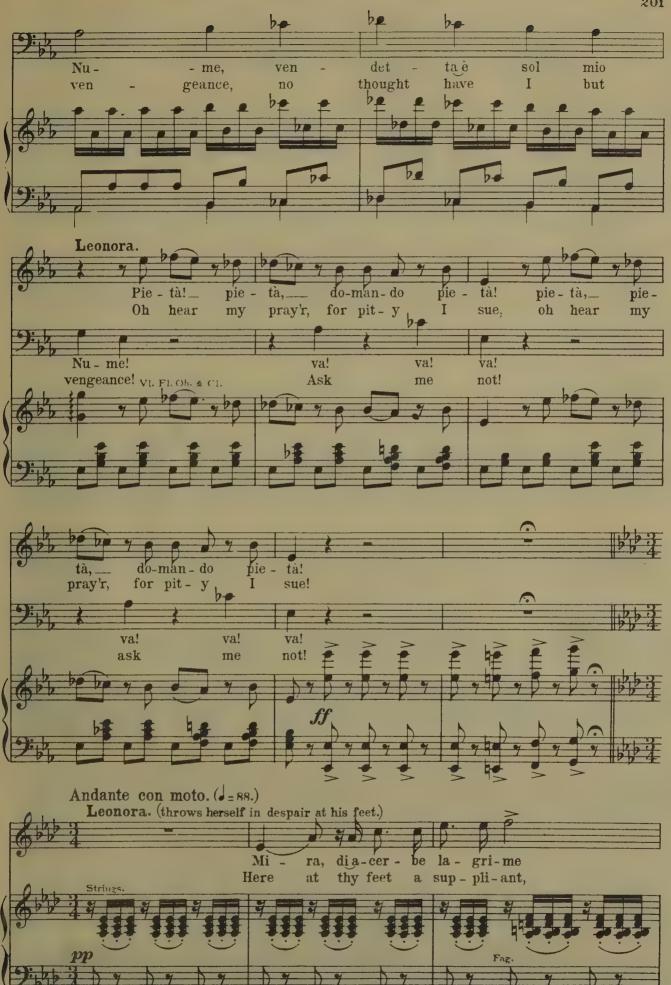
## Nº 20. Mira, di acerbe lagrime.,, Recit. and Duet.





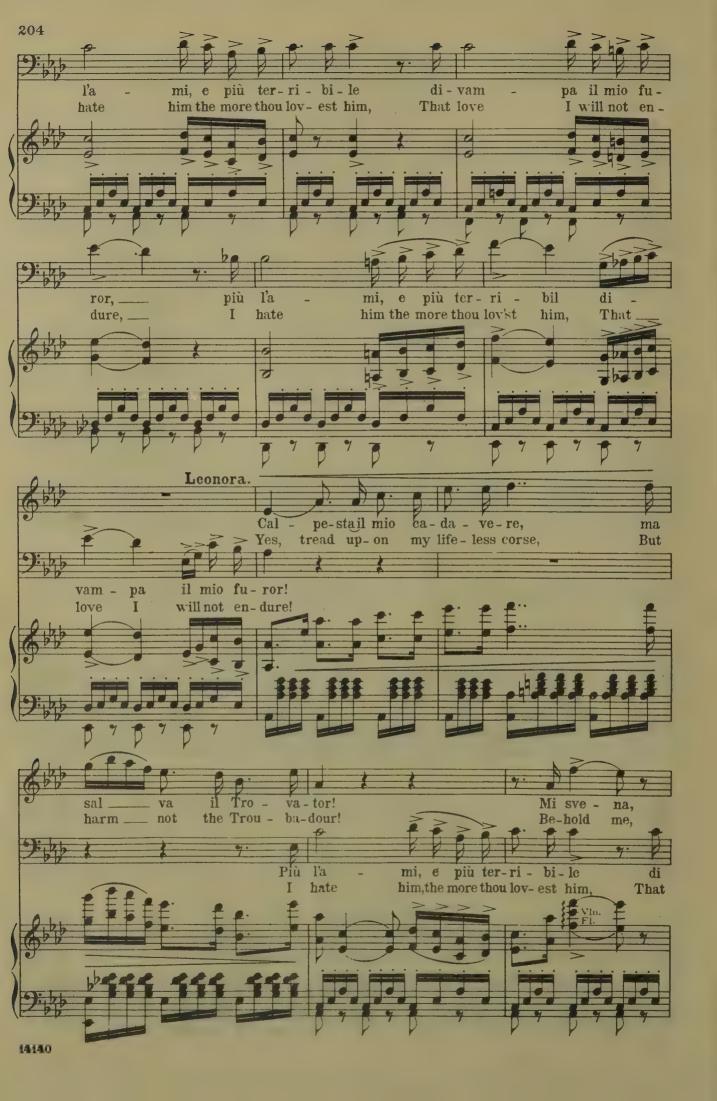




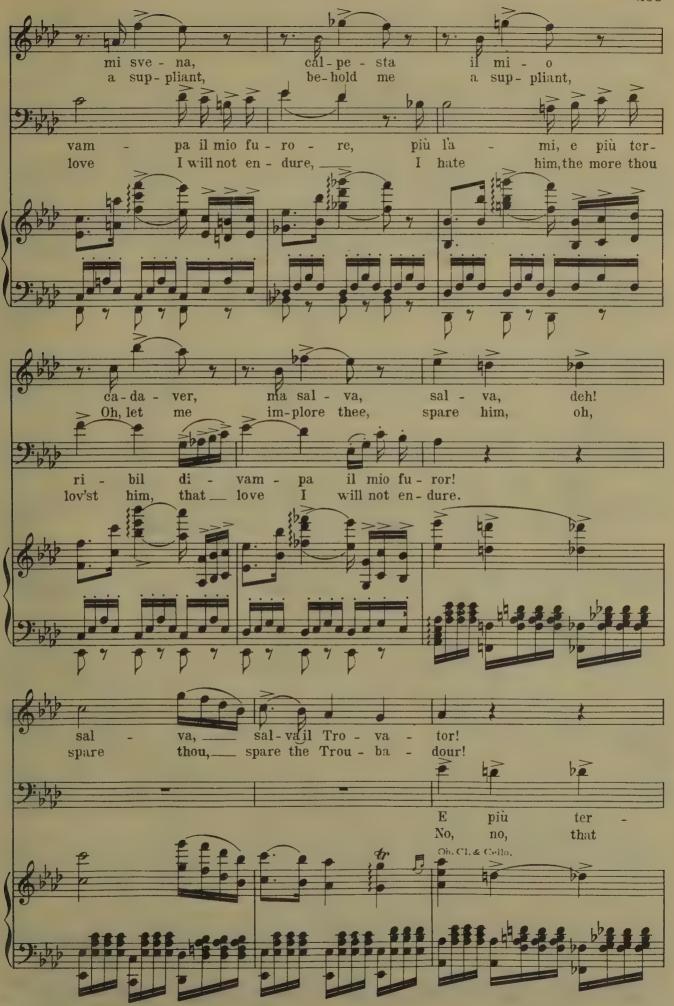


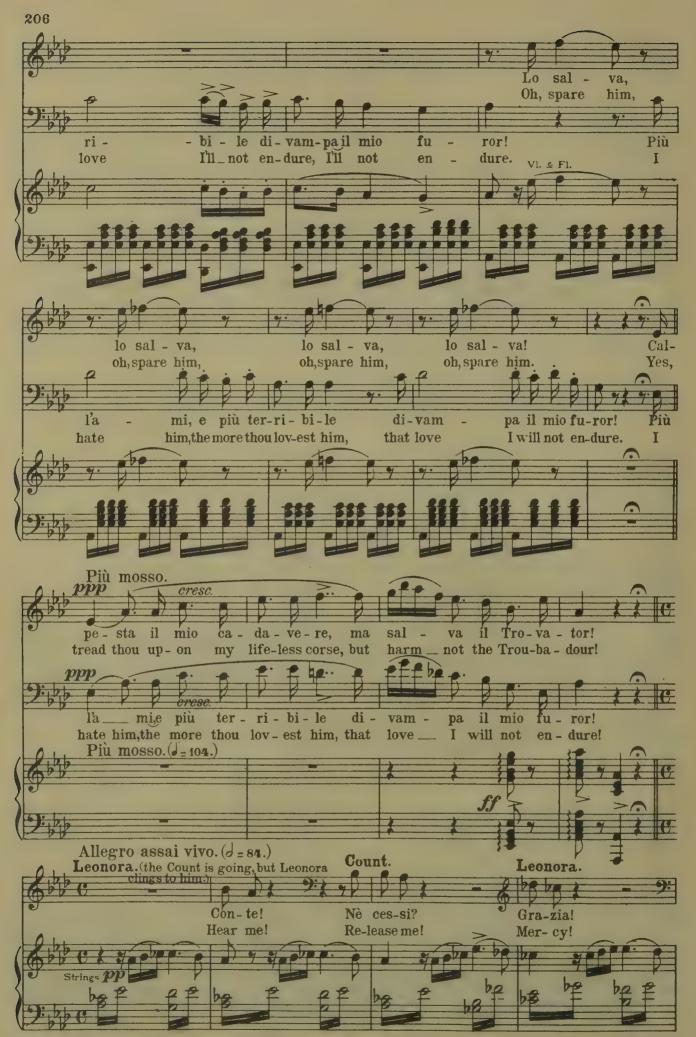


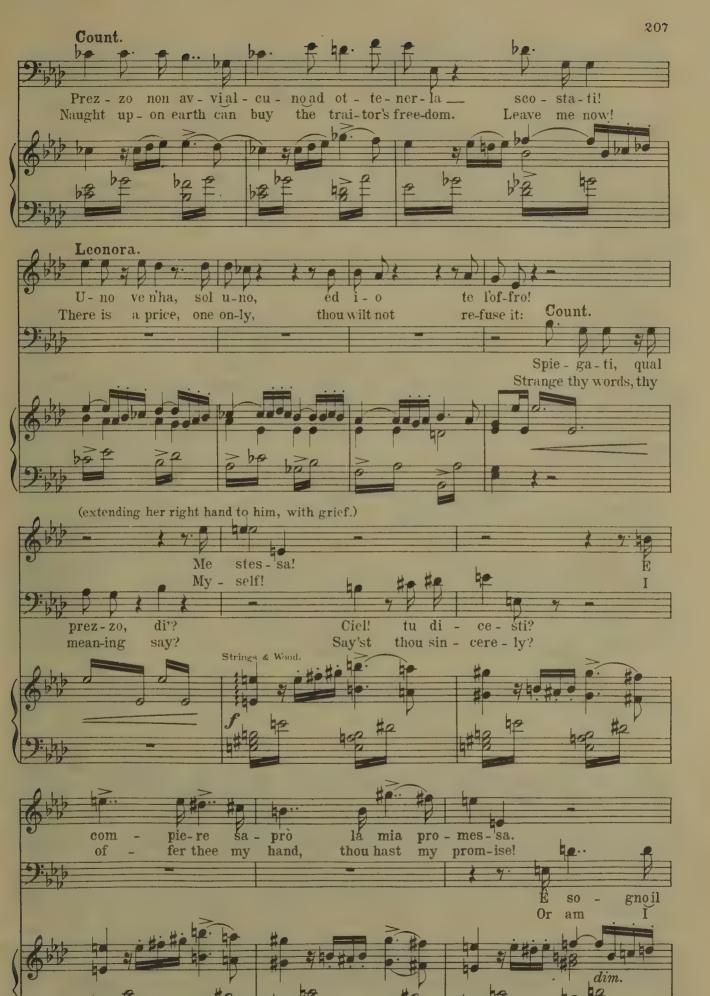




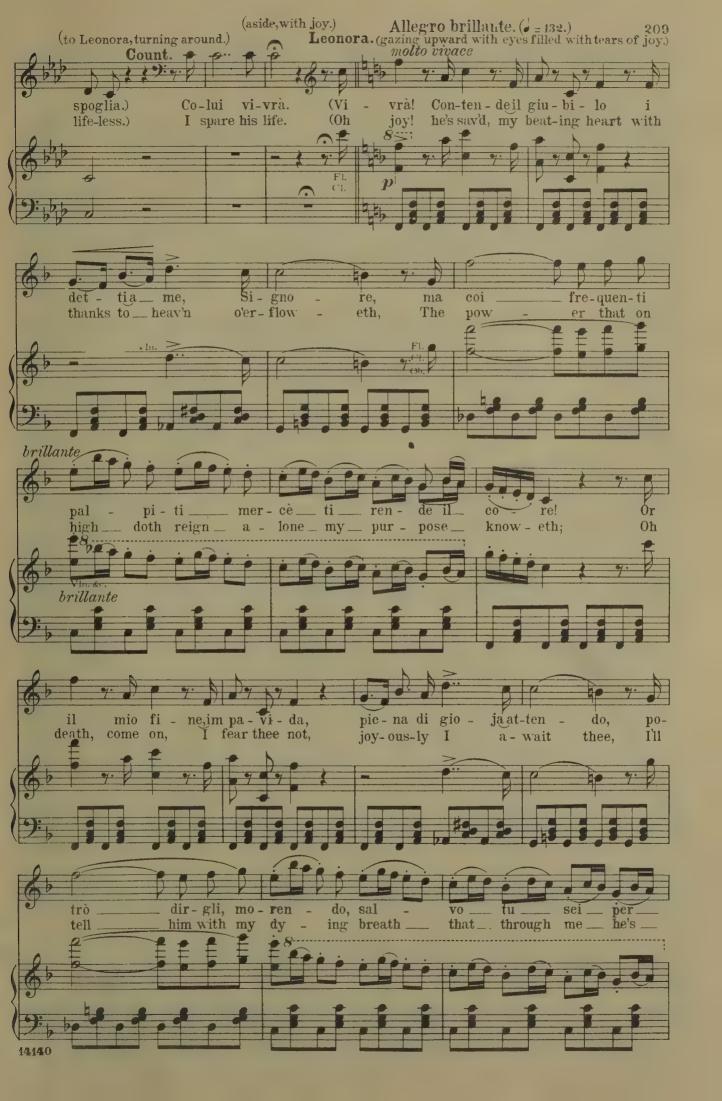




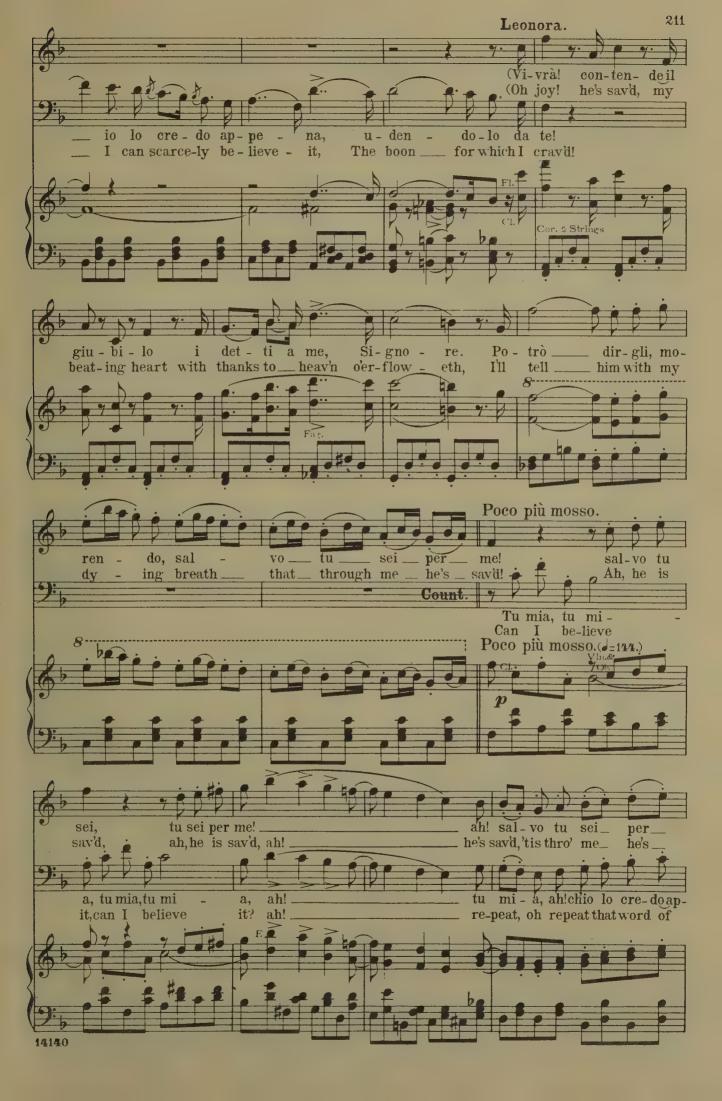


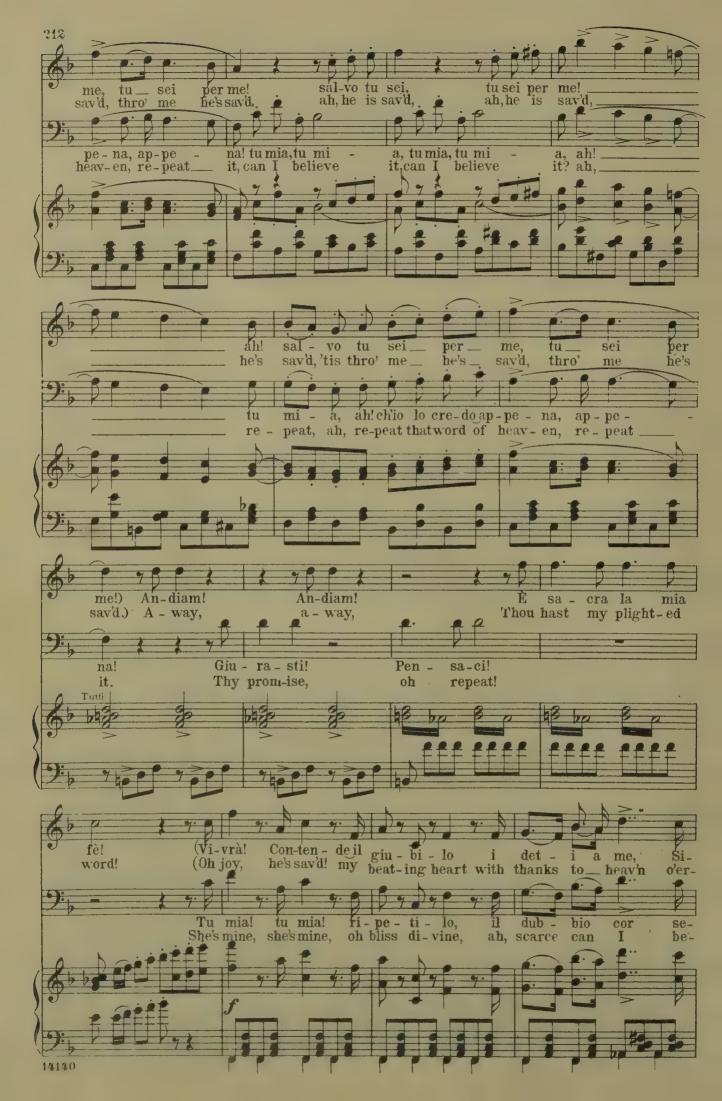


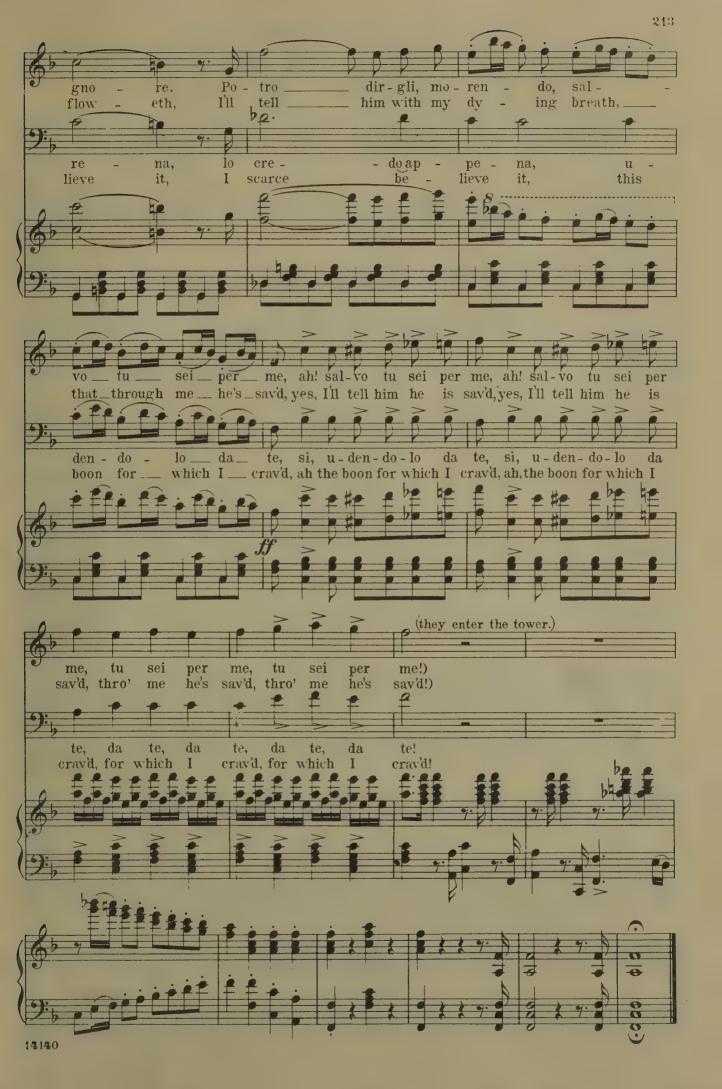






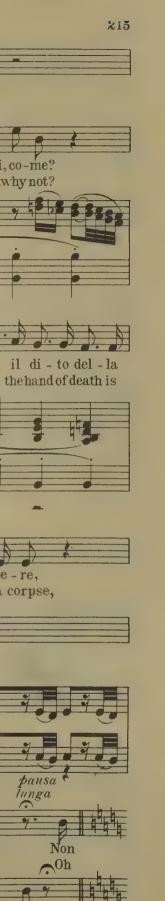




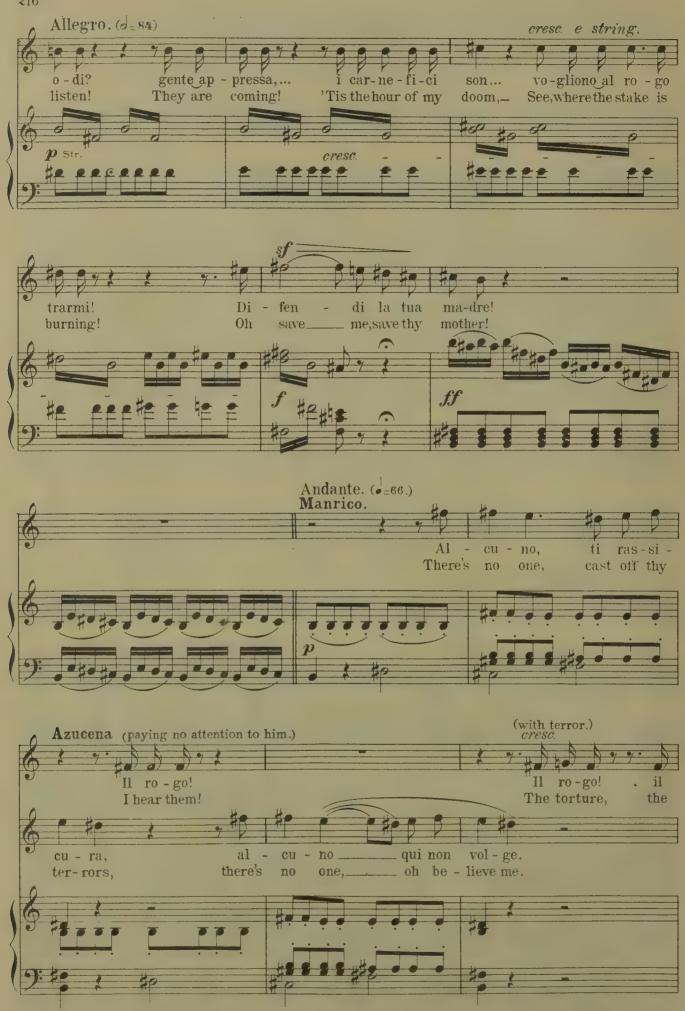


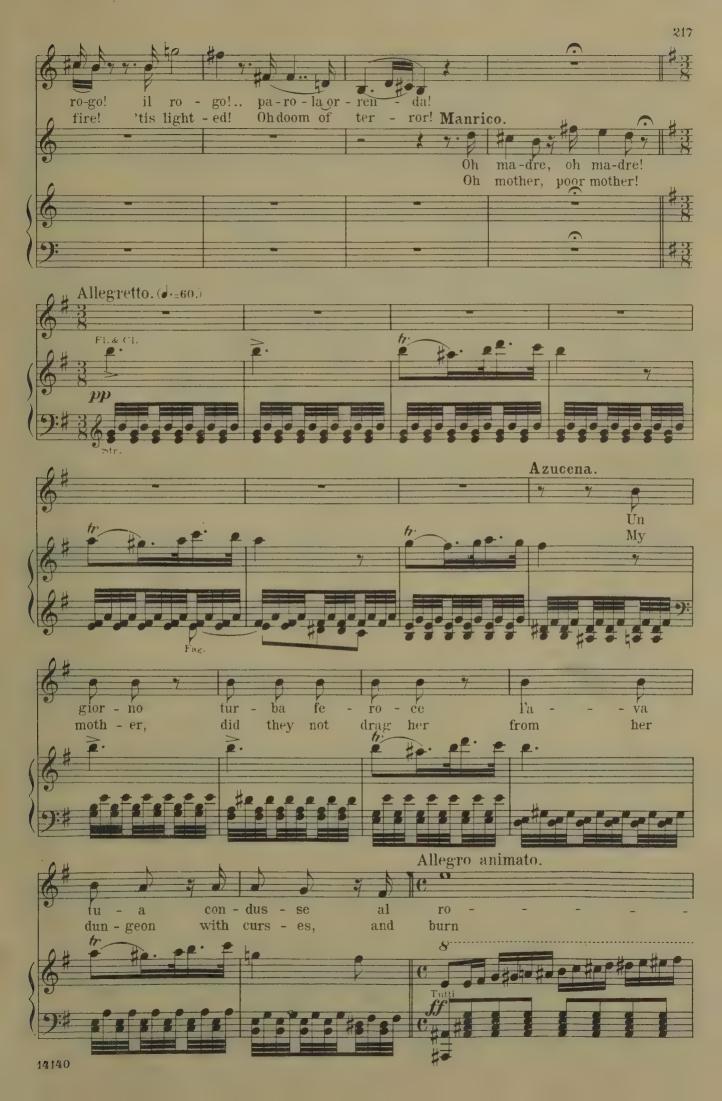
A gloomy dungeon; in one corner, a barred window; door at back; a dimly burning lamp hangs from the ceiling. Azucena is lying on a rough pallet, Manrico seated near her.

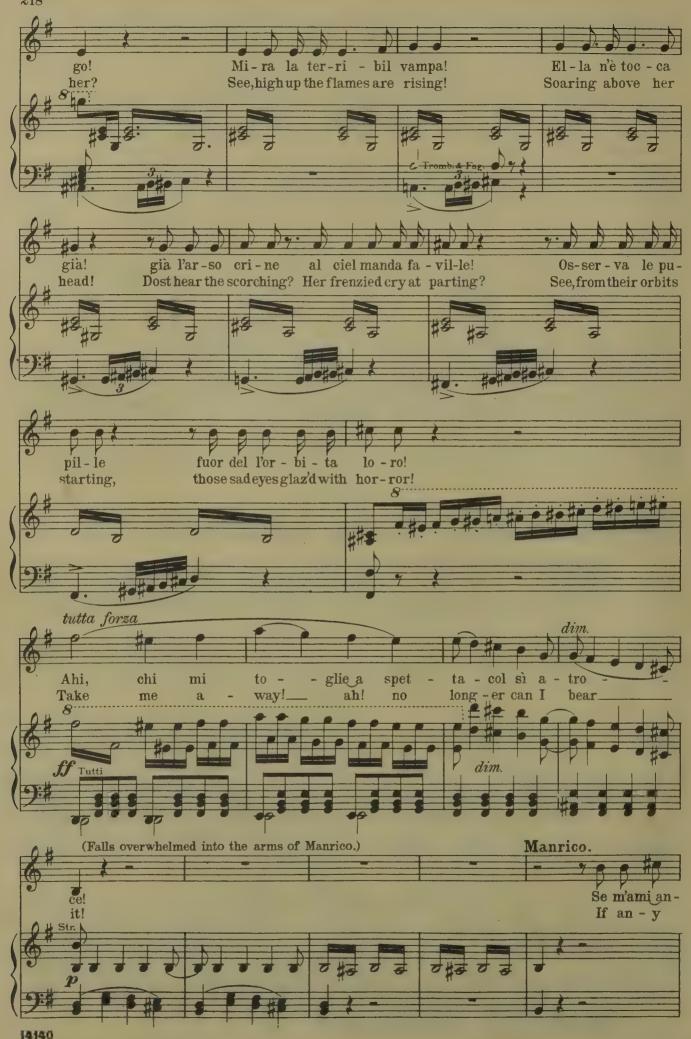


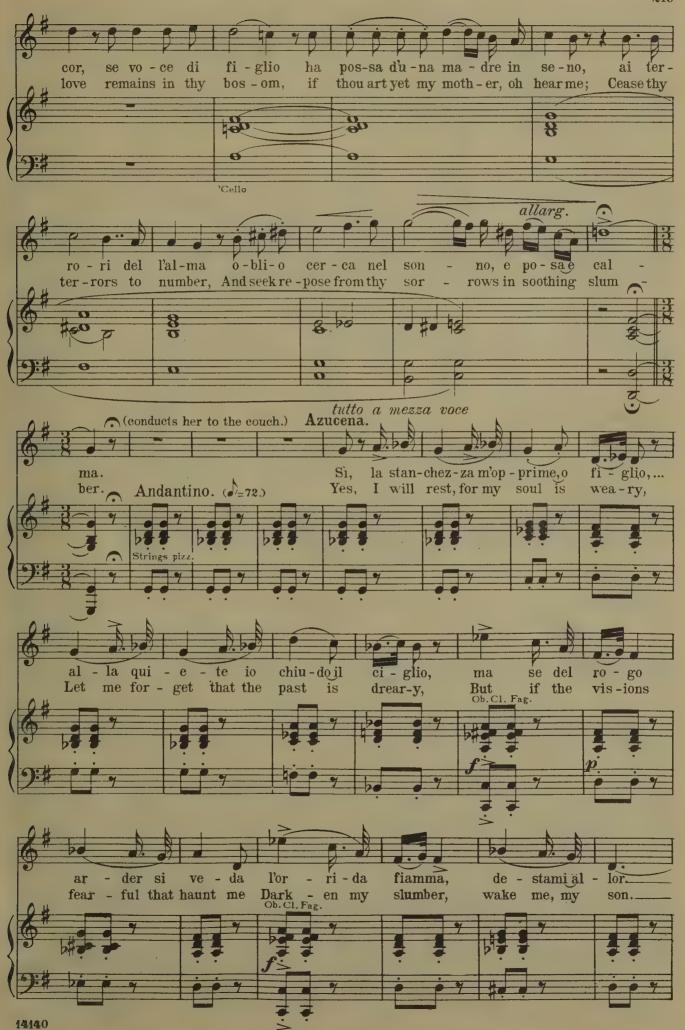


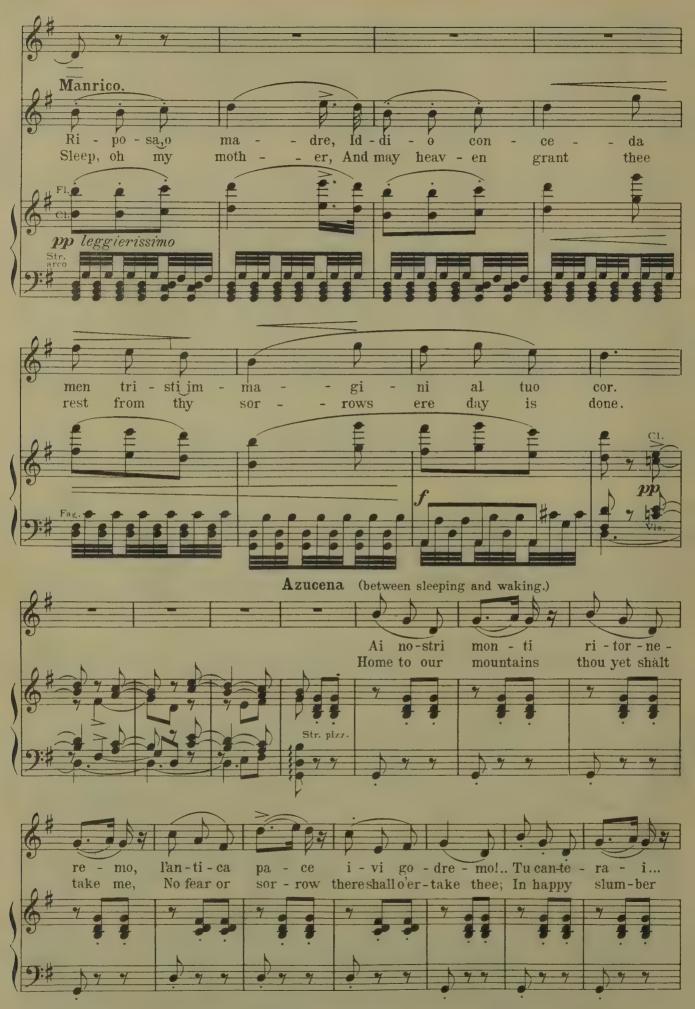


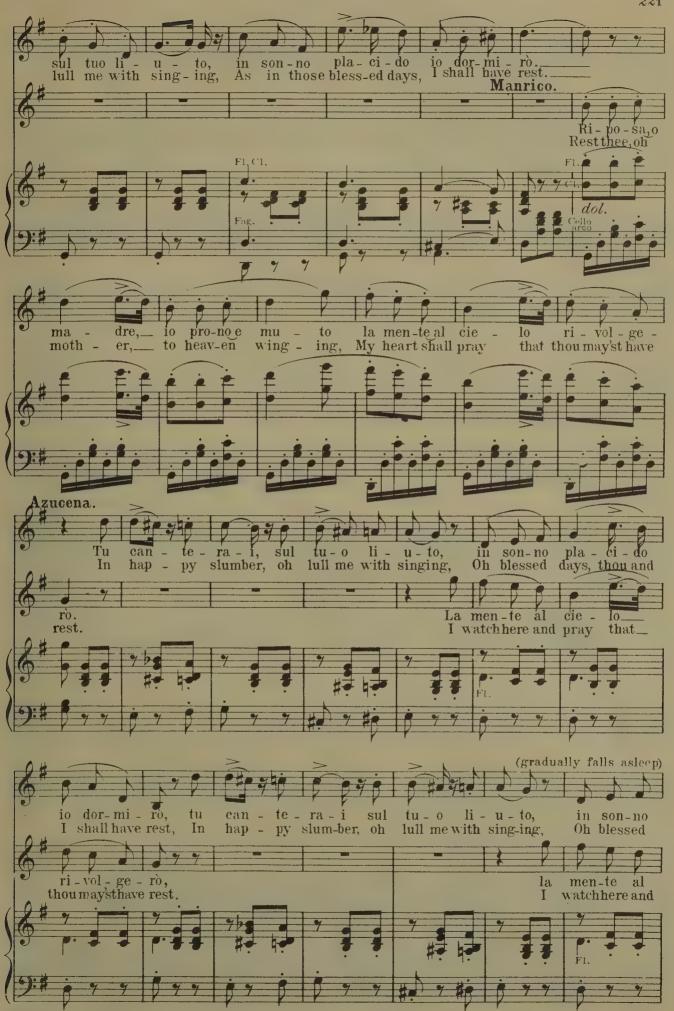


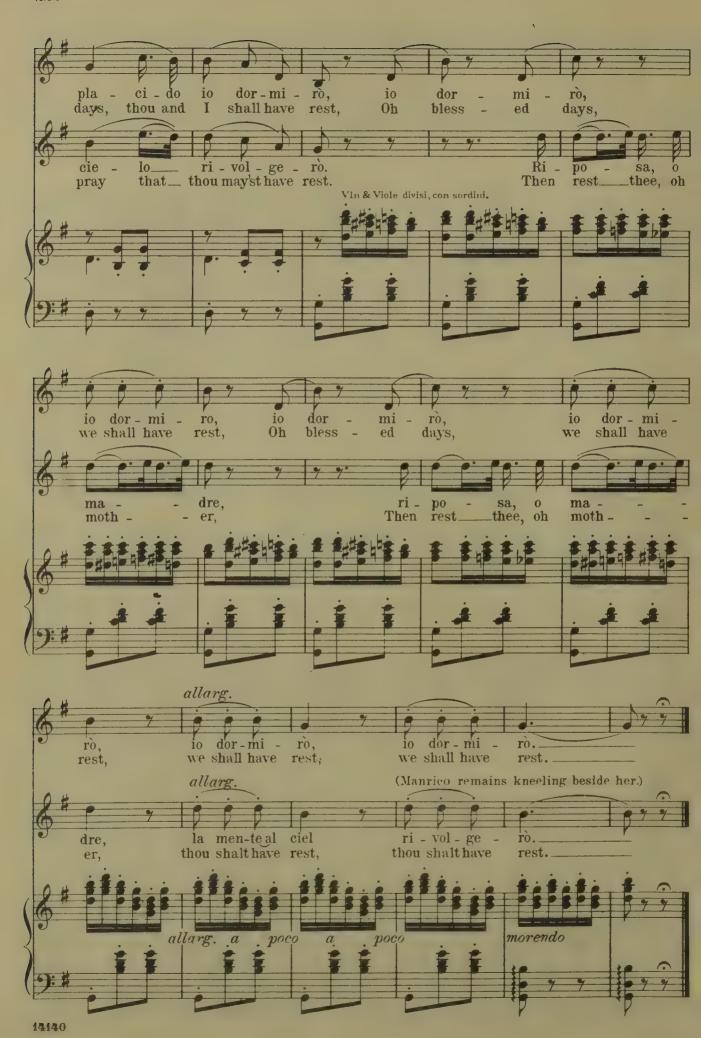






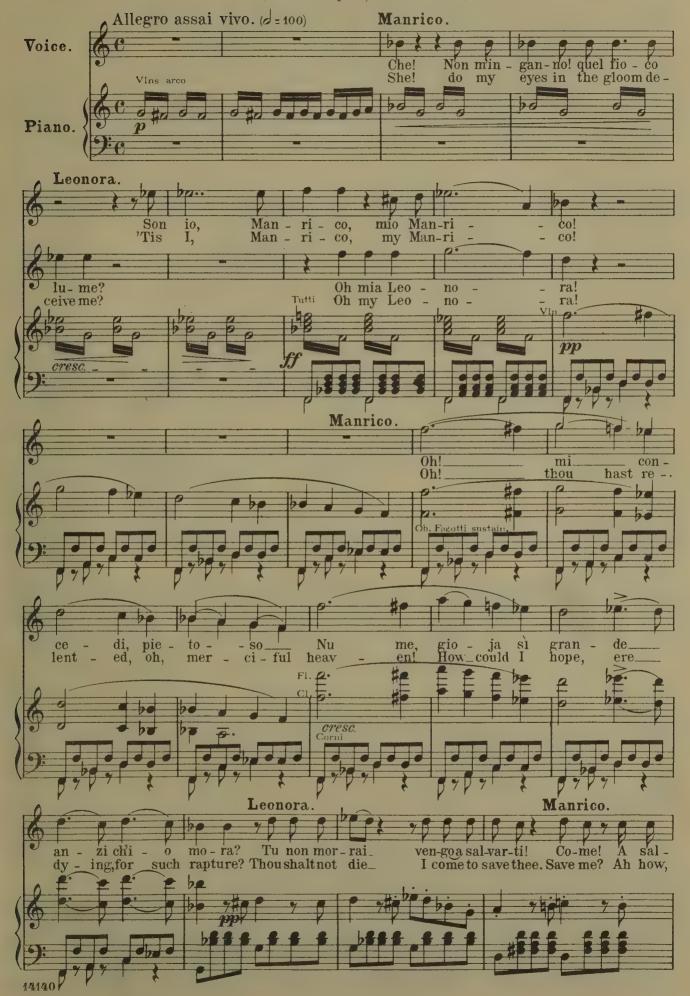


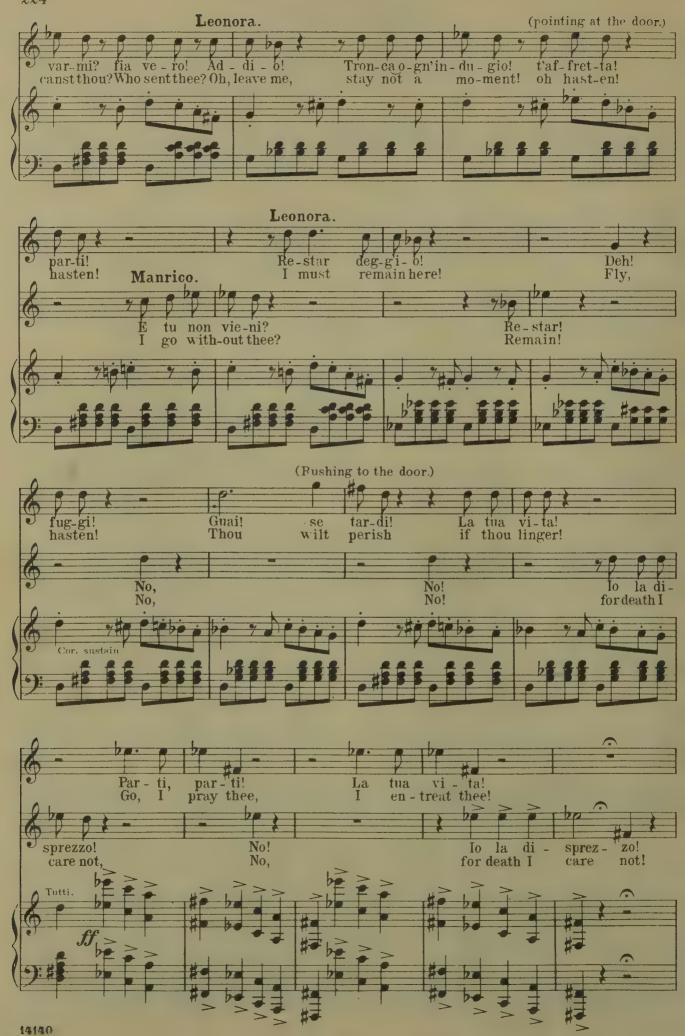




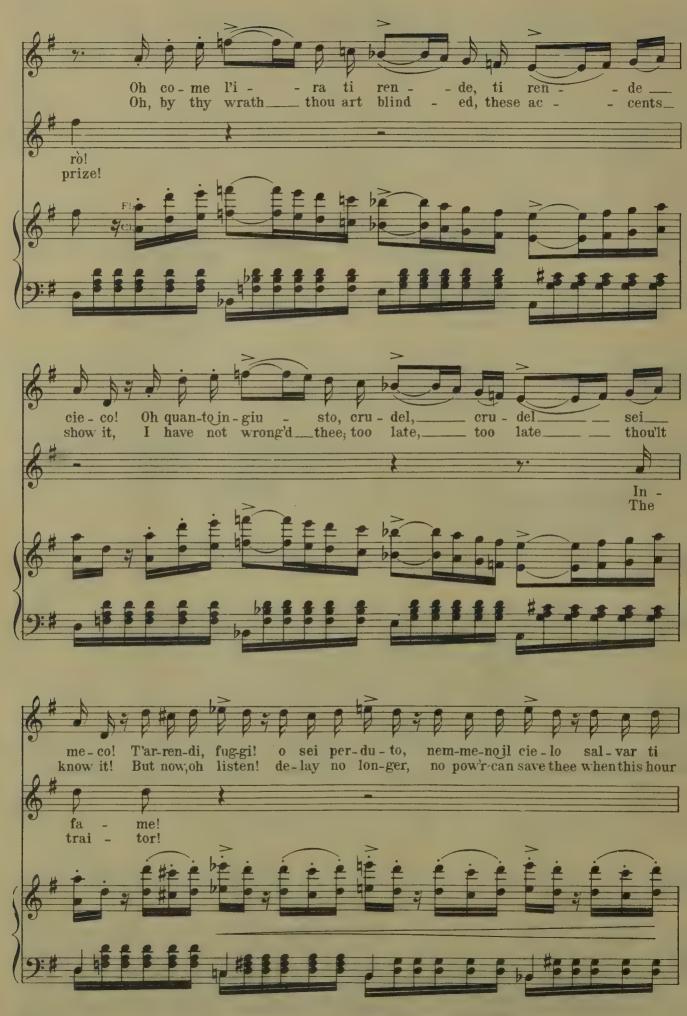
## Nº 22. "Parlar non vuoi?,, Recitative and Trio.

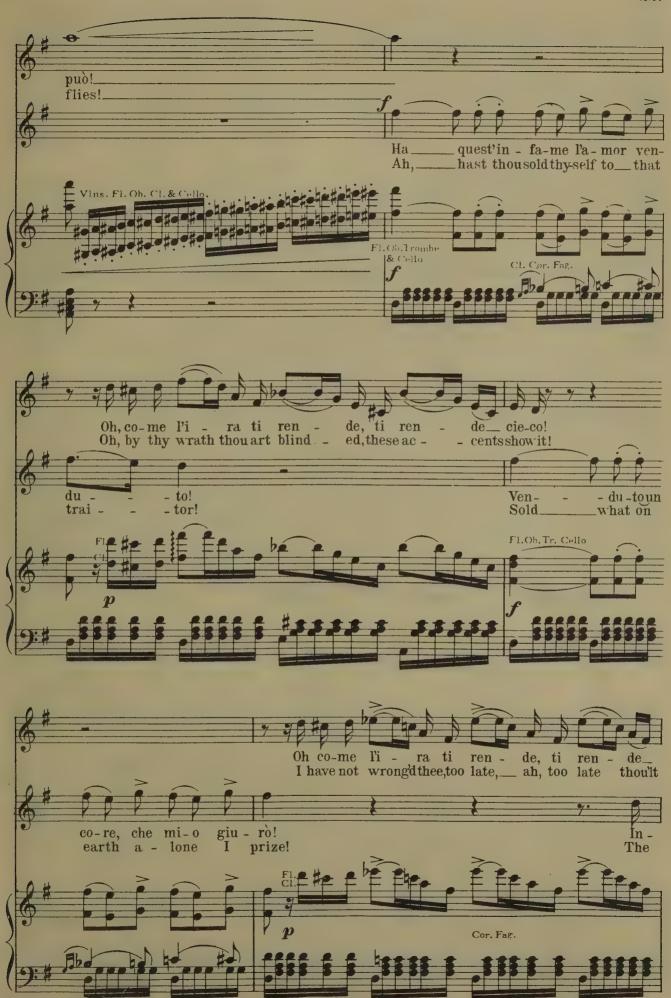
(The door opens, enter Leonora.)

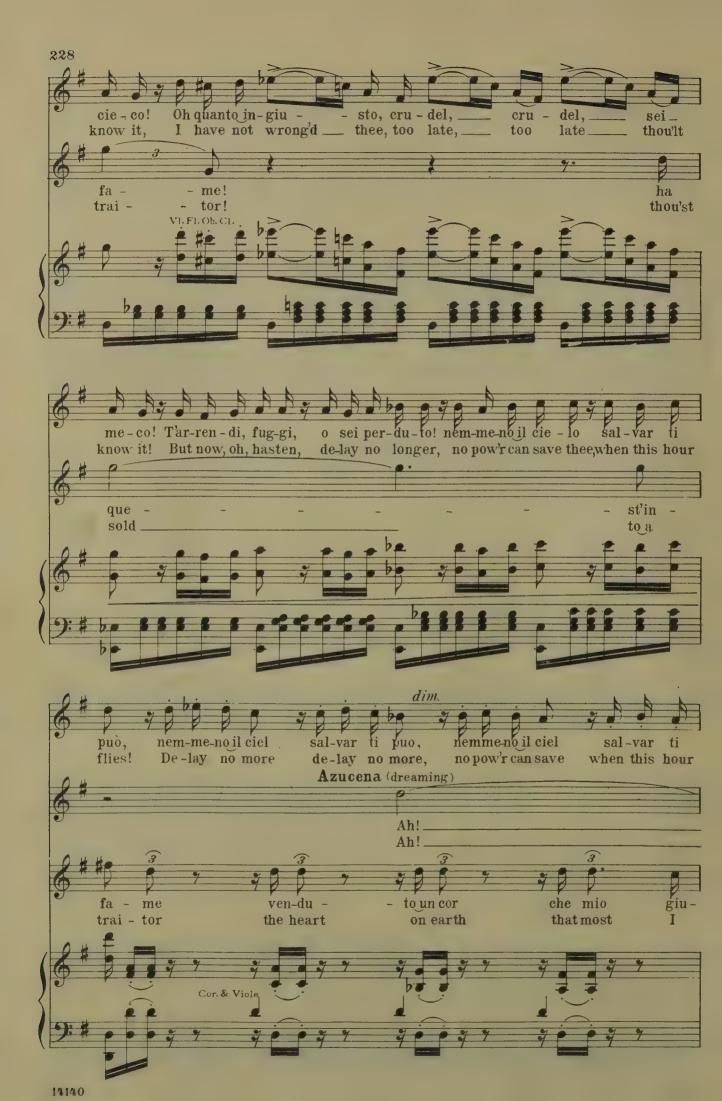


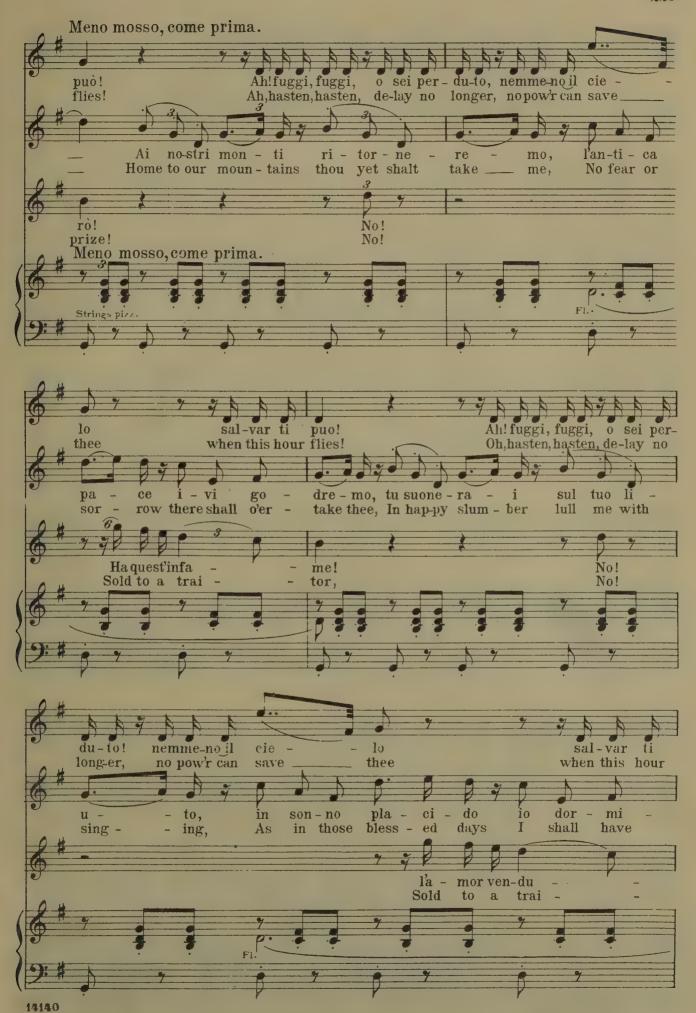


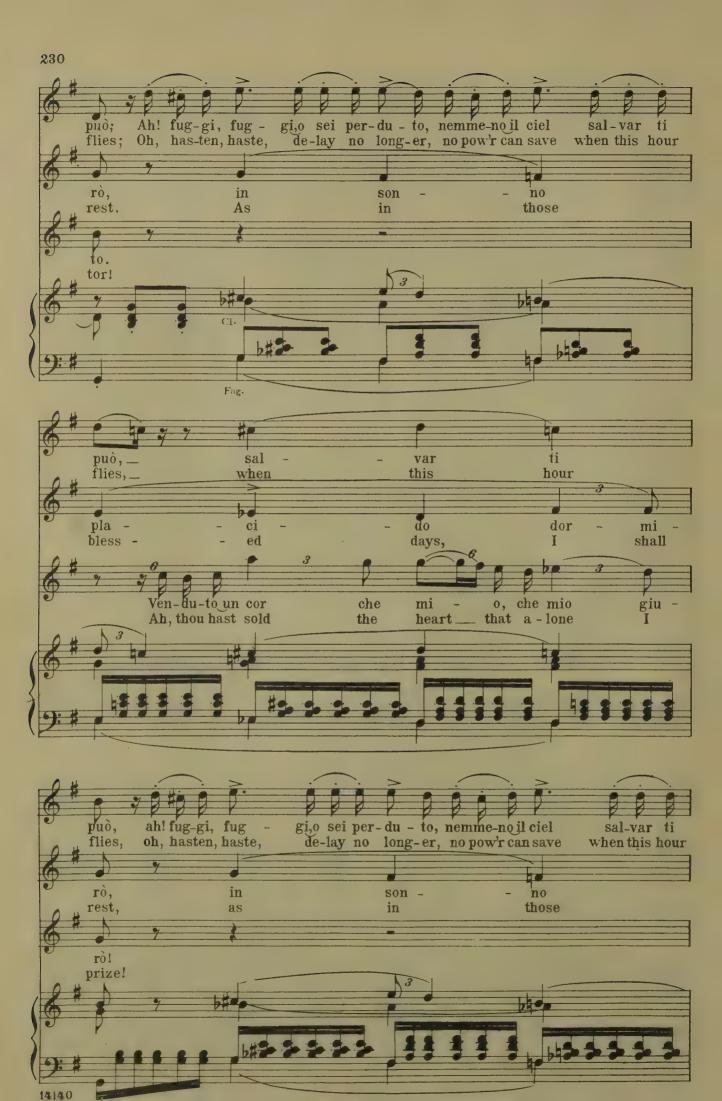


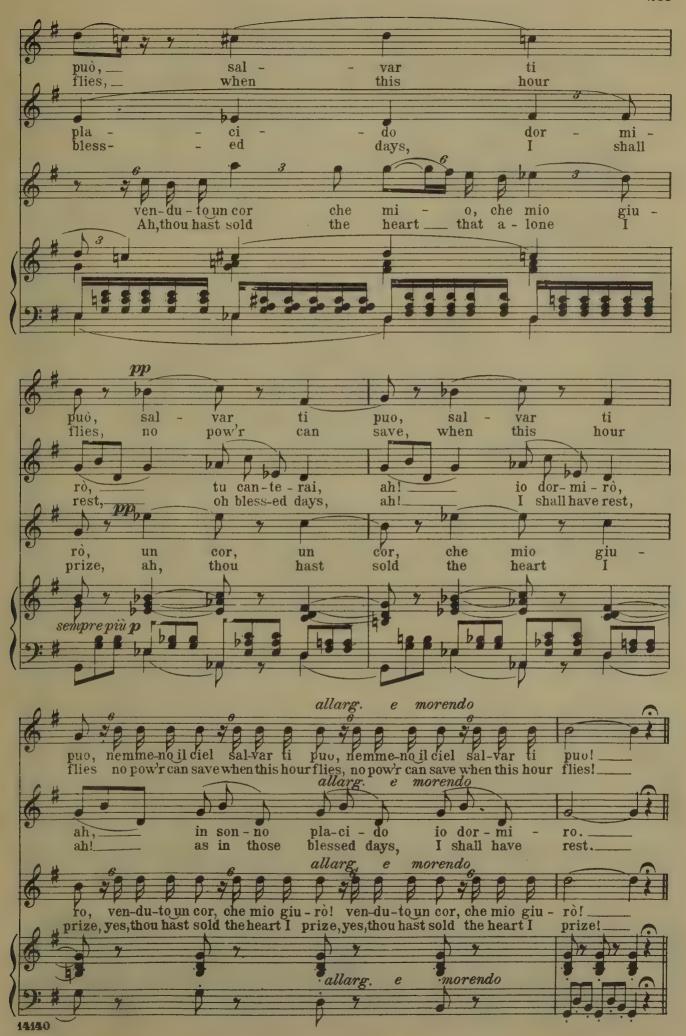




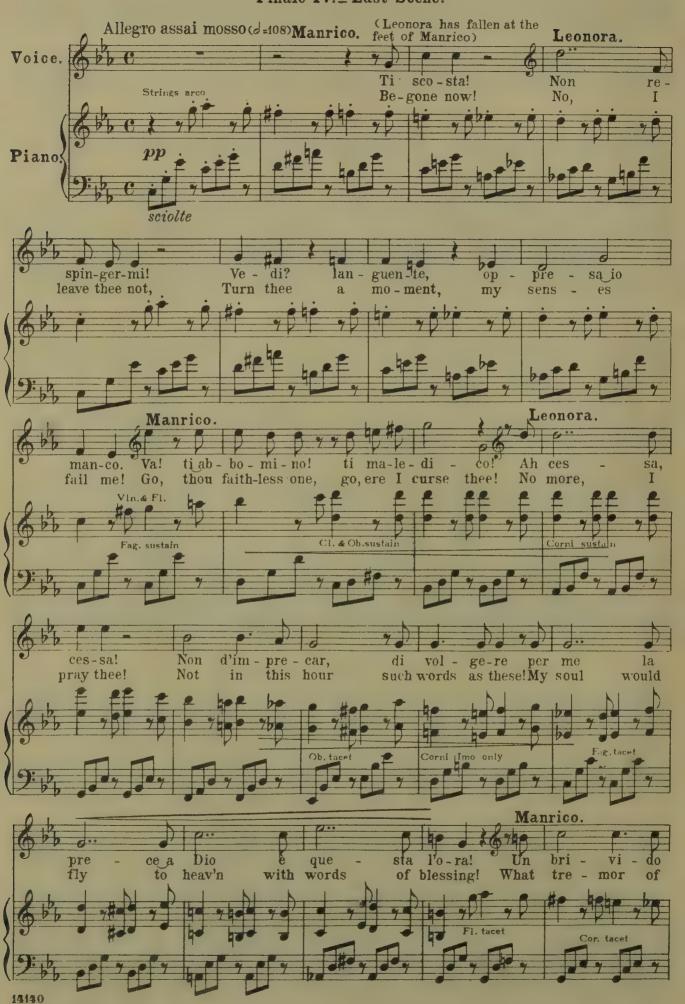


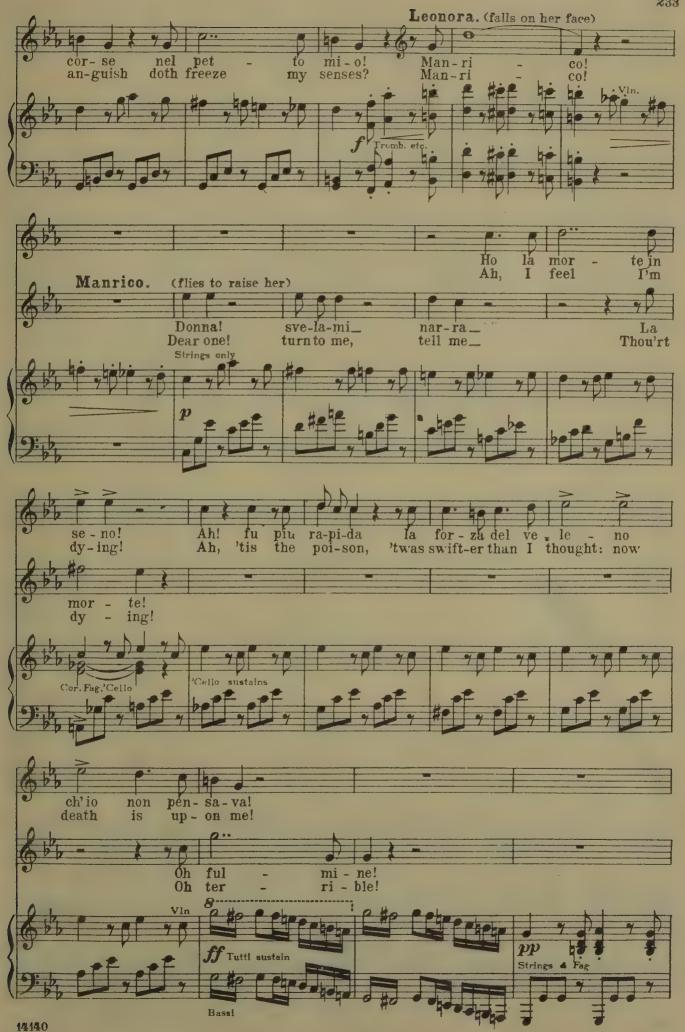


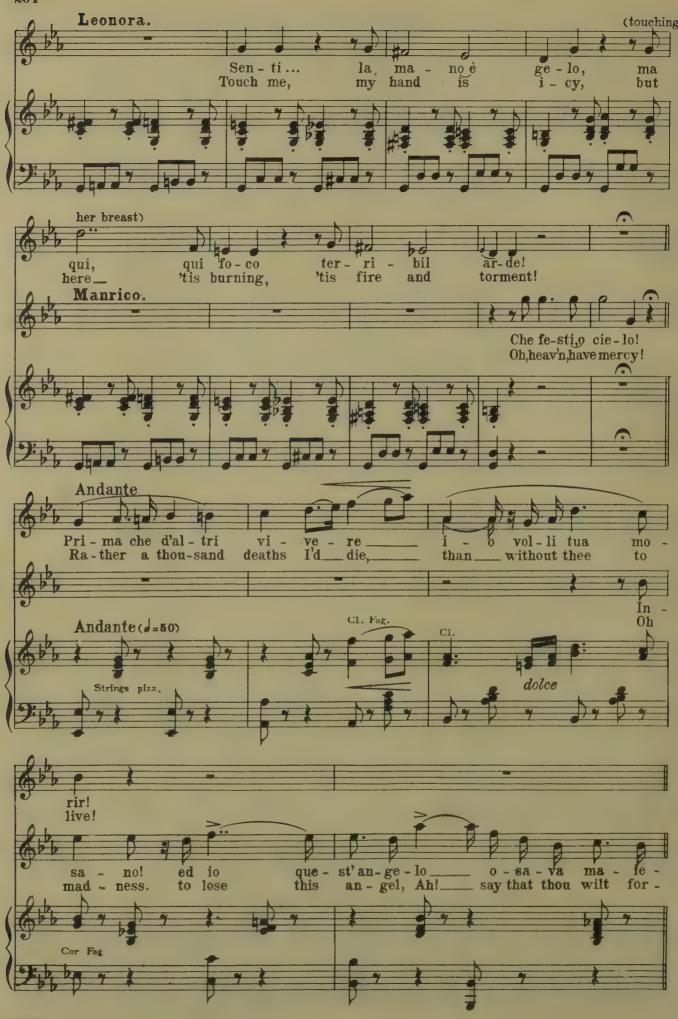




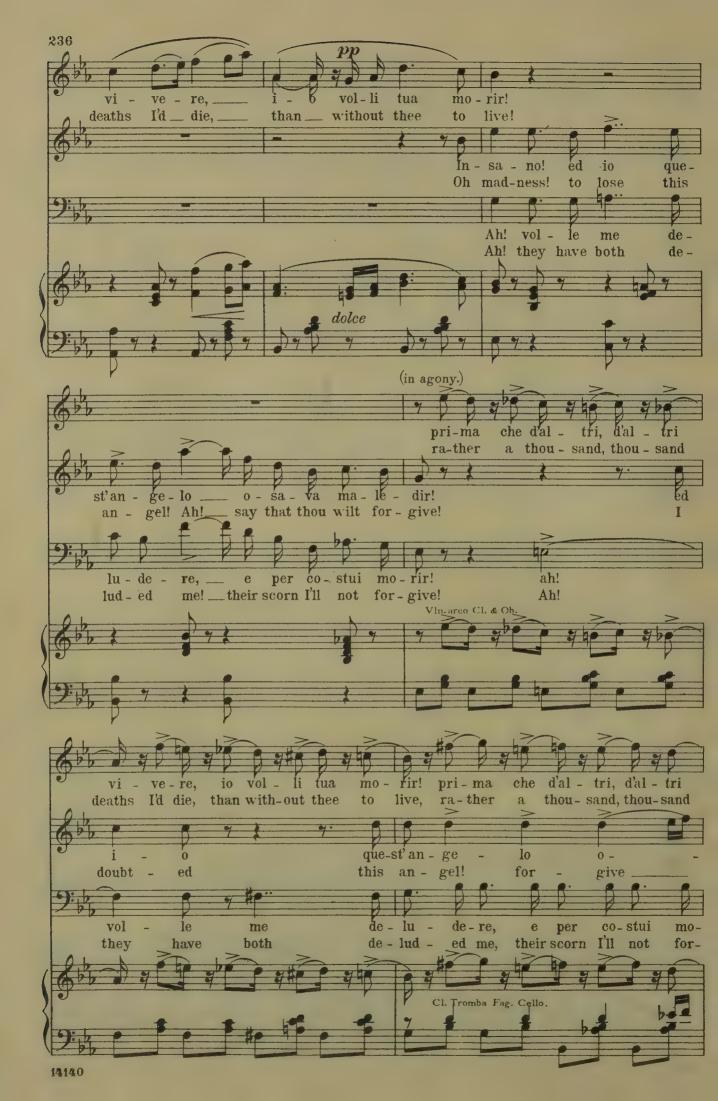
## Nº 23. "Prima che d'altri vivere.,, Finale IV.\_ Last Scene.

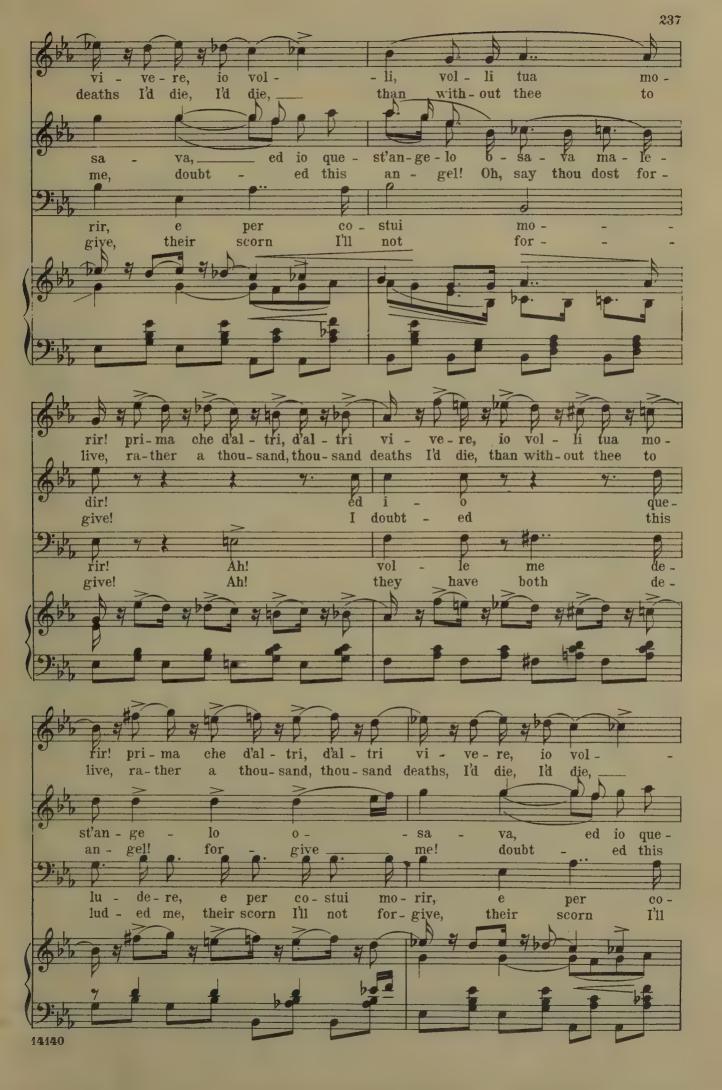


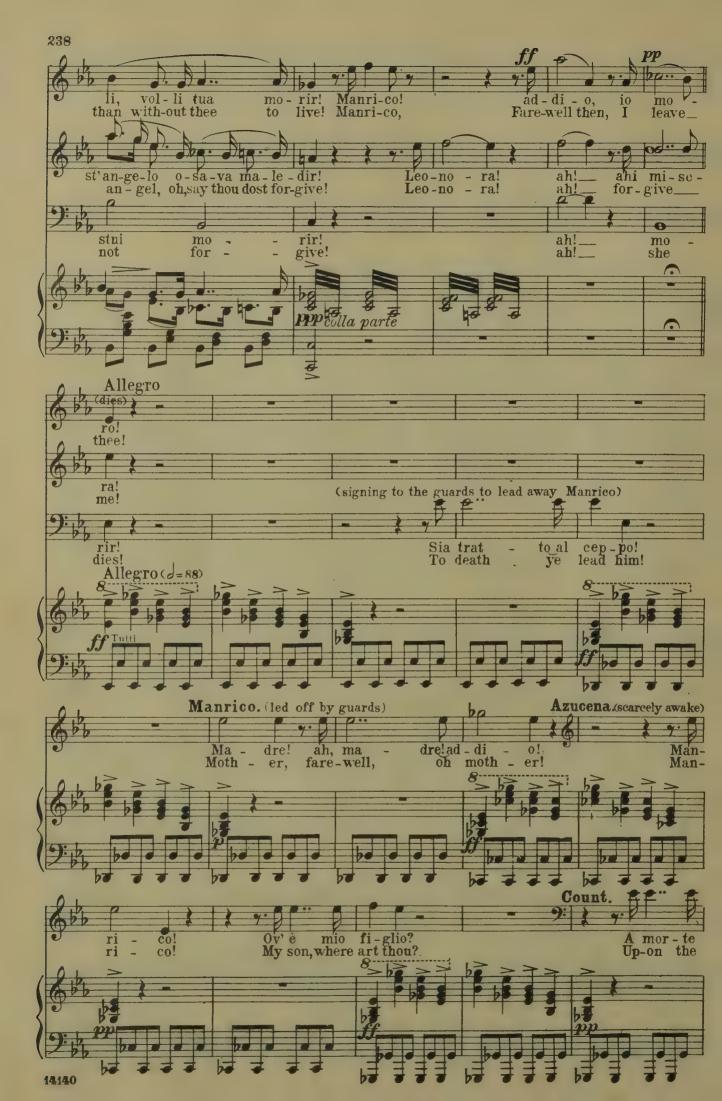


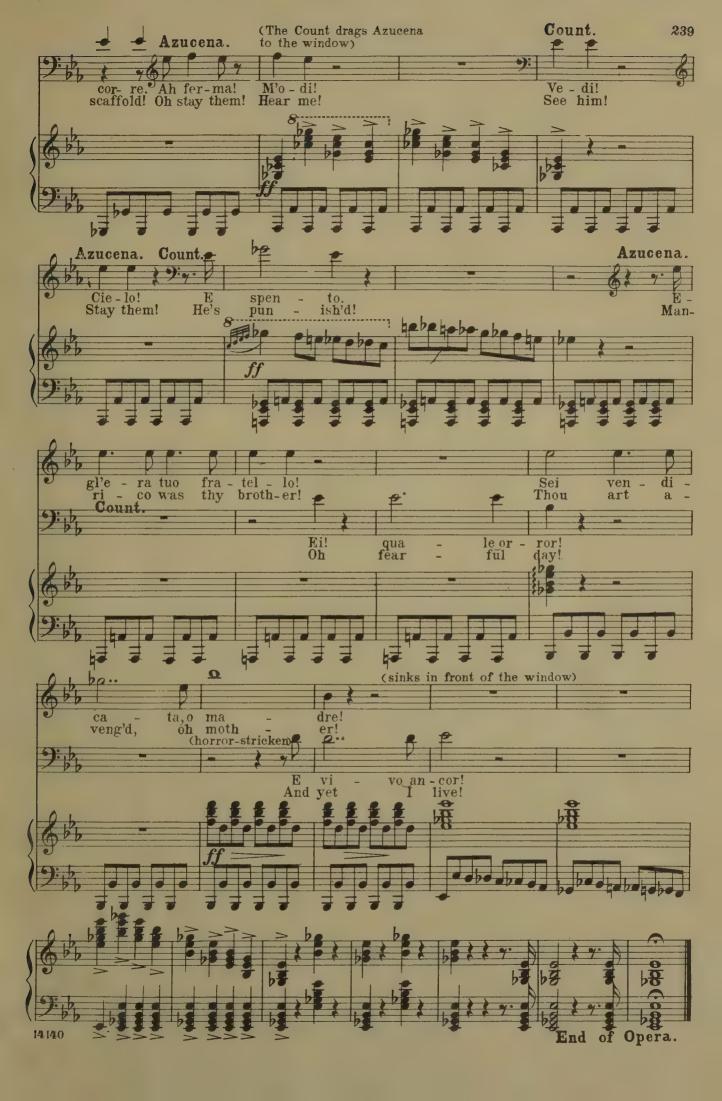


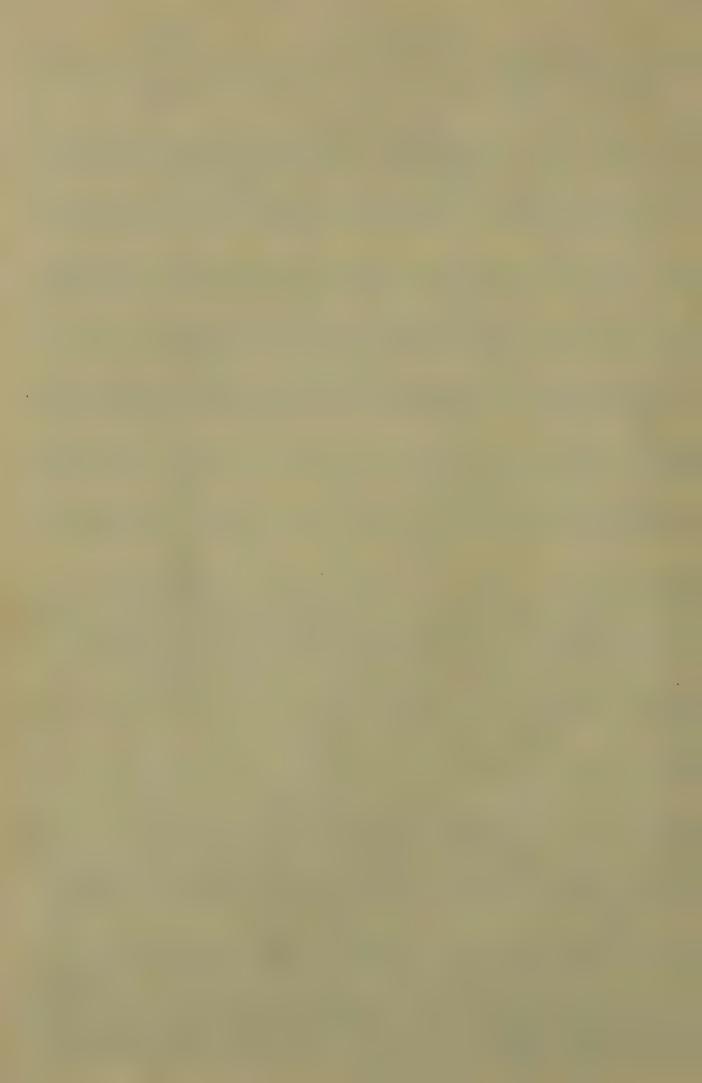


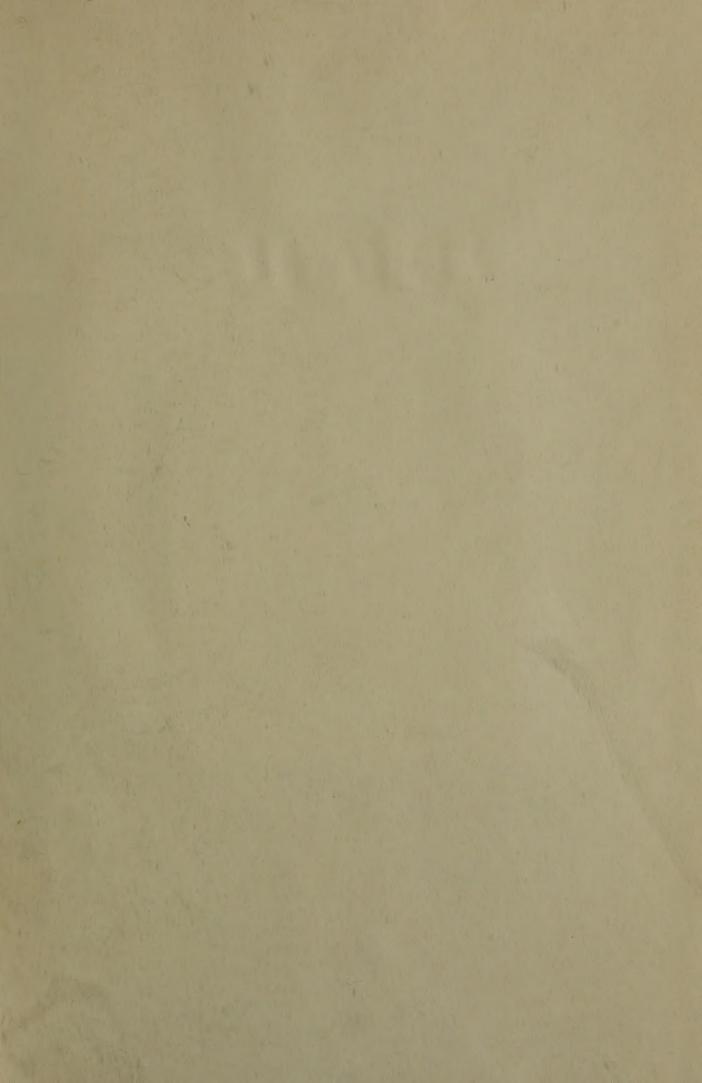












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